

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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ON THE GULF COAST.

TWO PAPERS.—II.



WAKULLA SPRING AND RIVER.

IN the days when cotton was king in the commercial world and ruler of the caucus in American politics, Tallahassee was the gayest capital in the South. It is but twenty-five miles from the Gulf, and but twenty from St. Mark's,

on the bay of that name, with which it is connected by railroad. This was the first railroad built in the Gulf region, and formed the outlet to the sea for all Middle Florida and a great portion of Southern Georgia. St. Mark's was the port of entry and Tallahassee the distributing centre for a large extent of country. The red-clay land about it was rated as the best for the production of short-staple cotton. Planters in this neighborhood were wealthy, and there gathered about it an aristocracy based not solely on the possession of land and human chattels, but, with these, that culture and refinement which are the accompaniments of riches when properly used. The society of Tallahassee was not only excellent, but exclusive, and expectation of a welcome from it would have been vain unless preceded by the fame of the author or statesman or attended by an introduction from one already admitted to the charmed circle. This exclusiveness led to the founding of Bel Air,—a village a few miles southeast of Tallahassee,—supposed to be more salubrious as a place of residence than the capital itself. Frederika Bremer was a guest at Bel Air during her visit to the United States, and describes it at length in one of her charming sketches. Washington Irving was entertained here, and from Governor Du Val obtained the material for his "Adventures of Ralph Ringwood." Lafayette also enjoyed the hospitality of those who established Bel Air. He was welcomed not only as the guest of the nation, but as one having an interest in the embryo State,—Congress having donated him a township of land in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee. On a large plantation near by, embellished with all the flora known to a semi-tropical country, lived Charles Louis Napoleon Achilles Murat, son of the King of Naples by the grace of the first Emperor of the French. A marble shaft marks the grave of Murat in a cemetery at Tallahassee, and another that of his wife,—a daughter of Colonel Bird C. Willis, of Virginia. Politicians gathered at Bel Air, and many questions bearing on the interests of the republic

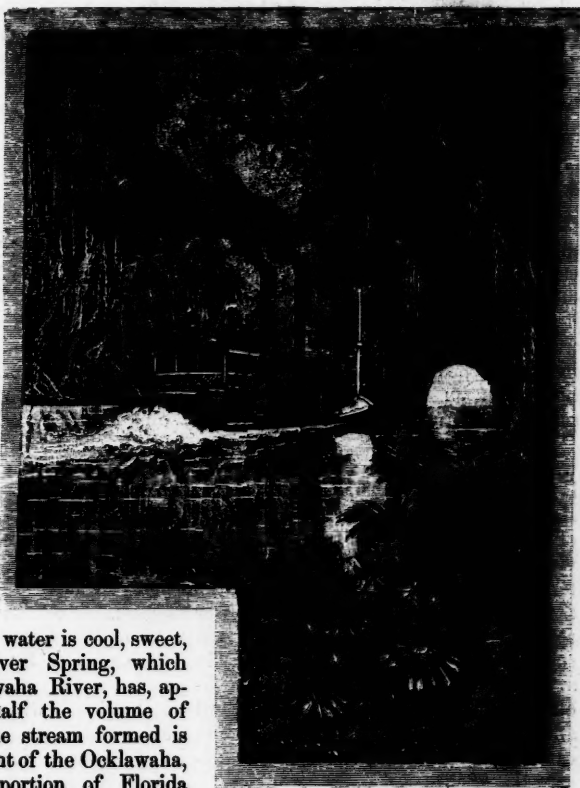
received earnest discussion here. The old Whig element predominated. It represented a superior intellect in the Southern politics of its day, as Bel Air did the better features of the society of the period. Its houses were the abode of opulent planters. Wealth seemed boundless, and hospitality was practised without stint. But the politicians who gathered at Bel Air were not satisfied with what they had. Their desire was to rule everywhere as they ruled at home. Hot-headed and impetuous disturbers, with their evil counsels, overcame the cooler judgment of the people. The many went astray at the instigation of the few, and are now leisurely eating in the wisdom of experience the bitter herbs produced from the seed sown in haste and folly. Bel Air is deserted. Desolation marks its streets and remaining dwellings. The torch has done its sad work and left but little of what was the gayest and most opulent village in all the South. The homes of once wealthy masters are abandoned to their former slaves. Of the whole number of white families residing at Bel Air in the days of its pride, there is but one left. All the others have gone hence. Very many of their members rest beneath the turf of distant battlefields.

Newport, on the St. Mark's River, a few miles above its junction with the bay, once contended for mastery in the commerce of Middle Florida. It had spacious warehouses, extensive docks, and all the prerequisites of a seaport. But the floods came from river and bay,—rushing waters from the land and overwhelming tides from the sea,—and Newport was submerged. Its warehouses were thrown from their foundations, its docks and piers torn up, its shipping stranded, and its dwellings washed away. Its site is pointed out to those who take an interest in the relics of the past. It is all that is left of a town which less than fifty years ago computed its commerce in the millions and numbered among the contributors to its trade the merchants of Liverpool and the manufacturers of Manchester.

The Gulf coast is prolific in the remains of ruined cities. The causes of destruction are various, and different in each instance. Newport succumbed to floods, Bel Air to the impoverishment of civil war, Apalachicola to a tornado, and St. Joseph to yellow fever.

The traveller with an eye to the marvellous in nature can take a steamboat at St. Mark's and go about ten miles inland on the Wakulla River to a spring which is the source of the stream and from which it derives its name. The spring is one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and so transparent that a silver coin dropped into it can be clearly seen as it descends, and even after it reaches the sand at the bottom. Fish of different varieties abound, and offer fine sport to the angler, who can see the movements of his game, —a sight denied to those who cast their lines in turbid waters. The volume of discharge has never been accurately measured, but it forms a river of sufficient depth for navigation by steamboats of ordinary size in the coastwise trade. The water is cool, sweet, and refreshing. Silver Spring, which flows into the Ocklawaha River, has, apparently, about one-half the volume of Wakulla Spring. The stream formed is navigated as a confluent of the Ocklawaha, and, being in that portion of Florida visited as a winter resort, has often been described as one of nature's wonders. It is not, however, over seventy-five or eighty feet deep, while Wakulla has twice that depth. Almost directly south of Wakulla, and directly west of Silver Spring, forming a right angle

with those jets from the land, there comes up through the briny waves of the Gulf a third jet of pure, fresh water, with a diameter of fifty or sixty yards and rising to a perceptible height above the surrounding deep. Its locality is known to those who traverse these waters, and, by way of testing its existence and quality, fresh water from the salted sea is sometimes taken by passing vessels. Its proximity to the coast deprives it of value to sailors as a source of fresh-water supply, and a



NEARING THE SYLVAN ARCH.

search for it but consumes the time devoted to a voyage.

Assuming that much of Florida is almost entirely of marine formation, —which it evidently is,—the fountains that find outlets in numerous springs

and in its lakes that ebb and flow are matters of unbounded interest to the inquirer into nature's mysteries. And why should there not be bubbling springs and spouting fountains in the valleys and mountains of the ocean's depths, as we find them on the land? In the vicinity of Wakulla Spring, however, limestone underlies the surface and occasionally crops out. This rock is full of caves and fissures. Rivers flow into the earth and reappear some distance from the point of entering the ground. Natural bridges are thus formed, and advantage of the existence of these is taken by the inhabitants in the location of their roads. Sometimes acres of ground, covered with trees, will sink from sight and a lake make its appearance where men had their farms and homes. Lake Lafayette, just east of Tallahassee, enlarges and diminishes at different times. Large portions of plantations, rich in the production of cotton in 1879, are now covered by its encroaching waters. During the winter of 1880-81 the bed of the railroad between Tallahassee and Jacksonville was raised in the vicinity of this lake in consequence of its elevation and overflow from an apparently subterranean source.

A few miles north of Sopchoppy River, which debouches into Ocklockony Bay, is the Devil's Punch-Bowl. It is a huge sink in the limestone, and the quantity of liquid in his Satanic Majesty's convivial vessel depends entirely on subterranean causes, supposed to be under the control of the ruler of the lower regions. A stream of considerable size, called Lost Creek, has its source in swamps to the north of this unfathomed sink, but is absorbed in the Bowl and lost to view. Its unknown outlet can only be through fissures of the calcareous earth.

To the Devil's Punch-Bowl is attributed a singular phenomenon observable on any fair day from the high ground about Tallahassee. A column of what appears to be smoke from a light-wood fire—which is dense, owing to the presence of turpentine in the fuel, but not

black like that from burning bituminous coal—ascends on the horizon and becomes more distinct as the sun nears the west. During the civil war it deceived blockaders and blockade-runners alike, both mistaking it for a signal from friends of the latter. A number of vessels, lured by this seemingly propitious token, fell into the grasp of the blockading fleet while trying to make port in the adjacent bays or rivers. Sometimes the ascending cloud would be taken for smoke from the camps of salt-boilers, causing a detachment of marines to be sent on shore to find and destroy works used in producing supplies for the enemy. But the supposed salt-camps were never discovered, and the column of smoke would vanish when its presumptive vicinity was gained: smoke, fire, and salt-boilers were alike invisible. Still the column rose day by day and continued to deceive and mislead. The blockaders were never able to discover its cause, and with the end of the war their interest in it ceased, and their recollection of it too, in all probability. It remained, however, an object of local wonder, and to-day the negroes have many curious stories to tell concerning it. One is to the effect that it is steam from a geyser which has never been found, owing to the impenetrable nature of the swamp in which it is located. Another attributes it to the operations of illicit distillers who have never been discovered by officers of the revenue. I asked information of one of the gray-haired colored residents of Tallahassee concerning the smoky column, and, without any prefatory remarks, he went to the kernel of the subject in this statement: "Ef you was down in de neighborhood of whar dat smoke is, sah, an' should leab a jug 'longside de road wid a quarter tied to de han'le, you'd be mighty ap' to fin' dat jug filled wid whiskey early next mornin'."

"Where would the quarter be, uncle?"

"Dat would be gone, sah."

"And could I spend a quarter that way every day?"

"As many as you like. Ef you tie

a half a dollar to de jug-handle, dey'll gib you half a dollar's wuf of whiskey, and dey'll gib you good measure fo' sho'."

"Do they do much business in that line?"

"I dunno nuffin' 'bout dat, sah. I only knows dat you git as much whiskey in de jug as de money tied to de han'le 'll pay for. Dat's all I knows 'bout de business."

I listened to various theories formulated for its solution, but all were more or less involved in doubt. I tried to master the problem myself by exploration of the region from which the column appeared to rise. I had partial success in this, and finally reached a satisfactory conclusion by comparing notes with the captain of a steamer who has spent years in the navigation of the rivers and sounds of the coast, and who had devoted much hard labor and considerable time to the solution of a mystery that had baffled the best efforts of other men. The work required to reach the interior of the great swamp was immense. Paths had to be cut with hatchets and knives through the thick undergrowth and tangled vines and briers. The swamp was traversed in several directions and its interior carefully examined. Observations by compass were taken for the location of the base of the column, and by field-glass for its appearance above the trees. These diligent searches revealed a constantly-rising mist, which, meeting the heated air above the luxuriant and compact foliage, is driven from the periphery to the centre of the swamp-space, gradually rising in its movement and becoming more dense as it is concentrated, until it assumes the appearance of a huge column

of smoke reaching from earth to sky. The swamp is full twenty-five miles in diameter when crossed from any direction. Lying immediately on the coast, its pillar of mist was well calculated to deceive the mariners of any vessel looking for friendly signs from shore. Why the Devil's Punch-Bowl should ever



MIST-COLUMN, AS SEEN FROM NEAR TALLAHASSEE.

have been credited with its origin is what I could never understand, as the centre of this mist-producing swamp is twenty miles at least west of the Bowl. But the exact locality of either swamp or Bowl was not known, probably, to those who indulged this fancy.

The entire west coast of Florida is an interesting study. Leaving the bays and sounds that mark the shore from the Apalachicola to the Aucilla River, the nearest point of attraction is the embouchure of the Suwanee. It comes into the Gulf through several channels difficult of entrance, but when once the main stream is reached there is volume sufficient to float vessels of the capacity

employed in the New Orleans and Havana trade. For twenty-five miles or more before reaching the Gulf the river flows through a continuous swamp. North of the swamp-region there are large bodies of fine land. Much of this is covered with the choicest live-oak and pine timber, which the government at an early day reserved for naval purposes. In the spring of 1881 it was decided to put this land on the market, and it is now subject to entry and sale. The naval reserves on St. Andrew's and Pensacola Bays were declared marketable lands by the same act which governs the sale of the Suwanee reserves. From the Suwanee to Cedar Key the coast is dotted with islands. The new town of Cedar Key is on a small island connected with the mainland by the trestle-work of the Atlantic, Gulf, and West India Transit Railroad. The old town of Cedar Key is on another island farther from the shore. These fragments of land are composed almost entirely of sand and shells thrown by the action of the waves on corallaceous foundations. Mixed with cement, this composite is used in the construction of houses,—forming a strong wall and taking the place of both brick and wood in building. A few miles from the coast the soil ranks equal to the best in Florida,—producing long-staple cotton of as high grade as that gathered on the sea-islands of South Carolina. This quality of land is also found on the Withlacoochee, the upper Ocklawaha, and the high ridge that marks the water-shed between the Suwanee and the St. John's.

Going southward to Tampa Bay, many islands, and keys almost without number, dot the coast, until opposite the bay itself they form reefs varying in length from five to fifteen miles. These are almost invariably barren and unfit for cultivation. Several have been preempted, however, and the owners spend their lives somewhat after the manner of Robinson Crusoe. But their habitation of these lonely islands is not compulsory, nor is it inspired by romance. The love of gain prompts the action and sustains them in their self-imposed isola-

tion. Sponge, coral, and shell-fishing are the main industrial pursuits; and of late years some attention has been given to the cultivation of the cocoanut, guava, pineapple, and all the varieties of *citrus* fruits.

The town of Tampa, at the mouth of Hillsborough River, is eighty miles from the Gulf. It has a profitable coasting-trade, and is the base of supplies for an extensive region of country just beginning a rapid development. Its chief business in the autumn months is the shipment of cattle to Cuba. Thousands of scalawag animals, called beeves by courtesy, are pastured on the public domain, and when of sufficient age and flesh are placed on steamers and landed in a few hours at Matanzas or Havana, the owners returning with Spanish doubloons and Mexican dollars,—coins which form a large portion of the monetary circulation of Southern Florida.

It was at Tampa that De Soto landed for the commencement of that romantic march which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi. After having traversed a good portion of the country over which he is said to have hauled cannon in his remarkable military journey, I am forced to the conclusion that much of the record of his career is mythical. It would be difficult at the present day for a troop of cavalry, without camping-equipage or *impedimenta* of any kind, to make such a journey; and Florida certainly possessed as many impracticable swamps three centuries ago as are found to-day. Accepting the theory of geologists that the peninsula is gradually rising, the surface is higher and drier now than when De Soto, with crucifix aloft, unfurled banners, and gayly-caparisoned horses, ambled over the country, claiming it all as a possession of the King of Spain. When the United States undertook to keep the peace in Florida by overawing the Seminoles with troops, military roads had to be constructed wherever a fort was built. Time and labor were required to penetrate the country, even with a base of supplies within reach. But De Soto

could cut loose from every base, go through a trackless wilderness, across impenetrable swamps, and over deep and wide rivers, with heavy cannons and gay trappings, to the admiration not only of astonished aborigines, but of credulous readers of what passes for history.

When we get still nearer the tropics, Charlotte harbor is seen, making a deep indenture of the land, but presenting such obstructions in the way of reefs and islands as to render entrance difficult and sometimes dangerous. The country about this bay is sparsely settled; yet it is the objective point of a railroad now in course of construction southward through the central portion of the peninsula.

Hugging the shore, and rounding Sword Point at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River, we cross that stream, which is here almost wide enough for a bay, and come to Punta Rasa. Here the submarine cable of the International Ocean Telegraph is joined to the land-wires,—the cable extending from here to Key West and from that place to Matanzas. It is the southern limit of settlement on the mainland of the Gulf coast. South of this is the Corkscrew River region, occupied by the band of Seminoles who refused to migrate to the Indian Territory with the majority of the tribe when the treaty for their evacuation of Florida was made. Between the Seminole country and the extreme projection of the peninsula there is an uninterrupted stretch of cypress and mangrove swamps, which has never been surveyed and very little of it intelligently explored. It is geographically known as the western portion of the Everglades. Its coast is studded with the Thousand Islands and other groups of sand and shell formation resting on coral bases. These islands and coral-reefs so obstruct navigation and so impede entrance to the bays between Pavilion Key and Cape Sable as to deprive all this part of the coast of a safe harbor even for the smaller class of vessels.

The Seminoles and Creeks remaining

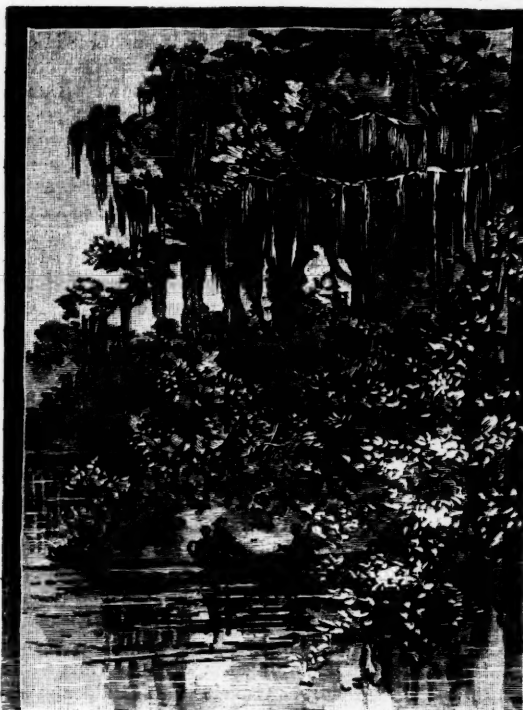
in Florida number between three hundred and fifty and four hundred souls, of which the Creeks comprise about one-third. They are a remnant of the once powerful Georgia tribe, that refused to yield when conquered, and sought refuge in the swamps of Florida. They live in the vicinity of Lake Istokpoga, kill abundance of fish and game, including deer and bears, and rear large herds of cattle and a few hogs. They also raise corn, garden-vegetables, and sugar-cane, and have unlimited supplies of the substantial comforts of life. For uncivilized people, they are rich in the extent and variety of their possessions. One of the young Creeks operates a sugar-mill of his own invention,—a contrivance entirely original, as he has never been anywhere to see a cane-crusher used by others. He is anxious to learn English and receive an education, but his people until very recently were opposed to any closer relations with the whites. In 1879 Captain Pratt, who has been conspicuous as a promoter of the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton, visited these people for the purpose of ascertaining their condition, needs, and desires. He had with him Lieutenant Brown and a few soldiers from St. Augustine barracks as an escort, and Tich-he-matse, a young Creek from the Indian Territory, then a student at Hampton, as interpreter. His visit was unannounced and his appearance a complete surprise. It has been the policy of Chiteo, the chief, to keep his women and children at a distance from white people, but Captain Pratt's sudden movement prevented the separation of the major portion of the band from its headmen, who are supposed to be proof against all blandishments. Chiteo was not communicative, beyond the fact that his people were satisfied and did not wish to be disturbed. They had everything they wanted, he said, and had no desire for "Washington talk." They had no faith in the government, and would listen to no proposition it had to make. They had "heap cattle," and wanted to be "let alone" in their enjoyment.

The conference was abruptly terminated by Chitco, who would not permit his band to have communication with Captain Pratt's party. Many of them gazed upon white faces for the first time in their lives, but, with characteristic Indian stolidity, betrayed not the least emotion. Billy, the young man who worked the sugar-mill, however much he may have been inclined to social in-

excursion into the Seminole-country. A visit to this region was prevented by the Seminoles themselves, who had by some means been apprised of Captain Pratt's coming and sent a delegation of their shrewdest men to meet him at Fort Myers. Nothing was elicited from the Seminoles, who showed the same distrust as the Creeks. They were satisfied to remain where they were, and wanted no

intercourse with the government. They had all that they desired, and wished for nothing the white people could give. When a suggestion of their removal to the West was made, they shrank from it as if in horror. No word could be elicited from them on the subject. It was evidently regarded with dread. It was this announcement of the President's wish for Chitco to join his brethren in the West that caused him to immediately terminate the conference and maintain silence thereafter with the intruders into his country. Offers of money, schools, better lands, and good houses made no impression on Chitco. Neither did they on the Seminole delegation at Fort Myers.

In February, 1881, an agent of the government again visited these Indians. He was shrewd enough to conceal his business from them, and, while mingling with them freely as a traveller and hunter, learned much concerning them. He ascertained that the Creeks seriously contemplated Billy's destruction for his persistent efforts in learning English and the manners and customs of white people. He contrived to inform Chitco that such a step would be fatal to his interests,—that the government would



WINTER-SCENE NEAR TAMPA.

tercourse with his visitors, was reserved and reticent. He kept guard over his tongue and actions, through fear of the head-men, and special watch was kept over him by them. There was particular care to prevent the visiting party from ascertaining Billy's inclinations. After hospitably offering any provisions he had at command to his uninvited guests, Chitco signified his desire for their departure, and they left accordingly for Fort Myers preparatory to an

most assuredly punish him and his band for such a crime. The consent of this chief was obtained, through cautious and patient friendly conversations, for Billy's enrolment in the school at Hampton. The visitor impressed Chitco by a manifestation of sincere interest in him and his people, and thus obtained his confidence. An avowed government agent would have failed in such a mission, and would never have been able to satisfy the suspicious Chitco that any good could come through "Washington talk,"—a "talk" that to him was synonymous with all that is treacherous and base.

Among these roving aborigines are fine specimens of physical development. The movements of the young men are marked by activity and gracefulness, and even some of the old men are remarkable for their handsome proportions. They are as lithe and agile as the wild-cat of their native swamps, and, while not possessing extraordinary bodily strength, are capable of enduring great fatigue, especially in prolonged journeys without rest or refreshment.

After fifty millions of dollars had been expended by the United States in fighting the Florida Indians, the conclusion was reached that bribery was cheaper than warfare. Negotiations were opened, piles of gold exhibited, and promises made of broad acres in the fertile West and of protection in the possession of them. Billy Bowlegs was the principal chief of the Seminoles when the treaty for their expatriation was made. The whole tribe, except a remnant who adhered to Tiger Tail, accepted the conditions of removal. These refused the land and gold that made others rich, rejected schools, protection, and the means of support, were incredulous as to the great extent of arable land beyond the Father of Waters, and, remembering the fate of Osceola, saw treachery in the yellow coin so temptingly heaped before them. They resisted the allurements to which others yielded, withdrew in pride and poverty to their wretched swamps, and spurned all offers for surrender. The same abhorrence of deceit, the same fear of trickery, and the same dread of exile which

actuated the followers of Tiger Tail at the time of the Bowlegs treaty influence them to-day. They continue Seminoles—which, in their vernacular, is equivalent to wanderers—rather than trust the white man on the promise of an assured home of their own and guarantee of perpetual title to it.

Tiger Tail was one of the noblest men of his race. In the territorial days of Florida he was a frequent guest at the table of Governor Du Val, and possessed the confidence of that sagacious official,—a confidence which he never betrayed. The Governor preserved the peace of the southern frontier through his influence with Tiger Tail, and on more than one occasion prevented outbreaks by riding boldly into the camps of other chiefs, inquiring into their grievances, and satisfying their just demands. They feared



"BILLY," THE YOUNG CREEK INDIAN.

him for his courage, and had respect for his decisions in all questions of complaint. A weak man in the place of Governor Du Val would have insured the destruction of Tallahassee and all

adjacent settlements when Yellow Hair had his warriors painted and armed for a massacre. Hostilities were averted by decision and coolness. Yellow Hair was persuaded to restrain his anger under promise of redress for injuries sustained. In the mean time, Tiger Tail came to the Governor's aid, and Yellow Hair and his band departed without harm to any one.

Governor Du Val, however, was the only white man in authority in whom Tiger Tail had confidence, and after General Jesup's capture of Osceola under a flag of truce he refused to put any trust in a pale-face. He was considerably above middle age when the treaty with Bowlegs was made, and must be now, if living, a very old man. It is a matter of seeming impossibility to ascertain the fact of his existence. The presumption is that he is yet alive, but feeble, as the tribe is casting about for his successor in authority. His son, who would naturally follow him in an hereditary office, is regarded as too effeminate for the position, and the chieftaincy is a matter of contest. A full-blooded negro, who has been adopted as a member of the tribe, aspires to the office, and is likely to be successful. His person is already ornamented with six "new moons." These new moons are made from silver dollars hammered into the shape of crescents, and each one represents a certain number of deer, bears, wild-cats, or other animals killed by the wearer. When he is entitled to put on the seventh new moon his supremacy will be acknowledged. There are others, however, who wear three, four, or five new moons; and one of these may yet outstrip the sable hunter in the race for place and power.

The Seminoles are more pastoral and less agricultural than the Creeks. Fort Myers and Punta Rasa are the points where the Seminoles dispose of their surplus flocks to purchasers for the Cuban markets. Fort Meade is the trading-place of the Creeks. Both bands are self-sustaining,—the government providing nothing for them and exercising no control over them. But

the cattle-ranges of the white men are gradually encroaching on the ranges of the red men, and a conflict of interests is inevitable. Just how long it can be averted it is impossible to say; but the day is not far distant when the collision will ensue. There must then be contact with the whites, with more or less of evil for both races, or submission to a removal to the lands assigned their brethren on the Canadian River. Expatriation is destined to overtake them as their long-feared but really beneficent fate.

These Indians have a method of tanning deer-skins which makes them almost as soft and pliable as the chamois-skins of commerce. The skin is greatly enlarged, too,—so much so that the impression is created that the Florida deer is superior in size to other animals of the same family. Such is not the case, however. The deer of the Northwest is much larger and the flesh much better. The coarse wire-grass of Florida will not produce good beef, neither will it make good venison. Both beef and venison are tough and stringy and greatly lacking in the quality of nutrition. The milk of cows partakes of the nature of the grass,—being deficient in the strength and richness derived from a diet of tame grasses. Such is the peculiar nature of Florida soil that grasses cannot be cultivated, and herbivorous animals must be sustained only on what is indigenous to the country.

The few white settlers of this region partake in some respects of the nature of the Indians who inhabit it; and it is an interesting question if the stolidity manifested by savages in general does not result in large measure from isolation. I have seen groups of men, women, and children, who did not encounter strangers except at rare intervals, and who were as stoical in their demeanor as the most wary Seminole. Not a question would be asked, nor a glance given indicating the least interest in anything about them. Their behavior was not marked by shyness, but by perfect indifference. It is difficult to break through this icy barrier of insulation,

but when once thawed by the warmth of repeated approaches the people are found kind of heart, honest in speech

and action, and curious in their inquiries as to the world outside their limited range and vision. They are what were



GROUP OF PALMETTOS ON THE SUWANEE.

called "squatters" in the early days of the West, — occupying lands without title. When questioned as to why they thus lived on the public domain when they could acquire titles so cheaply under the Homestead Act, they would excuse their action by saying that they did not want to pay taxes when they could get the use of land for nothing. They could see no necessity for titles; but settlers, as they press around them and crowd among them, will cause a different view to be taken before many years.

These people enjoy their isolation. Like the Indians, they do not want to be disturbed in their manner of living or in the enjoyment of what they seem to think peculiarly their own. Nothing appears to annoy them more than the idea of being crowded. Their manner of living requires a large area to the individual. All pastoral people need extensive space, and those who subsist principally by hunting and fishing much more. These people till the soil in a very limited way. Fruits and vegetables, which a kind soil and almost vertical sun would produce at all seasons of the year, are almost unknown, except such as come directly from the hand of nature. This condition of affairs cannot continue. The land is needed for those who will make a better use of it, and the

squatter will suffer absorption, as the Indian will expatriation. And the idea of absorption is as full of torture to the squatter as that of exile is to the Indian, although in each case the process may be attended with benefit. It is the idea that inflicts the pain. The reality will administer its own anæsthetic.

At Fort Myers the cocoanut has a limited cultivation. The trees here are the oldest on the mainland of Florida. The culture of this fruit is receiving attention in other parts of the State, and not many years hence it will rank as one of the valuable products of the peninsula. The cabbage-palm here grows to stately proportions, — larger and more regal-looking than specimens seen farther to the North. The fibres of its leaves have become an article of value in the manufacture of pulp for bank-note and bond paper, and bundles of its spreading tops are gathered along the watercourses for shipment to macerating-mills. Impelled by hunger, bears ascend the lofty and limbless palm, tear the bud or cabbage from its top, and make an unsavory meal. They would doubtless prefer the cocoanut; but they would reject even this sweet fruit if young pig or tender lamb could be obtained. It is only when he cannot be a butcher that Bruin condescends to recog-

nize the fruits of the earth as articles of food.

Sixty or seventy vessels are employed on the Gulf coast of Florida in the sponge-fishery; and this product of the sea forms no inconsiderable item in the commerce of the country. It is gathered by instruments resembling the tongs used in oyster-dredging. Some of it is obtained by diving, but the great bulk is brought to the deck by tongs. After a vessel is loaded, its cargo is taken to some convenient place for cleansing, and it is there washed and then fumigated by exposure to the sun and air. During the curing process the sponge emits a very disagreeable odor. A cargo of green hides in a tropical climate is not more offensive than a cargo of green sponges. When the sponge is entirely relieved of all extraneous matter, it is packed for shipment to some distributing point. The sponge of commerce contains more or less sand, and, although quality regulates prices, each quality is sold by weight. When the sponge is taken from the water there is but little sand attached to it, and the washing and beating it receives remove all of this. Why, then, does the sponge contain so much sand when it reaches the consumer? It is put into the article to increase the weight. White sand is gathered along the coast in the vicinity of Cedar Key and shipped in barrels to Key West, where sponges are saturated with it. A hundred barrels of this white sand will sometimes be found on the manifest of a single vessel, and all consigned to sponge-dealers. The sand used is very fine, very white, and very heavy, differing in these respects from the ordinary sand of the beach.

The sponge-fishers also gather coral and shells; but these articles are secondary in importance and are neglected for the sponge. Shells and coral are usually shipped in the condition in which they leave the water. Passing into second hands, they are cleansed with acids and thus prepared for the retail dealer. Sometimes the shells are polished; but this work is generally left to those who sell directly to purchasers of ornaments.

Artists have lately connected the shell-trade with their work, and the delicate tints of the mollusk are made the background for the foliage of a landscape, the bright plumage of an aquatic bird, or the gorgeous coloring of a sunset.

Having taken a running view of the mainland of Florida from the mouth of the Apalachicola River to Cape Sable, a glance at Key West will embrace what remains of interest to the observer in this part of the Gulf. The city of Key West is situated on an island of the same name. It is the largest in the westernmost group of a series of islands, keys, and reefs that extend southwardly from Biscayne Bay on the Atlantic coast. Marquesas Keys and the Dry Tortugas are still farther west, but are not properly parts of the Florida reefs. These reefs and keys are destitute of the rank vegetation which characterizes the greater portion of the mainland. Water is obtained only by the construction of cisterns. The only industries of the smaller islands are those connected with the sea. Land-productions are scarce and valueless. All is a desert except as to the water and its supplies of what constitutes the wealth of a maritime people.

Coming to Key West, it is difficult to realize that it is a part of the United States. Looking at the map, the line of the Tropic of Cancer is seen drawn equidistant between Florida and Cuba. It is no nearer Havana than Key West. The sun is almost vertical. The tallest objects cast but short shadows, and the sun's rays are darted against the north side of due east and west walks for quite as many hours as they are cast against the south side. All this is strange to one whose habitation has been fifteen or twenty degrees farther to the north. There is a marked difference in the appearance of nature between the twenty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude.

This difference is not confined to the earth itself or the great luminary that gives it heat and light. The people are as different as the foliage of the forest or the animals that roam therein. The

proximity of Cuba and other West India islands has given Key West a mixed population. The Spanish language is used quite as much as the English. There are all shades of colors in the faces seen, from the blackest African to the fairest Caucasian. With many of the Cubans it is hard to say whether the African or Spanish blood predominates. There is perfect equality between them, white and black Cubans associating on terms of the closest intimacy. With the English-speaking portion of the population this is not so, or at least the fact is not apparent. Since the abolition of slavery as the result of our civil conflict, large numbers of British negroes from the Bahamas have come to Key West. Speaking English, they readily adapt themselves to the order of things under a republican government, and manifest an immediate interest in politics. Taking advantage of a clause in the constitution of Florida which confers the franchise on foreigners after a six-months' residence and a declaration of intention to apply for full citizenship, they are speedily enrolled as voters. The Bahama negro assumes the rights of an American citizen as readily and with the same appreciation of their benefits as does the native negro of the United States, while the Cuban or San Domingo immigrant waits for persuasion from those who seek his vote. Suffrage is thus debased and its purity entirely overlooked in the race between demagogues for offices which intelligent free-men alone should confer.

The principal business of Key West is the manufacture of cigars, and this is mostly in the hands of Cubans. Whites and blacks, mingled with mulattoes of all shades, occupy the same quarters in the factories and the boarding- and lodging-houses. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" are enjoyed without restraint;

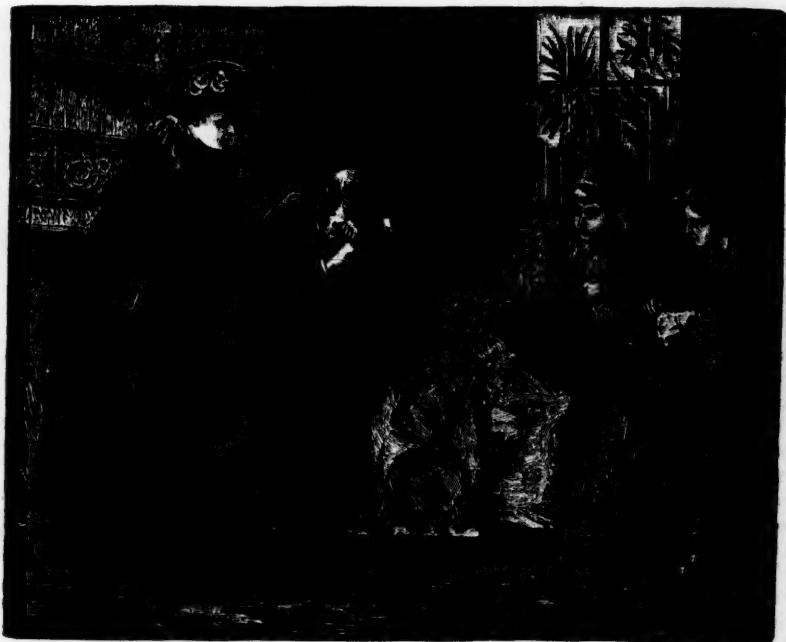
but these great natural rights of mankind do not, as we see them exemplified in Key West, strike one as of sufficient value to risk life and fortune for.

The mixture of races in the manufacture of cigars is coincident with a mixture of ingredients in the products of the factory. Vanilla is a plant indigenous to Florida. It is gathered in great quantities and finds a ready sale with any merchant in the State. It costs the cigar-maker three or four cents a pound, and, as a substitute for the tobacco-leaf, is a source of great profit. The vanilla works nicely as filling for cigars, is of pleasant flavor, and there is nothing injurious in its use. The consumer is not harmed, except that he is charged for a cigar made of genuine Havana tobacco when it is composed largely of vanilla. This is a fraud on the part of the manufacturer which is simple innocence, however, compared with the practice of taking Connecticut seed-leaf to Havana, passing it through the custom-house, and returning with it as a superior product of Cuban soil.

Key West is a port of supply and distribution for the Gulf coast as far north as Punta Rasa, and on the Atlantic its trade reaches to Jupiter Inlet. Being a point regularly touched at by steamers from New Orleans to Havana and New York to Havana, it is never without some business animation. Like Cedar Key, it has no productive country about it, and must depend entirely upon the sea for its support in any line of traffic. It and the Dry Tortugas are important strategical military and naval stations. In the possession of a monarchy they would be strongly fortified for both offensive and defensive warfare. These points command the entrances from the Atlantic to the Gulf, except that through the Caribbean Sea.

BARTON D. JONES.

## STEPHEN GUTHRIE.



"SHE PUT HER HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER."—Page 248.

## CHAPTER IX.

## BEATITUDE.

NAOMI put her arm around her brother and guided him to the stairway, as if he were blind or sick. Rodney and the servant melted from her vision. She led Virgil up-stairs, feeling that she was leading him up a star-path to his mother. At every step she gave him a little squeeze, but he hung his head and stumbled sheepishly.

Before they reached the door of the chamber specially set apart for him, she had called him a dozen endearing names and told him how anxiously she had looked for him. Now, lighting the gas and opening the register, she put him in a chair and fell on her knees before him to hug him once more. She was not at all ashamed of his appearance. The blood flowing in his veins was her

own. He was an injured, neglected self, who had suffered while she in her immediate consciousness had enjoyed. Taking the ragged hat from his head, she looked at the locks straggling over his brows.

"Oh, my dear!" said Naomi. "Where *did* you go when you ran off?"

Virgil was reticent. He replied, to several places.

"And did you ride on freights, between the cars, and in dangerous places?"

Virgil 'lowed he did sometimes.

"But you're here now!" said Naomi, holding him by the arm. "Oh, how I have worried about you! Is this room warm enough? Do you like the way I fixed it for you? Look here,"—she exhibited the dressing-bureau,—“drawers for your

things, when you get them, and this big closet,—shelves at one end for all a boy's traps. And this rug can be unfastened and taken up if you don't like it: there's a hard-wood floor underneath."

Virgil said, with a chuckle, he hadn't much to put in them drawers.

"But you will have," said Naomi, thinking with pride how soon he would rise superior to his present English. Dear boy, who had never before had a chance! "Mr. Battelle is dressing, or I would run and bring him to see you. He will be very kind to you. Some people are coming here this evening."

"I don't want to see none o' them," observed Virgil.

"Oh, you need not go down: you must be tired. A bath and a good night's sleep are what you want. And oh, my dear! I forgot: you must be almost starved."

Virgil said he would like a bite, if she had it handy.

She put her lips to a speaking-tube communicating with regions below, and called down orders instantly.

The boy examined his surroundings with minute attention.

"Your supper will be sent up here in a few moments. We have dined. But first you must have your bath." Naomi started to the bath-room, but came back to hold his head against her breast. "I can't realize that you are here. You were the dearest little child, always with that sad look in your eyes, and soft curls around your head, with one turned over in a roach on top! I wonder if I shall wake up to-night and shudder for fear you are among wicked men or getting hurt by something!"

Virgil put his arm around her. A little dazed by his surroundings, he could not help melting under such a reception, and returned a few of her kisses with fortitude.

Before his supper came up, Naomi conducted him to his bath and left him with some of Mr. Battelle's clothing. When he issued forth in trousers and coat too long for him, she was delighted by the nobility of his appearance, and hung around him while he took his

supper. "How did you come to leave Cousin Melinda, dear?"

Virgil replied that he just walked off.

"But why did you leave without her knowledge?"

"She ding-donged me to death to go and work on old Barrett's farm, and I wasn't goin' to do it."

"So you ran away and caused her such anxiety. I must telegraph to that woman to-morrow that you are here, and trust to luck for Cousin Melinda's hearing it. Virgil, you shouldn't have treated her so."

"She's an old cat," said Virgil.

"Why, dear! She always loved you so much, and she brought you up."

"She yells and scolds around from morning to night. I don't think much o' her."

Mrs. Battelle reflected that even Solomon rebelled against a woman's tongue. It was characteristic of the masculine nature. She determined to hunt up Miss Barrett's locality and send substantial acknowledgments for her past alloyed kindness to Virgil.

A servant knocked at the door to say Miss Rodney wanted to know if Mrs. Battelle was coming down: people were beginning to arrive.

Naomi sprang up, full of self-reproach. Her heart was open toward all the world. Rodney's offence shrunk to nothing. It was, in fact, she who had offended against Rodney,—for the rights of brothers and sisters were large. Her heart might shrink to its old selfish proportions again, but she was herself astonished at its present breadth and depth. She looked into her dressing-glass at a face that was like the Virgin's in its expression of complete maternal happiness. All inanimate objects which elude and annoy one during a hurried toilet came swiftly to her hand. Nothing delayed or ruffled her. Her state was beatitude. Virgil was at home with her, not prowling about the streets like the vagabond children who had often smitten her as reflections of him. No more would his mother stand over her, silently pleading, and pointing in his direction. She could

enjoy society without having her breath almost stopped by a sudden thought of his possible degradation. He was on her plane, in a position to profit by whatever she had, now. She pictured his delight in her pursuits. What a pleasure it would be to drive him about the city! He would go into business in Mr. Battelle's office. At twenty-five he would be a flourishing young man. Her bosom swelled with gratitude to Mr. Battelle. She had been very hasty and exacting with regard to his sister, but would be so no more. Rodney was pretty: the refining influence of her beauty would now be brought to bear upon Virgil. How beautifully the hard questions of life furnished their own solutions if one only had a little patience!

Before going down-stairs she ran to Virgil's door and knocked. He was finishing his supper, which the lingering recollection of hunger made a long process. "I had to see you again," said Naomi, swimming in before him. "Are you sure you don't want anything more to-night?"

Virgil thought he had everything he needed.

"Now go right to bed. Mr. Battelle will see you the first thing in the morning. He has been expecting you. I am so glad you have come!"

Virgil felt a similar emotion. But when he had submitted to another ecstatic caress, and Mrs. Battelle's slipper-heels were patting down the stairs, he expressed it only by rubbing the back of his hand across his mouth and exclaiming, "Dog-on so many kisses!"

#### CHAPTER X.

##### AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

ALL the curtains were drawn back, parlors, library, conservatory, and hall melting into one view. Mrs. Battelle saw her husband's shoulder as she passed the first door. He was talking with some ladies, the trains of whose dresses were just visible. Rodney's flowers hung from chandelier and mantel. A number

of people had arrived, and more rustled past Mrs. Battelle on their way to the dressing-rooms.

She felt like a guest in her husband's house as she entered the library, where Rodney and Lucretia and Julia Russell were talking to one gentleman. His back was toward her. Rodney was telling him the custom the Musical Club had of attending their usual sessions in street-dress: "We keep on our bonnets and gloves, at least. But this is a little social, you know,—different from the regular meeting."

As Mrs. Battelle saw this stranger's symmetrical back, she had a flash of speculation on Virgil's future appearance in a black dress-suit, with that refined poise of the head above it.

"Oh, you have got down at last," said Rodney.

"Yes. I couldn't leave my brother at once, you know."

Mrs. Battelle spoke to Julia Russell, and the strange gentleman turned toward her.

"Mrs. Battelle," said Rodney, "allow me to present Mr. Stephen Guthrie. My brother's wife, Mr. Guthrie."

Naomi remembered her position as hostess and gave her hand. A buzzing filled her head. The Hudson-River boat was drawing up to Newburg dock, the town rose terrace above terrace, and she strained her eyes for the coming of her Oracle. Baggage was landed and shipped, travellers scurried across the plank, there was shouting of men and swishing of water, and out of it all came a voice as familiar as if she had learned its spoken instead of its written tones: "Mrs. Battelle."

The man whose photograph she had torn up and thrown into the river bowed and smiled, showing how superior flesh and blood is to shadow. His face influenced her strangely: she did not want to remove her eyes from it. At first she thought the feeling was suspicion. He was Stephen Guthrie, and Stephen Guthrie had before appeared to her as a gay young girl. He was certainly a person for her to beware of. Yet, rapidly sifting and assorting him, she was

coming to the conclusion that here was a nature similar in quality to her own. Large, primitive credulity cropped from under the surface of social ease.

On his part he noticed his hostess narrowly.

"Have you ever met before?" inquired Julia Russell, putting her fan to her lips to stifle a yawn.

"No," replied Mrs. Battelle, with decision.

"If we stop in here," said Rodney, moving away with Lucretia, "the rooms will fill before we have spoken to anybody."

But, regardless of this hint and her own inhospitable rudeness, Mrs. Battelle lingered by Stephen Guthrie and Miss Russell. "You are not of German descent, are you, Mr. Guthrie?" was the first sentence she pronounced, and Miss Russell considered it inappropos.

"On my mother's side I am. How did you discover it?"

"You look so candid."

Stephen Guthrie laughed. The creases about his eyes were downy soft instead of hard and wooden. Naomi had never before seen a man laugh sunshine. In her beatific state she could feel her spirits rising still higher.

"He is a deceptive creature," said Miss Russell. "I thought it was a French instead of a German strain of blood you had."

"That's what my namesake cousin claims. She inclines to the French side of the division-line. I believe the grandfather in question was an Alsatian."

"Your namesake cousin?" repeated Mrs. Battelle.

"Yes; I call her so. Her name is Stephanie instead of Stephen, but we have all got into the habit of calling her Stephen."

"Didn't Mr. Battelle and you meet her when you were East last summer?" inquired Julia Russell. "Mrs. Camperman told me she went down to New York on the boat with your party."

"Yes, we met her," said Naomi, wondering why she had ever done things that she must dread having found out.

"She is the sweetest girl!" said Julia. "So much vivacity, and so talented!"

Mr. Guthrie stood in an easy posture, with his fingers barely locked behind him. When his hostess looked up, however, she thought he was observing her with a shade of anxiety.

She spoke out boldly: "Your cousin and I were great friends for a while. We had a long correspondence."

"Had you?" said Mr. Guthrie.

"Were you ever at Newburg before last summer?" inquired Miss Russell. "I didn't know you were acquainted with the family, Mrs. Battelle."

"I am not. My acquaintance was only with Stephen Guthrie.—She wrote stirring letters, Mr. Guthrie."

"No doubt," he said, looking at his feet.

"She is such a sweet girl!" added Miss Russell. "She can do anything she undertakes,—sail a boat, play an organ, drive fast horses, translate from any language,—so many accomplishments! Did you know she was travelling in Europe now, Mrs. Battelle?"

"No," replied Mrs. Battelle: "I think we have nearly forgotten each other."

"That's the end of undying friendship between girls!" said Julia, laughing. "When they marry it's all over."

"But I suppose you miss her very much," said Mrs. Battelle to Mr. Guthrie.

"I did until I came away," he replied. "She's a mischievous little thing, but very engaging."

"Such a favorite!" said Julia. "She's engaged to a gentleman in New York."

"And to two others when I saw her," said Naomi. "She is engaging, indeed."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Guthrie, smiling. "Stephen's path from her cradle has been strewn with victims. I believe I was engaged to her once myself. And she even yet claims some superintendence over my conduct. We were brought up together."

"How nice that is!" exclaimed Miss Russell. "I always thought it would be so nice to have a young-gentleman cousin who would feel interested. So much better than brothers."

"I hope you wouldn't occasionally feel it your duty to oversee your gentleman cousin's correspondence," said Mr. Guthrie, displaying his teeth in a broad smile.

"Why, certainly I should!" exclaimed Miss Russell. "I should want to make him feel my ownership."

"That's what my cousin Stephen thought."

Mrs. Battelle sat down and took a book from a shelf. Her head felt like a cork in water: she was afraid the next breath would blow her upon something absurd. "It is warm in here," she remarked, and moved her hand toward her side where her fan ought to have been but was not. Miss Russell offered hers, and, waving it, Naomi inquired, "What were you saying about your cousin's correspondence, Mr. Guthrie?"

"I was saying, Mrs. Battelle," he replied, turning toward her, "that Stephen frequently tried to regulate my correspondence."

"I wouldn't let him correspond with everybody, either. Would you, Mrs. Battelle?"

"No," replied Naomi, deciding that Julia Russell was growing sillier every month of her life. "Letter-writing is foolish business. It seems as if Puck stood by to clap a donkey's head on every man or woman who tops a bit of paper with, 'My Dear Friend.' Things always slip out in letters which oughtn't to be told. We feel as if we were calling through a speaking-tube to Mount Olympus, as if we could see the gods shaking their sides at us! And they no more gods than we, after all!" declared Naomi aggressively.

Mr. Guthrie took his arms from behind him and folded them across his chest. He listened smiling, and she could not keep her eyes away from him. A silent understanding was growing up between them.

"I'm very glad it's going out of fashion to write letters," she continued.

"It will never be quite out of fashion with young people," said Mr. Guthrie.

"No, indeed," murmured Miss Russell.

"Think of the skeletons of letters in thousands of cupboards ready to start out and put many a living body to shame."

"Think of the individual flavor of a letter which a full-hearted man pours out to his own familiar friend."

"Yes, indeed!" murmured Miss Russell.

"I have set my face against sentimentalism and gushing," said Naomi. "If a man has anything important to say, he can telegraph it."

"I confess to being sentimental and young enough to cherish my letters," said Mr. Guthrie. "I have lived as heartily on paper as I ever did in the active world."

"Do you keep them in the same barrel with your cousin's?" inquired Mrs. Battelle, straightening the lace in her sleeve.

He laughed, making her glad she had provoked him to do so: "I think she has some of them in her barrel.—Did I ever tell you how Stephen tricked me once, Miss Russell?"

Miss Russell said he never had told her, and she wanted to hear how it was, for she knew it was just as funny as it could be.

"It was very funny," he assured her. The story was told to her rather than to Mrs. Battelle, who sat by fanning herself steadily and watching him as though he were on oath.

"I had a friend."

"A lady friend? Now, you know, Mr. Guthrie, it *was* a lady friend."

"We'll say a young man. I form strong attachments and few of them, and this young fellow and I were becoming like David and Jonathan to each other—on paper. I had never seen him. In this big world of people we met invisibly and clinched hold of each other. I knew him for mine by certain qualities; and I tell you the truth, Miss Julia, when I say I would have walked from Maine to California to feel that boy's hand in mine."

"Why, Mr. Guthrie!"

"Casually from acquaintances I learned considerable about him, and nothing to

his discredit. He was a rare, striving, deep-natured fellow. But nobody knew him so well as I who had never looked into his face."

"How queer!" said Miss Russell, who paid little attention to the matter while the manner was directed particularly to her.

"Well, my cousin Stephen," concluded Mr. Guthrie, "often got my mail on account of the identical names. I don't know at what period of this friendship she attached her wire and began taking the messages off, as you may say. It was great fun to her, and she finished the business to her satisfaction. The time came when I was to have an opportunity of seeing this shy young fellow on a steamer going around to Boston. But for a week or two his letters ceased. My cousin got them all. I waited anxiously, certain that I should be told on what day and what boat to meet my friend. But Cousin Stephen was thoroughly posted on these points. She went down and boarded the right boat."

"And did she know the young gentleman?" asked Miss Russell.

"She said she walked directly up to him. Nothing that Stephen does surprises me any more. She knew him by his anxious look, and perhaps by a photograph that fell into her hands."

Miss Russell said it was the most ridiculous thing she had ever heard, and begged to know if the young gentleman wasn't embarrassed. It was perfectly romantic, and nobody but Mr. Guthrie's cousin would ever have thought of doing such a thing. What did they say to each other? How did it end?

"It never ended," Mr. Guthrie continued. "According to Stephen's own account, she enjoyed herself immensely, and routed the other party with slaughter. She claimed she had a right to inspect my friends and pronounce judgment on them. As I said before, we were brought up together in my uncle's family, and after a while my rage cooled down; but I was very angry at first."

"She confessed it all?"

"Everything. That is, she called me

to confession, and paraded the efforts she had made in my behalf."

"She didn't like him?"

"As near as I can get at the facts, they decidedly disapproved of each other."

"You don't mean to say," said Miss Russell, with a dawning suspicion, "that she passed herself off as his correspondent?"

Mr. Guthrie thought he had made that fact plain.

"Well, wasn't it delicious!" commented Julia, leaning back to luxuriate in the joke. "Wasn't it delicious, Mrs. Battelle?"

Mrs. Battelle did not appreciate being thus kindly drawn into the conversation: she looked up the book-shelves and failed to echo how delicious it was.

"But didn't you ever write to your friend and explain?"

"No," said Stephen Guthrie slowly: "I was told he was going at once into another State. And I waited, feeling sure of meeting him some time and proving the reality of the tie which drew us together."

"You're quite fanciful," said Julia.

"Maybe. I simply do not believe Providence allows our affections to be altogether wasted."

"Well, when I see your cousin I must get her version of the story. She is such a mimic, and would make it so laughable!"

"She might vary it; but I have given the main facts."

"Does she think of staying abroad longer than this year?"

Mrs. Battelle laid the book she had been holding upon the table, and went to her husband, who appeared beside the *portière* signalling to her with a slight nod. As Stephen Guthrie continued his chat with Miss Russell, he took up this book, as if he meant to aid his gestures or divert his eyes by it, and pressed it within his palms.

Mr. Battelle frowned severely. "Are you going to spend the whole evening in here?" he inquired, in an undertone, for there were people an arm's-length away.

"Mr. Guthrie and Julia Russell are in there. He is a cousin of that young lady who went down on the boat with us, you remember." Mrs. Battelle spoke with effort.

"I don't care who it is," said her husband, with some asperity. "There are other guests in the house. Haven't you the least idea how people ought to be received? When Julia Russell and her admirer arrived, I didn't shut myself up in the library with them. Rodney says you haven't spoken to three people."

Mrs. Battelle laid her hand upon his coat-sleeve: "Virgil has come, and I think I am a little dazed. He is upstairs in bed."

"Well, what if he is? You were expecting him any time."

"But I was so happy. What shall I do, Mr. Battelle? I never can please you."

"Certainly you can," replied her husband, slightly mollified, "if you would think a little, and take some pains."

"Are my hair and my dress outrageous again?" murmured Naomi despairingly.

"You look well enough. I am only complaining of your careless conduct."

"Oh, Mr. Battelle, if you could go up just an instant and speak to Virgil, he would feel so much more welcome!"

Mr. Battelle gave the curtain an impatient twitch: "Do you see that there is anybody in this room *you* ought to speak to?"

Naomi found herself moving here and there, heartily glad to feel hands in hers and see smiling eyes, but she felt like an actor who has half learned his lines. So many other things crowded her mind.

The piano-top was raised, and a quartette stood up to sing.

"If you haven't a programme with you, you can look over mine," murmured Mrs. Camperman, who was crowded into a corner with her hostess. Many of the guests were seated in rows in the front parlor, and the hum of conversation stopped while the brief programme was rendered. Rodney had caused it to be printed on cream paper

in the best style, garnished with silver spiders dropping from a single thread upon nothing. Mr. Battelle afterward grumbled at the bill, while he admitted his sister's nice taste.

There were many pretty girls, with roses massed on their bosoms or hot-house flowers dotted in bouquets over them,—white beauties and brown beauties and bewitching brune-blonds, and all the other shades and half-types of a city noted for its handsome women. Naomi wondered which of these Stephen Guthrie would most admire. He would soon chase from the field that monkey-like young gentleman in eye-glasses and that apoplectic blue-eyed beau, and he would doubtless be preferred to the musical men.

"The quartette sings beautifully tonight," said Mrs. Camperman, when applause had subsided after the first number. "This is a very pleasant social. I must congratulate you on starting out so well."

"Rodney deserves all the credit," replied Mrs. Battelle, looking down at her hands. "She invited people and managed everything."

The portly lady glanced curiously at her young hostess. "How did you like that?" she ventured, waving her fan, which never diminished by a shade the apoplectic bloom of her face.

"It saved me a great deal of trouble," said Naomi loyally. "Rodney is very particular."

Mrs. Camperman's waist and fan creaked at each rise and fall. In the midst of other thoughts, Naomi found space to wonder why corpulent people so magnified every function of life. Their laughter was expansive, spreading over their entire surface. Their breathing was an open fact to all observers, their sleep probably creaky and cumbersome, and their sneezing a catastrophe from which one would fain fly; their grief must be heavy and irresistible as a cyclone. She pictured to herself Mrs. Camperman weeping over the deceased Camperman, surrounded by friends with restoratives and absorbing vast quantities of sympathy. On the other hand, what

a store-house of human honey, what a pillow to sorrowful heads, what a reserve force of laughter, the corpulent person was! Bloated, as it were, by nature's laughing-gas, he was ready to titter at nothing and die with joy over a real joke.

The next number was a solo, rendered by the sweetest of soprano voices. Naomi saw Stephen Guthrie standing on the library threshold moving his gaze slowly over the parlor audience while he listened. "I am not what I was," she said to herself: "it is queer how often we shift our points of view. I'm glad he was real and honest, and that I was not seethed like a kid in the milk of my own credulity. I could not have been in love with the ideal Stephen Guthrie, or I should be miserable now. Whereas it is a sincere pleasure to look at him and hear him speak."

Before the programme was quite finished, she had this pleasure at close range, for Stephen Guthrie appeared at her shoulder and chatted with the corpulent matron, whom he had met earlier. He barely exchanged a glance with Naomi, but stood there talking until Rodney signalled to her to oversee the refreshments.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### GREEK AND GREEK.

NEXT morning Mrs. Battelle woke in her exalted mood of the night before, as if entering on a new epoch in her life. "This is happiness," she said, while hurrying her toilet. "One never can tell how long it will last, but I certainly enjoy it this moment. Something might have happened to Virgil. I have looked forward so long to bringing him home. Oh, what a delight it is to have him here! Family love is the safest, truest thing in this world. We shall grow so strongly to each other, and I shall be a better wife for having my poor boy with me. And Mr. Battelle will be so wise about managing him. What a life we shall live before this very sun goes down!"

So, brimming with anticipation, Mrs.

Battelle flew to the lower part of the house, and found her brother combing his hair with a pocket-comb before the sideboard glass.

"Oh, my dear!" said Naomi, laughing.

Sundry side-dishes intended for breakfast stood just under Virgil's nose as he stooped to make an exact parting across his scalp.

Rodney was observing this from the back parlor: at her request Mr. Battelle's eyes rose over the top of his paper, and rested with some contempt upon the barbarian.

"Don't do that here, Virgil," said Naomi. "You should have finished dressing in your room."

"Where's the harm?" retorted Virgil aggressively, having finished to his satisfaction and put his comb again into his pocket. "This bureau-glass is just as good to see by as any other."

Naomi knew she was more punctilious about the customs of refined life than if they had always been a matter of course to her. She was stung with shame, but enraged with herself for being so: her loyalty to those of her own blood or name was great enough at all times to make her shield them at her own expense. "Come in and see Mr. Battelle and Miss Rodney," she said, taking the boy's arm. "Have you seen them yet?"

Virgil said he hadn't seed nobody, and he'd been up and all over the house since daylight. "Do you sleep till noon here?" he inquired, with a tang of disapproval.

Mrs. Battelle led him up to her husband, who lowered his paper and recognized his own clothing on the figure presented to him. Carrying his eyes up its length, he frowned very slightly at the face, which showed youthful fuzz along the cheeks against a background of light.

"This is Virgil," said Naomi eagerly. "Is he larger than you thought he would be? I have always spoken of him as a little boy. He is sixteen. Past sixteen, aren't you, dear?"

"Seventeen in two months," growled

Virgil, giving a brief pump to the hand Mr. Battelle extended.

"You'll soon be a man," said Mr. Battelle, with some cordiality. "Mrs. Battelle has given herself a good deal of trouble about you. I'm glad you've come."

"This is Miss Rodney Battelle," continued Naomi, beaming, as she wheeled her charge to face that quiet battery.

Rodney sat with her foot tilted upon the hearth. She was lovely in a house-dress of one of the innumerable tints becoming to her. She nodded to Virgil, who extended his hand and took it back to stand on the rug and stare up at the bric-à-brac on the mantel shelves.

Naomi drew nearer to Rodney. "He is my only brother," she explained. "He has not had many advantages yet."

Rodney listened politely, noticing Virgil's boots, his dirty fingers, and his general unfitness for polite society. "He resembles you," vouchsafed Rodney.

"Does he?" said Naomi. She put her arm inside of Virgil's and stood by him.

The thermometer of her happiness had gone down many degrees in a few minutes. She wondered if Stephen Guthrie could tell why people affected one another so, and if she would ever feel other than an alien in her husband's house.

Lucretia came down, and breakfast was served. Lucretia was certain to do as Rodney did. Naomi put her ugly duckling as close as possible to her own wing, and did little else than try to confine him there. In spite of her anxiety and many quick movements on his behalf, he sent the contents of his coffee-cup across the table in a yellow river and charged upon the butter with a knife carefully prepared by his own lips. He broke every law in the calendar of table-etiquette, Rodney looking at Lucretia, and Lucretia at Rodney. But *they* had never seen him as a little child with a full curl turned over on top of his head. Naomi kept that in mind. She could be patient with anything he did.

"I don't like her," pronounced Virgil,

when he and his sister were left together at table.

"Whom?"

"The blunt-nosed one."

"Didn't you like Miss Battelle?"

"The old bent-nosed? Oh, she's no account."

"Everybody is dull this morning," said Naomi. "It's a sort of relapse from making efforts to entertain people. I have noticed it's natural to feel sulky just after a party." She chatted to Virgil as to a chum, and this comradeship was soon to have its effect upon the boy.

"I wish she could see herself," he pursued, still frowning in the direction Rodney had gone.

"Why, don't you think she's very pretty?"

"Pretty!" Virgil blew out contempt for Rodney's charms. "No, I don't think no such simple-lookin' dolls as her is pretty. She's *proud*," said Virgil, uttering the most damaging denunciation known among the people by whom he had been brought up.

Naomi looked grave. She was determined not to harass him with corrections. He might gather from her face that she disapproved of these remarks concerning a member of the family but trusted to the future to amend him.

They went down-town as soon as the carriage returned from Mr. Battelle's office. She took Virgil to Mr. Battelle's tailor and hatter, had him put into a ready-made suit, which immediately transformed him, and left his measure for more sumptuous apparel, which would outwardly make him like other well-nurtured youths. Gloves and a handsome overcoat and boots and the other items of masculine wardrobe were ordered. Virgil insisted on alighting from the carriage and submitting the pair of Mr. Battelle's shoes he wore to a bootblack's zealous gymnastics: his sister's heart swelled with pride as she watched him, amused to see how he carried his head and already took the air of a young gentleman of good family. The busy street swarmed around him; a rag-picker about his age went stooping

past under a mountainous sack, gleaming the gutter: once she would have seen Virgil in the rag-picker and suffered a stab; now the sight touched her only as the recollection of a past peril startles one's memory. Her brother was out of the jaws of misfortune; and when she saw him go into a drug-store, buy a cigar, bite off the end, and light it, her delight quite submerged disapproval. She let him smoke beside her,—it was so wonderful to see him do such things and put himself as if by instinct on a manly footing toward society.

They had a comfortable lunch in the ordinary of a hotel, Naomi explaining to Virgil, as if she owed him an apology, that one of the blemishes of this railroad city was its lack of elegant restaurants. Virgil accepted this with resignation. He was slightly imperious toward the waiter, who looked at him and his new clothes with a degree of amusement very carefully suppressed by the native courtesy of the colored man. He afterward informed his sister he didn't like niggers, they ought to be back in slavery; and she widened her eyes at him and this unprogressive admission. However, she considered at once it was not Virgil who spoke, but his old surroundings.

They drove through Woodruff Place, and Naomi pointed out its fountains, summer-pavilions, and marble statuary, growing stained and shabby, and told him how a wealthy man had laid out these acres as a suburban city, at enormous cost, intending to create the most exclusive and beautiful building-sites in the West, and how panic and real-estate depression had swept him and his projects away; to all of which Virgil listened with the air of a very deep one, remarking that some men was the kee-lessest things with money and didn't seem to have no sense about using of it; they'd go ahead, f'rinstance, and build a big fine house they couldn't afford, and pretty soon along comes another feller and buys it at half what it cost. There certainly was business sagacity in Virgil.

As they drove home, Naomi reflected that the rough edges of his English

would soon wear off. Her ear, always so sensitive to discords in speech, was not offended; but speaking so would put Virgil at a disadvantage with others.

The short day was nearly ended. She went to her room to make some changes in her dress for dinner. After descending to the dining-room to see that the table was well laid, she went to cut some leaves and flowers in the conservatory. Rodney was a glowing spot in the back parlor, curtained about and basking near the grate. A couple of years later she would be painting china; but that winter afternoon found her putting the last rays of light into Kensington stitch on a screen leaf. She had it in a frame, and postured charmingly over it. The Egyptian bird and the cat-tail stood against a pale-gray atmospheric background. Lucretia sat near Rodney, making lace. Virgil had taken his place by the mantel, against which he leaned like a young lord,—if lords put their hands in their trousers-pockets while they lean. He was a handsome boy. Naomi was elated while she cut her flowers and watched this family group. If there had been instants when she doubted the wisdom of her marriage, she now laughed softly at the recollection. It was a good thing to be elegantly at home, with abundant gratification for every taste and wish, and power to make her dear boy the companion and equal of refined people.

"What's that there you're a-doin'?" inquired Virgil.

To which Rodney responded only with a slow look that saw his new clothes.

"She's embroidering a screen," replied Lucretia, not kindly, but as if ruffled on her perch.

Virgil regarded the bent-nosed one with the general interest a boy feels in any feathered creature. She had no personality in his eyes, unless to be poked with sticks or shot at. "What's a screen?" he inquired of Rodney.

"Something ornamental to set before something else," again replied Lucretia, more ruffled and disturbed at her lace incubation.

"I don't see no partic'lar use in that," observed Virgil with disapproval. He set one foot upon the toe, resting the heel against his shin. "It's a waste of money," he added.

"You seem very economical," said Rodney, her voice shaded by irony not lost on Virgil. "But I see you make free use of my brother's money."

The boy flushed, and was hot in his retort: "My sister gimme some things. This is her own house."

"Are you going to stay here?" croaked Lucretia.

Virgil said he 'lowed he was, and inquired if they was goin' to stay.

Lucretia said it was our home, and we expected to reside here as long as our brother lived.

The situation did not meet Virgil's views. He crossed to the other side of the grate, and eyed them with disgust. They created no awe in him: "Sam White, where I lived, had two old-maid sisters when he got married, and he let 'em have a room to theirselves in his house, and they done their own cookin' and stayed out o' the way," he related suggestively.

Rodney's shoulder was toward him. She made no other sign of her scorn for this offshoot of primitive existence than a settling down of the corners of her mouth. Her needle rose and fell as though no interloper stood upon her brother's hearth. Lucretia was scandalized, but, seeing Rodney calm, she ceased to flutter.

One night had brought Virgil up to a level with his new position, and his day's experience raised him above it. "What makes you wear that thing on your head?" he inquired, gazing critically at a gauzy turban with which Rodney had for once garnished her locks: "it looks so simple."

"I'm not accustomed to dressing for the approval of Sam White's friends," said Rodney slowly, busy over a critical turn in a flower.

Virgil appeared to consider this reply very trivial. He dropped Rodney for the moment, and walked round the room, noticing articles with minute interest.

He threw the library *portière* aside and went in to examine the books.

His sister put her bouquets on the table and came to the domestic hearth. She had heard voices, but not what was said, and her heart rose toward Rodney and Lucretia. She ran and knelt down by Rodney's embroidery, looking rosy and girlish. "I put the loveliest pansy at your plate, Rodney; a begonia for you, Lucretia. How nicely you are getting on with your screen! Where is Virgil? I thought he was here."

Rodney said he had gone into the library. She was untouched by Mrs. Battelle's warmth.

"I think he will improve rapidly," said Naomi in a lower tone, looking from one to the other while she spoke. Her eyes shone; she was the picture of maternal tenderness, anxious to enlist her husband's sisters in Virgil's behalf and to begin family life over. "He has not been with me since he was a mere baby." But he is so adaptable! You have no idea how he has come out in one day."

Rodney very slightly raised her shoulders. "How many brothers have you?" she inquired.

"I have nothing but Virgil. To you, brother has always meant an older person, who protected and provided for you. To me it has meant an ignorant, helpless child, always hanging to the very roots of my affection. Think of the difference! I have had to love down toward *my* brother; but I shall love up yet. Oh, yes! he is going to make a man. If you would not mind his awkwardness for a while,—he is at the hobbledohy period, and, besides, has never been taught the decencies of civilized life. You must have been amused at him this morning!"

The silence of both might have intimated that this amusement was indeed a thing of the past. Lucretia dropped her work in her lap, and drew her chin in like a turkey meditating on Thanksgiving mysteries.

"If you would put yourself in my position," pursued Naomi, but hesitated, and rose as she broke off, for it was as

disheartening as making obeisance to a couple of idols.

Rodney replied briefly that she didn't wish to put herself in Naomi's position.

"We can't do it," said Lucretia: "we are in our position, and you are in yours."

Rodney also said she could not help people having poor miserable brothers.

"Our brothers have always provided for us, as they should do," said Lucretia. "We never should think of providing for our brothers."

Rodney added, as an after-thought, that she never could endure a boy of that age.

"When Ambrose and John were that age," said Lucretia, "they were young gentlemen."

Mrs. Battelle saw the reflection of her face flaming in a cabinet-mirror. She was angry again. How insolent they were,—their very insolence proving the kindness which had fostered and fed them all their lives! "I wish you had been thrown on your own resources early and long!" she said. "I wish you had hungered all your lives for home, as I have done, and come to it at last to find it poisoned by two such selfish creatures as you! You have never treated me decently. I could overlook that if you would be kind to him. But you will not."

Rodney wheeled slowly around toward her trembling sister-in-law and told her with calmness she was making herself ridiculous. "I told Ambrose to bring John and Amy to dinner this evening," said Rodney, "to mollify them about the *musical*, and I think they have just come into the hall. If there is anything a Battelle hates, it is a scene."

"That is very singular," said Naomi, "considering what gifts a Battelle has for making one. I think in time I shall learn to be quiet under anything."

Their voices had fallen rather than risen during this dialogue. Naomi turned toward the library, to go to Virgil. But Mr. Battelle brought in his guest, who was Stephen Guthrie.

He said Amy and John would not

come to dinner, though they might drop in during the evening. Mr. Guthrie and he had been busy over a real-estate transfer, and he had persuaded him to come to dinner.

Mr. Guthrie, looking fresh, and bringing with him the atmosphere of a different world, bowed to the group and said to Mrs. Battelle he hoped he was not causing her inconvenience by dropping upon her hospitality without warning.

Rodney, with charming languor, assured him that this was Liberty Hall, and guests were always expected.

Mr. Guthrie said that bespoke excellent housekeeping, and sat down between Rodney and Lucretia.

Naomi gave him a swift, glad look. He cooled and quieted her. She stood beside the fire, thinking about this influence, and Rodney exerted himself to cover her sister-in-law's awkwardness, wishing that Ambrose and John had married women who could stand well toward society.

But presently Naomi came into the conversation with *aplomb*. She was self-assertive and brilliant. Her color came and went, and even her features seemed to wear an added piquancy. She was not at all like Rodney. Nor was she like the usual image reflected on Rodney's mental retina as Mrs. Ambrose Battelle. Languor and quick repartee do not go together: a slow-speaking woman who can pose naturally feels an aversion for the variable woman who has sparkling moods.

But Mr. Battelle was pleased with the harmony and attraction in his home. His face expanded, and he struck his knees to applaud what Stephen Guthrie said or what Naomi said. When dinner was announced, and Naomi marshalled her family into the dining-room, she remembered that Virgil was alone in the library.

"If I were you," murmured Rodney, pausing behind the others, "and determined to make a good impression on Mr. Guthrie, I should not bring that young monster to the front. He can eat with the servants for once."

"Very kind of you to mention it,"

said Naomi, "but I couldn't think of taking such an unfair advantage."

She found Virgil asleep on a sofa, with a book sprawled over his face. The fatigue of his journeyings had returned and overcome him. He entered the dining-room, yawning, and stretching the arm to which Naomi was not attached. He was embarrassed by her holding him, which she did persistently the more uncouth his appearance became; and he said, "Dog-on it!" under his breath when he saw a stranger at Rodney's right hand, for Rodney had taken the head of the table. There were two places left vacant at one side. Naomi introduced her brother and sat down beside him. "Jane," she said to the attendant servant, "you have made a mistake and put the service at Miss Rodney's place instead of mine. Change it."

Jane changed it.

With a merry sentence on her lips, Mrs. Battelle met Rodney's eyes, and Rodney saw that Ambrose's wife was prepared to carry the war into Africa. The snub was so surprising, she had no defence ready. Rodney made herself foremost and central because she felt her leadership in the family. It pained her to own a rising respect for Mrs. Battelle.

Virgil behaved with moderation. He watched Stephen Guthrie intently; and when spoken to by the guest, as he was several times, answered with an evident anxiety to please.

Soon after dinner, John and Amy came in. John was a fuller copy of Mr. Battelle, rather ready and silly with his laughter, and Amy was a very thin, maternal girl, faded by fretting and child-bearing. Naomi sat down by her. There was a certain sympathy between them, always silent on her part but clamorous on Amy's.

"I knew it wasn't your fault," hinted this light-eyed wraith in an undertone, "or I shouldn't have come over. John could do as he pleased."

"I saved a programme for you," said Naomi, "if you care for it. The music was pretty. It was Rodney's set altogether."

Amy glanced vengefully at that siren, who was trickling pleasant sentences upon Stephen Guthrie and her brothers. "I'm so glad you've taken her off our hands," she continued. "Young as that girl is, she let me have no authority in my own house, but ordered the children around like little serfs. Don't you wish she'd get married? I don't see why Providence allows such a load of women to accumulate on two men, though Ambrose can stand it well enough. Who is this young Mr. Guthrie she has in tow now?"

Naomi looked at young Mr. Guthrie, wondering if Rodney had him in tow. He was enjoying it. "A young lawyer who has lately come to the city."

"He seems rather nice. Rodney is an awful flirt. Lucretia is looking old. Don't you think so?"

"I don't see why she should," laughed Naomi. "She sits there placidly making lace, with nothing to disturb her days."

"But Lucretia can be spiteful," said Amy, "and peck at you,—something like a hen. I didn't know you had a brother."

"Yes. He came last night."

"How long is he going to stay?"

"Always, I hope."

Amy looked at Virgil and slightly shook her head: "He seems rather a nice boy. Do *they* like him?"

"They haven't manifested a decided fancy for him yet."

Mrs. John Battelle sighed.

"How did you leave the children?"

"Just as usual. How quiet and nice it seems here where there are none!"

Naomi laughed, saying, "What an unmaternal speech!"

"I do get so tired of their bothering. If John ever would make anything, I might take more comfort. But he never will. I think sometimes a man that can't make money has no business to be alive: he feels no pride in himself, and is a drag on his family." Amy spoke plaintively, the cross-lines in her face becoming distinct.

"What a strange idea!" said Naomi.

"You would collect all the incompetent fellows and make a bonfire of them?"

"Oh, I mean it," said Amy. "John could have made money as well as Ambrose, but he is a perfect simpleton. Look at him stretch his mouth and laugh. I can't take so much pleasure in life while we have to hang back and live in debt all the time. He'll never be worth five cents. And then to think of all I have had to bear from those girls!" She ended in a half whimper.

Naomi said there was no use in fretting about things; she used to wear herself out fretting, but was now determined to keep a brave front to the world and show what her spirit was.

Amy reminded her that she had no occasion to fret; and the prosperous sister-in-law did not push her claims.

Before retiring for the night, Mrs. Battelle went to her brother's door to see if everything had been made comfortable for him.

Virgil sat on the side of the bed, unbuttoning Mr. Battelle's shoes and kicking them off his feet with great relief. "Them things has rattled around all day on me," said he. "The old gentleman has a right smart hoof on him, hasn't he, Gnome?"

Naomi asked him if he didn't like Mr. Battelle. She told her brother what a pleasant man he was.

"I tell you what," said Virgil, "I like that there Guthrie, er what's his name. He's got somethin' to say for hisself, and he says it."

Naomi smoothed her brother's hair and subscribed to his sentiments about Mr. Guthrie.

"He ain't none o' yer underhanded fellers," pursued Virgil, wriggling aside from her caress. "I sot up and listened to what he was sayin' most of the evenin'. He's got some style!" emphasized Virgil.

Mrs. Battelle was fain to believe her brother very rapid in forming standards of taste. She began to say she hoped Virgil would pick very nice young men for his associates as he grew older, when he interrupted her by asking why she

had not married some feller like this Guthrie instead of Mr. Battelle.

"I thought you would like Mr. Battelle," said Naomi reproachfully.

"I sort o' don't," responded Virgil.

"He's very kind to you and me."

Virgil was subdued to assenting silently.

"And very kind to his sisters."

"Dog-on his sisters! Dog that Rodney! I despise her!" He kicked one shoe across the room to signify as much.

"Dear," said Naomi, feeling the warrant most preachers have for correcting their own sins in others, "you shouldn't allow yourself to feel so."

Virgil swung his foot. "I don't have nothin' ag'in the old gentleman," he admitted after reproof. "But he ain't got no style about him. Not a bit. I don't b'lieve he's the sort o' man you ought to got. Them wimmen is blame' mean. If that dog'd Rodney pitches onto me she'll let go again, now don't you forget it."

## CHAPTER XII.

### INDICATIONS.

WHEN all these people were two months farther along in their lives, the hidden influences which were undermining or strengthening their positions had not changed them outwardly. Naomi made calls with her sisters-in-law, who addressed her as my dear, and sat with them at table, where they made double-edged remarks. She seldom had the use of the carriage without disarranging their plans or causing them inconvenience. Virgil occupied her a great deal. She made him slippers and dressing-gown, which he privately dogged, because their sumptuousness drew shafts from Rodney. A great deal of linen was made and marked for him. He lounged uncomfortably about the house. There was no place for him at the office. And when Naomi spoke of school for Virgil, Mr. Battelle was very irritable.

Rodney held a small but elegant evening reception in honor of a beautiful creature from Louisville, and, drawing

on her brother for an unusually good outfit, went home with her friend to spend a week. Before this departure, Virgil did not refrain from expressing how insupportable her presence was to him. He went down-town in the street-cars and spent cautious bits of the funds privately bestowed on him by his sister in curious gymnastics with billiard-cues. Only her solicitude and the comfort and elegance of his surroundings made this idle life differ from his former aimless experience. But there were powers at work in Virgil. He observed, and assorted his impressions. Naomi had become secretly busy for his sake. Mr. Battelle's neglect of the boy stung her, and the independence she had learned before marriage returned to her aid. She was trying, with her brains, her versatility, and her concentrativeness of purpose, to create a fund for Virgil's education and advancement. Mr. Battelle was angry over Rodney's bill, but let the effect fall upon his wife alone: it would have been lost on Rodney.

At dusk of one of the brief winter days, Virgil took the elevator in the block where Guthrie had his law-office, and surprised the youngest member of the firm by bolting in upon him. Guthrie was yodeling over his writing, and this peculiar kind of music pleased the boy's ear, though he considered it absurd and undignified.

"How do you do?" said the young man, shaking his hand. "Sit down. They've all gone, and I've only a little more to do on this document myself. Make yourself cosy for a minute, will you?"

Virgil said he would, and sat with his hat on his knee, looking round. Guthrie struck a match and lighted the gas over his desk. There was an inner room, in which the boy could see half of a full book-case. If Stephen Guthrie knew all in those books, no wonder he was smart. Every boy must have his standard man: Virgil considered this lawyer's full temples and resolute mouth the surest indications of power and success. He felt an inclination to the business himself. Everybody said lawyers were scamps

and got other people's money: with the class of people among whom he had been bred, the word "scamp" contained a note of admiration, for it indicated that a man had more financial shrewdness than his neighbors.

"Now, then," said Guthrie, putting away his papers and turning on his chair. "How are the ladies at your house to-day?"

Virgil said they were toler'ble. It occurred to him to inquire why fellers always asked how the ladies was. He didn't think much of wimmen.

"Man," said Stephen Guthrie, laughing, "when you are older you'll learn to go down on your knees at the mere mention of them."

Virgil sniffed, and added a scornful chuckle in his throat. But, on second thoughts, he said he liked his sister pretty well. She was more like a boy, only she pestered a feller honeyin' around him. "I hate kissin'," said Virgil.

Stephen Guthrie laughed at this prejudice. "How strange it would seem to you," he observed, "to see the German men falling on each other's necks, like Jacob and Joseph, and kissing each other frequently under the family roof!"

Virgil roared derisively: "Somebody orto took 'em up and nursed 'em. You never seen 'em?"

"Certainly. In their own families."

"Where?"

"In Germany."

"Did you ever go there?"

"I spent a year or so, studying and travelling, over there."

"I don't think much of 'em," said Virgil. "United States folks don't act that way."

"I was then not much older than you are now," said Guthrie, "and everything I saw impressed me strongly."

"If they'd give me my choice," remarked the boy, "I'd go to Californy. That's the place!" He warned more and more to the young man. Guthrie's good-fellowship and courteous treatment of him as an equal were traits which engaged his strong esteem.

"Oh, California's a good enough place."

"You ain't been there?"

"I ran out with a party once. I have good friends in San Francisco."

"You've been 'most everywhere," said Virgil, wondering at Stephen Guthrie; but that prodigy said, Oh, no; he had only been around a little bit. "I like to travel," said Virgil; "but when I was travellin' I had to do most of it on foot. Them blame' train-hands is so mean they'd put a feller off every time they'd ketch him. Some time, though, I b'lieve I'll try it ag'in; but I'll go like a gentleman and beat 'em out of their fares. I knowed a feller rode clear from Columbus to Pittsburg. He got put off at every other station, but that didn't phaze him." Stephen Guthrie looked intently at his young friend and shook his head, making Virgil secretly reprehend the impulse which had pushed this lore of the road from his experience. "Dog it! I didn't always have backers like you've had," he added, with a sulky crouch of the head.

"Don't you ever do anything mean, my boy," said Stephen Guthrie; "life isn't long enough for us to make 'up for meannesses."

"The' ain't no harm beatin' them that'd beat you if they had a chance."

Guthrie smiled, and Virgil gathered that this doctrine was very unenlightened and pitiful in the eyes of such a man. He felt less experienced and rawer than when he entered the office, and his views wavered.

"Come," said the young man, "let's go and have some supper together. Will they expect you at home?"

Virgil thought not, and was proud to go, stalking beside Guthrie and doing his best to recover favor. They went to a caterer's and had some oysters, then a venison pie and some birds, afterward coffee and white grapes.

"I suppose you don't smoke?" said Guthrie, drawing out his cigar-case.

Virgil thought he would try one, and did so, noting how his companion held the brown roll, seeming to meditate in a dream after every slow whiff. Of

all the men he had ever seen, Stephen Guthrie made the most delicate use of a cigar.

"You're some like a girl," Virgil observed; "your ways is so easy."

"A dubious compliment. You said you didn't like girls."

"I like to see a man do as you do, anyhow." This hearty tribute made Virgil frown at himself.

"Thanks," responded the man of his admiration, and it was a fine, attractive head opposite the boy,—close-clipped, full, and sensitively mobile and expressive in feature.

Virgil warmed to himself during this pleasant social time, and when obliged to go home carried his self-esteem intact to his own chamber. He did not want to join the family and see Mr. Battelle crouching over his paper by a drop-light and Miss Battelle silently stabbing big boys in her fancy-work.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE WHEEL GOES DOWN.

WHEN Naomi Sands married, she had a vague premonition that her pride and ambitious love of power and her strength of will would grow with years, and the judgment of that future self would commend her for making a good match in the eyes of the world or condemn her for failing to do so.

Her expectations of the life she was to lead as Mr. Battelle's wife were daily disappointed. She knew she had a spirit which time and opportunity would develop into a socially leading one, but she found herself continually handicapped. She could confer favors royally, but received them as blisters upon her self-esteem; and Virgil's dependence upon his brother-in-law was regarded as a favor extended to her by all the Battelles. They discouraged her shopping, while whatever the other faction purchased was regarded as righteous flesh rescued from the sacrifice. These were spider-web torments, but spun across her daily path and never to be cleared away. When she approached her home

from a drive, it seemed strange there could be no heart's-ease within it. She knew many wealthy women who had grasped happiness. She was probably too easily moved and exacting.

Rodney came home just before New-Year's Day, too ill to continue her visit, but able to lie on a couch before the parlor fire and be attended by Lucretia. "I can be dressed and lie here to receive," said Rodney. "I am only tired out. Whom have you and Naomi invited to receive with you?"

Lucretia said Ambrose had forbidden any preparation for New-Year's calls.

"Ambrose has!" said Rodney, fixing her gaze upon Lucretia: "he must be out of his senses. He will have to keep open house. We have always received calls." Lucretia said of course we had. "It's because I was away," continued Rodney. "When he comes in, I will attend to it. And he'll not save by putting off preparations till the last minute, because everything will have to be ordered to-morrow. There is a stingy streak in the Battelles, but I'm sure it never touched me. Where's Naomi?" Lucretia said she had gone down-street in the carriage. "That's why I had to ride up in a detestable hack," said Rodney. "Push this couch a little back from the fire, will you, Cretie?" Lucretia told her, while pushing back the couch and drawing her dressing-gown into comfortable folds, that her telegram was received only half an hour before she arrived. "Next summer," said Rodney, "I mean to have a pony and phaeton of my own. Ambrose might do that much for his sisters. Where's that boy?" Lucretia said she did not know: perhaps he had gone with his sister. "Don't deceive yourself. She's as tired of her monster as we are. I noticed before I went away she locked herself in her room part of every day, and never objected to his going down-street. When he first came she couldn't bear him out of her sight. Have you seen what havoc he plays in Ambrose's library? You can trace his dirty way through the books. The edges of the leaves are black just as far as it pleased him to read. If you have

anything down there you care for, you'd better remove it to our rooms. I believe Ambrose would heartily pay his funeral expenses."

Virgil pushed the library curtain aside and sauntered out. He had more the look of his sister than when Rodney saw him last. "You've got back, have you?" he remarked.

The young lady felt irritable enough to frown at him: "Yes. I have finished my visit, but I see you haven't finished yours."

"I ain't visitin'," said Virgil.

"Pardon the mistake."

"I'm waitin'," said Virgil, with erectness of head and steadiness of eye which became him, "till I can see my way out o' this here place. This ain't no kind of a place. If I'd knowed two such wimmen as you was to be around all the time, I wouldn't come. I'd a dog'd sight liefer be out as I was than take such talk as you all the time give me because you know I can't step up and slap a woman. You ain't no business here, spongin' your livin' and puttin' on airs, no more than I have. If I's as old as you two is, and had good learnin', my sister wouldn't have no call to boost me. What good *air* you under the sun?"

"Lucretia, turn him out of the room," said Rodney.

"I can't be turned," said Virgil. "When I git ready I'll go o' my own accord."

"When Mr. Battelle comes he will flog you for your insolence."

"I guess he won't," said Virgil.

"The' ain't no man never laid hands on me yit without he got as good as he sent. You talk about me and my sister behind our backs. If my sister has got tired of me, you turned her."

"Lucretia," said Rodney, made really angry, "must I lie here ill and exhausted and be insulted by that vagabond, while you do nothing?"

Miss Battelle placed herself before Rodney and dabbed with her hand at Virgil, as though she would instantly fly at him and peck him.

He laughed at her. "I won't hurt you," he said, with magnanimous con-

tempt: "you needn't flop. But dog'd if I'm a-goin' to stand it. I'd rather be a vagabon' than see you in front of me every day. You tell my sister I've stepped out." He walked to the hall *portière* and put up his hand to fling it aside, glowering with the deep and quiet anger peculiar to him.

"If you ever enter this house again," said Miss Rodney, her resentful eyes following him, "my brother will punish you soundly!"

"Don't give yourself no uneasiness; I don't." He turned his face toward the world, but paused and looked back to add, "You think Guthrie's goin' to have you; but he ain't. I'm goin' to see him before I go, too."

Whatever was meant by this vague threat, Virgil never put it into force, for he saw his sister at the door and was obliged to make a *détour* to dodge her, but not before she caught his expression. The face he brought to the house in a sheath of rags was not so desperate.

Naomi called him, but he evaded her, and she ran into the parlor asking where he was.

Rodney's eyes were closed; they opened and met her sister-in-law's with a sparkle: "I suppose you see I've got home."

"Yes,—I'll speak to you in a moment, —but I must find him. I hope you had a pleasant visit, Rodney." Naomi went through the dining-room. At intervals they heard her calling Virgil's name in different parts of the house or making inquiries of the other inmates.

"What a shrieker she is!" said Rodney to Lucretia.

"She makes a noise," croaked Lucretia.

"And when she laughs she laughs suddenly. I detest these women who never modulate their voices."

Lucretia said she did too, and added a guttural note as modulation. She then inquired if Rodney thought the boy was really leaving. Rodney said there was no such happiness in store; but if he really had gone it would be matter for thanksgiving in all the churches. She reposed in silence, gazing

comfortably at the fire, until Naomi came into the room again.

"There was something the matter with Virgil," said Mrs. Battelle. "And he avoided me. Did he say where he was going?"

Lucretia replied that he did not.

"Was he out of temper, or excited?"

Rodney vouchsafed the information that he was the most insolent creature alive, and if he ever came back and escaped punishment she should leave the house herself. This was delivered in her even, limpid voice, but fell with hissing violence upon the sudden heat of Mrs. Battelle.

"That is enough! I shall go at once and hunt the city over for him. And he shall come back!"— The vestibule door closed with a jar and cut off her sentences. She listened to feet coming through the hall. But it was her husband, not her brother, who stumbled against the *portière* and came in. "Have you seen Virgil?" she cried.

"This isn't an auction!" remarked Rodney. "What's the matter, Ambrose? Are you ill, too?"

Mr. Battelle stared blindly at each woman, and put his hand on a chair-back.

"I shall go after my brother," said Naomi, starting. "Something has been done to drive him from the house, Mr. Battelle."

"Sit down," said Mr. Battelle.

"No, sir, I will not." Naomi turned about and faced him defiantly. "The carriage is still waiting. If I cannot find him, I will set detectives to hunt for him. Do you think I will have him pushed out into the slums while I stay here? No, sir; I will go with him first, and *these* women may usurp your entire house and comfort you with their society."

"Somebody else will get it," said Mr. Battelle, in a voice which sounded under his feet. Pushing the chair before him to the grate, he huddled down, turned, and hid his face on the back and groaned.

"Ambrose Battelle," said his favorite sister, sitting straight notwithstanding

her indisposition, "what are you doing that for?"

He looked up and took out his handkerchief to wipe his lips. His face was pinched until all its grooves converged. "Everything is gone," he said. "The very last dollar."

"You must be crazy!" said Rodney, whitening to her lips. "How could you lose all you had?"

"I've fought it for months, but it had to come. Day after day. Give me a drink of water."

Lucretia dropped her lace, but Mrs. Battelle was quicker and brought a full goblet from the ice-pitcher. He looked at her with strange eyes: she had never seen such an expression in his face. Her anxiety about Virgil was paralyzed for the time.

Mr. Battelle groped with the empty glass, and Naomi set it down for him. She put her hand upon his shoulder. "You'll have to go to John's," he said to his sisters, and this sentence cauterized facts on Rodney's mind.

Naomi felt a stir of pity for her: she fell back, weeping with heart-broken cries. It was the first demonstrative grief of her life. Lucretia tried to lift her, making many cawing, hysterical sounds in her throat, but Rodney pushed her back with her arms.

"I've tried to be a good brother to you both," said Mr. Battelle between his sighs. "But I don't know what is to become of any of us now until I can get straightened up."

Rodney begged him to say he had not lost everything. His eyes were bloodshot. He remained silent. "How could you be so careless?" wailed the girl. "You say I am extravagant; but I could take better care of money than that."

Mr. Battelle felt Naomi's hand creeping to his neck, and he remembered her: "I didn't expect to bring you down when I married you."

"Never mind," said his wife. "Come up-stairs and rest. You are overcome."

"I will while I can." He got up like an old man: her mother-heart went into the arm with which she made a

fence around him to keep off reproaches. She guided him as she had guided Virgil the night he came. "I don't need to be carried," said Mr. Battelle irritably; but when they were in the hall he grasped the hand under his side as if afraid she would take him at his word.

But, while she walked with him upstairs as if both were approaching execution, she knew she was not going to bear this reverse well. If life in affluence held drawbacks, she had experienced the strain of life in poverty. The gulf lay before her feet, and there was no way of escaping it; and, instead of going down into it free, she was burdened.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### CHAOS.

By the time Mr. Battelle had sunk into a deep sleep it was dusk. Naomi covered him carefully, noticing how wan his face had become since morning, and how many white lines were starting among his sandy locks, though hair of that color is said to bleach slowly. His sleep was akin to death, so entirely was he free from the torment of his troubles. She went out to look for Virgil. Her coachman was driving back and forth, waiting orders. It was strange to think, as she took her place in the carriage, that this might be the last time she would ever feel that ease and independence of motion, the last time she could direct the man to turn this way or that at her will. She was poor again, and perhaps would find street-cars too expensive. As she rolled along a cross-street, her eye was attracted by a woman in calico with a kerosene-can in her hand. The woman looked up,—dull, hopeless, and brown-blotched. They were quite close to her, and Naomi plainly saw her face. We do not conceal from the stranger in the street what we mask from our nearest friends. This woman had never seen her before, and abated no jot of her weary misery.

"That's the way I shall look," thought Naomi.

They made a long détour, and, not

having seen Virgil, came past the courthouse and turned west on Washington Street. A gentleman paused on a crossing to let them pass, and Naomi saw it was Stephen Guthrie. He lifted his hat, feeling surer of the Battelle coachman in the wintry dimness than of the lady on the back seat.

"Stop!" said Naomi to her coachman. She leaned from the carriage, giving Mr. Guthrie her hand while hastening to inquire, "Have you seen my brother to-day?"

Mr. Guthrie had not.

"I am searching for him," said Mrs. Battelle.

"I hope you have no occasion to feel anxious about him?"

"But I have."

The man was obliged to move out of the way of a street-car, and Stephen Guthrie changed his position. "If I can be of any service to you," he said, still at the carriage-step, "don't hesitate."

"I wish you would get in," said Mrs. Battelle.

After he was seated, she felt jarred by her own action. On the eve of Mr. Battelle's failure she had invited a young gentleman into the carriage with her, and was going to drive him she knew not whither. Her servant sat on the front seat, a silent auditor to every word, but she began to say at once, "Don't think of what I do, Mr. Guthrie, but of my anxiety."

"You do nothing but what is advisable, Mrs. Battelle, and I understand your anxiety. Do you think he has run away?"

"What makes you ask that?" sharply.

"Because he has called on me at the office several times lately, each time appearing—restless."

"He ran away once before," admitted Naomi: "before he came to me. He has been gone since the middle of the afternoon. I had thought of going to the dépôt."

Stephen Guthrie advised that. He begged Mrs. Battelle to stay in the carriage while he searched the dépôt for Virgil. She knew he could penetrate corners closed to her, and believed he

would find trace of the boy if trace was there.

It began to snow in small flakes. The street-cars rattled up from the tunnel, and Naomi recalled their dismal effect the night she came home from her first search after Virgil. The gorgeous lunch-stands were not visible from her post, but there were the trains moving into the dépôt with swinging bell and deafening hiss of steam, or approaching far off on the western tracks, where their yellow eyes glared and their colored lanterns stood in confusing dozens.

Guthrie was gone twenty minutes. He returned with an unrelieved face. Virgil was nowhere about the dépôt, and inquiries could not trace him. "But he may have left on any of half a dozen trains. What did he have with him?"

"Nothing," replied Naomi, "except his every-day clothing and perhaps a little money. I gave him five dollars the other day."

Guthrie got into the carriage. Mrs. Battelle felt blanched and chill in her silk and fur wraps. She was thinking, "When I am reduced to one thin old shawl the wind cannot blow through me any colder than now." "Everything has come at once," she said.

"I understand. But you need not feel anxious about Virgil. He has a fund of self-reliance, and seemed inclined to use it. I should not be surprised if the boy had started for California. He told me he would rather go there than any place else."

"How could he—go so far! I can't stand it. If he has gone there I shall never see him again."

"Oh, yes," said Stephen Guthrie. "Don't take that view of it. Virgil will turn out a man. There is good metal in him."

Naomi thanked him. "I feel responsible to my mother," she said. "He was her baby. How shall I ever face her when I die, if he goes wrong? And how can he help going wrong, lost among strangers at his age? If we had to live in hardship and I could yet keep him near me, it would still be the right road, and I could go ahead. But what can I

do now? It is not a common charge, you understand. I have to answer for him. If he goes to the bad, I think eternity would be a failure for me."

Stephen Guthrie contracted his brows while he leaned toward her distressed face and listened: "I have been thinking I would telegraph to some friends of mine in San Francisco. If he has gone to California, he will probably turn up there some time. And then I will write a full explanation, with descriptions. They are first-rate fellows, and will give themselves a good deal of trouble for me any time. If the boy does not want to come back, they might get him employment, and guide his fortunes as well as—you could here."

"If you would," prayed Naomi.

"I certainly will," he said. "Meantime, how would it do to advertise for him in the evening and morning papers, presuming he has not left the city?"

Mrs. Battelle said she had thought of that. But Virgil never cared for the daily news. He had not been a citizen long enough to acquire the habit.

"But he might read the papers now," said Guthrie. So, with her approval, he opened his note-book and wrote an advertisement on his knee. He thought it advisable to say, "Virgil, come home: your sister is anxious about you."

But Naomi wished to substitute "distracted" for "anxious." On second thought, however, she returned to "anxious," but begged him to place "very" before it. "We don't parade our distractions in the papers," she observed, with a weak laugh.

"No," said Stephen Guthrie.

They drove to several newspaper offices, and he took a copy of the personal into each.

Naomi was ready with her portemonnaie when he came out of the last. Its contents were her own earnings: she was glad of that.

"I will take it upon myself," said Guthrie, "to watch for him in the streets. If there is anything else you can suggest now, I will do it." He waited with his hand on the carriage. By this time all the street-lamps were

lighted. The court-house clock boomed eight.

"I have not made any attempt to thank you as I ought," said Mrs. Battelle.

He made a back-hand gesture dismissing the subject.

"I don't think anything more can be done to-night," said Naomi. "But here is the money for the advertising and telegraphing."

Stephen Guthrie also waved that aside.

"But I have never been accustomed to accepting such favors from friends. I earned my living once."

He looked sternly at her, and she put the money back into her portemonnaie and snapped the fastening.

"I intend to get a fee out of the young scamp himself," said Stephen Guthrie, laughing. "This is his suit. He rather liked me."

"He *did* like you," said Naomi. "I will not keep you standing here in the cold any longer, Mr. Guthrie. Will you get in and let us set you down at your hotel?"

Stephen Guthrie said he had but a step to go, and must attend to some little matter on the way, so he would bid her good-evening there. In putting out his hand for the customary touch, he added, "I hope you and your family will count on me, whatever happens."

"We shall be glad to do that, Mr. Guthrie. I actually feel relieved about my brother."

"Oh, no harm will come to him, rest assured."

"Mr. Battelle would have come with me; but—he is not well this evening. He will feel greatly obliged to you."

She waited, and Stephen Guthrie did not withdraw from the carriage. It was a hard thing to turn home again and face the beginning of chaos there. What did life amount to, anyway,—forever running to waste and anguish as it was? If the horses and carriage and her driver and she and Guthrie could stand there enchanted or petrified forever, with humanity rolling all around them, wondering at first, but finally pointing them

out only as a landmark through change and disaster, such a negative immortality would be better than the positive misery that was always certain to hound her and tear her spirit.

"As soon as I get the slightest news from your brother, or any clue to him, I will let you know at once," said Stephen Guthrie.

"My thanks again. Good-night."

"Good-night. If I don't see you on New-Year's Day, remember I offer best wishes for your happiness during the new year now."

"Wish me Nirvana," said Mrs. Battelle.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### RODNEY ARGUES THE CASE.

DINNER was announced, but no one answered the summons. Mrs. John Battelle was in the house, and sat looking limper and more faded while Lucretia revived the younger sister from a series of fainting-fits. Amy kissed Mrs. Battelle's wind-blown cheek at her return. "Why, how you bear up!" she said.

"Has Mr. Battelle waked?" inquired Naomi.

Lucretia did not know: poor Roddy had been so bad.

Naomi went up-stairs and looked in at him. He was still sound asleep, and she told the family he must not be disturbed. They would sit down to dinner. Amy was ready to assist at this funereal meal, but Rodney turned her face away and Lucretia remained by her. The curtains were drawn back: they could see the sisters-in-law at table.

"Shall I send you something?" inquired Mrs. Battelle.

But Lucretia said she felt no hunger, and Rodney began to wail again under her breath.

"You ought to eat," plaintively remonstrated Amy: "there's no use making yourself sick."

The chord of triumph which might have sounded in Amy's voice passed trembling out of sight under apprehension. Ambrose Battelle, the money-god

of the family, had fallen on his face in his own temple. But the weights he carried might fall back with double force upon John. She was an average woman, and felt only the joy our baser natures take, acknowledged or unacknowledged, in the disaster of those who have hitherto outstripped us.

"Look at them," murmured Rodney to her sister; "and such trouble in the house."

Amy ate solidly, but with an apologetic manner, as people do at a funeral meal. She told Naomi John had known for a good while that Ambrose was getting squeezed in grain-dealing. John told him he had better let grain alone: when a man got into that, he never came out until it broke him. Amy thought Ambrose had acted like a man with something on his mind for several months.

John came in before they left the table, looking less ready to laugh, but much more important than usual. The elegance of Ambrose's house no longer claimed his notice. His feelings were depressed, but so was his opinion of Ambrose. On invitation, he sat down at the table and ate with a relish, though he said supper was just over at home.

"We've all got to eat to bear up," sighed Amy, leaning to one side.

John wanted to know where Ambrose was, and, on hearing, hoped he would sleep all night, adding, "He'll have a hard day to-morrow."

Amy said she had been telling Naomi it was grain: so John, with wisdom and some condescension, explained the exchange and bucket-shop to Naomi, who looked at him vacantly, thinking her own uninterrupted thoughts. He gave it as his opinion Ambrose had sacrificed one valuable piece of property after another, until he finally got cornered. Going into the parlor, with a crumb or two of dinner in his ruddy beard, John told Rodney and Lucretia they must not fret so over Ambrose's downfall. Every man had his day. And it was only to be expected, when Ambrose would not take any warning.

Rodney's voice, thick with weeping,

inquired why John spoke of the trouble as a downfall, and if he supposed Ambrose would not recover what he had lost. The younger brother shook his head, sighing. It was seldom that men of Ambrose's age made a second start in life. They might paddle around at affairs for a while, but such a blow as this usually finished their business career.

"Why, Roddy, if I've not been misinformed," said John, "this is no sudden thing. Ambrose has been falling behind ever since he began to build his fine house. Oh, it's shocking, shocking! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world." John put his hands in his pockets and gazed with a distorted face at the carved mantel shelves.

Amy, who still lingered over the coffee, asked about Naomi's brother, and, being told it was feared he had run away, said it was just as good a thing as he could have done. "You'll have enough on your hands," she remarked, with a long, sobbing breath.

Naomi said Virgil knew nothing about Mr. Battelle's embarrassment. She thought he would have stayed with her. He was a good boy. But her sister-in-law said men were so mean when they got a little close for money, and it was torture to a woman to have any of her relations around at such a time. Married people always would come to words occasionally, and there never was such occasion for quarrelling as during a money stress. She did not see what a girl wanted to marry for, anyhow,—she did not allude to Naomi, for Naomi was an orphan and needed a home,—but any girl who had been situated as she had been. You never knew what a man would bring you to: if he could not make money, he seldom failed to load you with a great family of children; and if he could make it, he seldom had sense enough to hold on to it.

Naomi heard all she said without extracting the meaning from the words. When they rose, she rung the table-bell and ordered a supper for Mr. Battelle to be kept ready for him until he waked. The ease and convenience of this home

forced her attention like a fresh discovery.

Before Naomi came back to the family caucus, Rodney interrupted her brother's talk to say she would go up-stairs and see Ambrose. She did not believe it was half so bad as John insinuated. Ambrose was excited when he came home.

"But he's asleep," objected Amy.

Rodney left her sofa, saying she would see him anyhow, and cried out to Lucretia for a little assistance; nobody remembered she was ill; they stood about chattering until she was distracted, and then wished to prevent her from going to her poor brother.

Lucretia took her around the waist, and John and Mrs. John followed her up-stairs to remonstrate.

"Go to your room, Roddy," said John: "you're out of sorts yourself."

But Naomi saw them all entering her husband's sanctuary as she ran up-stairs after them.

"Roddy is bound to talk to Ambrose," hissed the brother-in-law. "Poor girl, she's half beside herself this evening."

Mrs. Battelle had left one shaded gas-jet burning at a mere point, and in the semi-twilight John struck his foot against a hassock, sending it across the floor like a billiard-ball. Naomi felt a fierce hatred for them all, and could have struck the hand with which Lucretia turned up the light.

Mr. Battelle, starting up, saw his younger sister sitting on the side of his bed, her hair on her shoulders and her face swollen with crying, and the remainder of his family grouped around him. He passed through several shades of recollection, and finally turned his shoulder to them. His wife put her mouth to the speaking-tube and ordered his supper to be sent up.

"Ambrose!" said Rodney, caressing his gown-sleeve.

"Go away, Roddy," he urged testily. "Go to bed. It's late. All of you go to bed. Why did you come in here?"

"If you would look at your watch, you would see it is little past nine o'clock."

"I don't want to look at my watch."

"How do you feel?" inquired John solicitously.

"As if I'd like to be let alone."

"Poor fellow!" whispered Amy.

"His face looks so sunken!" hissed Lucretia, perching herself temporarily on a chair.

"Don't cry, Roddy!" said Mr. Battelle. "Good gracious heavens! have I got to see women with water running down their faces all the rest of my life?"

"I am calm, Ambrose," said Rodney, drying her cheeks with angelic self-suppression. "I only want to know what you are going to do."

"I don't know what I'll do."

"You can go on with your business, can't you?"

Mr. Battelle reprehended his business.

Rodney encouragingly mentioned several gentlemen in the city who had failed without at all changing their style of living. "They provided for their families," she reminded him, "and people thought a great deal better of them than if they had let their families be turned out into the streets."

Mr. Battelle groaned, and his wife brought him his supper. "Take it away!" he exclaimed: "I don't want to be bothered. Why should I eat anything?"

"Nevertheless, you will eat," said Mrs. Battelle, propping him like an invalid and taking a seat at the other side of the bed to steady the tray upon his knees.

He took up his fork and began to eat, but cowered and dropped it as Rodney urged, "You won't give up this house, will you, Ambrose?"

"Yes, I will! How can I help myself? Didn't I tell you once?"

Rodney sobbed awhile before renewing the argument. Mr. Battelle forked his food savagely. "You could manage," said Rodney, "to keep the house. I have some nice dresses, and would not need any more until you get on your feet again. Neither would the others. I am scarcely able to receive calls anyhow. We could tide over that."

Mr. Battelle, with Job's intensity, cursed the founder and disseminator of the New-Year's custom.

"You owe it to us," said Rodney warmly, "to make some effort. What will become of us if you don't?"

Mr. Battelle gave her a ghastly smile which suggested a hyena behind the bars of his cage.

"Rodney, if you can let your brother alone until he recovers strength to attend to his affairs, it would be more merciful," said Mrs. Battelle.

"A man of your standing can always have command of money," pursued the fair girl, without a waver. "I have heard business-men say so. And I don't see why such a desperate face should be put on the affair."

"Do you see this fork?" said Mr. Battelle: "'tisn't mine. I tell you I haven't got a scrap. The supper on this tray could be attached. Will you get it through your head? A woman can't understand one thing about business. I've been caught in a buzz-saw, and I'm riddled. It wasn't my fault: no man on earth could have foreseen such a market. And I got into it first," he cried, raising his voice angrily, "trying to do something for you two girls."

Rodney replied with gently-spoken irony that his efforts were a credit to him, considering the way they had resulted. She then burst out sobbing and made the room resound.

Mr. Battelle said his efforts *were* a credit to him,—they had ruined his business reputation. He told John to take Rodney home that night,—to take both the girls. They would run up bills without asking: John must thereafter provide them with flowers and parties.

Lucretia croaked wofully, and Amy wrung her own countenance and added her note to the chorus. Rodney appealed to John for his arm, and trailed to the door. There she paused to say she should always remember how her elder brother turned his sisters out; and Lucretia went with her to their own apartments, while Amy hurried downstairs to wait for John Battelle, that she

might make the confirmation of her worst fears a pleasant occasion for him.

"Roddy!" exclaimed Mr. Battelle; "Roddy!" His wife steadied the salver on his lap and curved her mouth with scorn. They were such a repulsive race she felt that instant she could bear any earthquake which would shatter them. What had passed was as ludicrous as a farce, until she saw Mr. Battelle's wizened look as he crouched back. After resting with closed eyes, he ate a little more and pushed the salver from him, saying he wanted to sleep. And he never wanted to see any of them again. Naomi must keep the whole family—and especially the girls—from ever coming near him any more.

Yet then, and during all that followed, Naomi knew she hated the lot which had befallen her as badly as Rodney did. She had a secret contempt for domestic tales wherein the wife becomes a self-sacrificing angel during financial distress, and had often told herself she would not bear an inefficient husband's burden for him. Failure of any kind deserved scorn, and the world dealt fairly in awarding it.

There were hours of confusion, when people ran over the house handling her precious things with dirty nails, when the furniture was sold at auction and the last rug was taken off the floors. She saw the coachman driving the carriage away for a new employer. Lucretia and Rodney and their possessions were gone before the confusion began. They were not there in the storm which scattered a home in thousands of fragments.

Mr. Battelle was down-town constantly, but he had closed his office and said he was winding up his business. She packed Virgil's outfit while Amy stood by pleasantly telling her what relations Rodney found between her extravagance

on that boy and existing circumstances. She and Mr. Battelle were taking their meals at a cheap boarding-house until they settled, and she was walking miles to see apartments, finding all the comfortable places too expensive.

At length they moved. She looked back at the house, and all its windows stared blindly and piteously, imploring her not to go. But the next time she saw that house it was gay with gas-light and grate-light and lace, laughed from its very heart, and had forgotten all about her.

They had moved into two second-floor rooms on a cross-street, and found it hard to make those decently comfortable. It was bitter January weather, but their landlady had a fire started in their grate. Naomi smiled, while she placed her bits of wreck, to think of what was being said of her in many a house,—that she had married for money and to improve her condition, and had improved it in this way! She would have smiled herself at another woman in that plight. All our tragedies are more or less grotesque.

Before Mr. Battelle came home in the evening from his toil of settling business, she would be full of sneers at wives who played the *rôle* of noble consolers to their fallen lords; but when he came in, she said pleasant things to him, and was anxious to have him enjoy the meal which had been called dinner when it was served with stately changes. They boarded a few days out of the house, but such sumptuous living had to be discontinued. Naomi made arrangements with her landlady to cook at the kitchen stove whenever the fire was going. She brought or ordered provisions from a corner-grocery, and all the winter days came down to this humble level,—the winter she had expected to spend in such gayety!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

IT is seventeen years since the burning of Columbia, but the picture is still vividly before me, and I cannot resist the suggestion to put on paper my personal recollections of the scene. I had spent nearly the whole winter in an open field in sight of the beautiful town, sleeping in holes in the ground or beneath twigs and bushes that were the sport of the rain and wind, poorly clad and almost without food. In short, I was a prisoner of war. I had been captured at the battle of Missionary Ridge, had spent seven months in Libby, many weeks at Macon, and the dog-days, under fire of our own guns, at Charleston. It was a new practice in civilized warfare,—that of placing prisoners under an enemy's fire. I don't know whether it was a desire for personal safety that induced the "Johnnies" to offer us better rations on condition that we would agree to give our parole and remain under fire without guards, or, at least, without any large number. Many of us accepted the offer, and beef and rice were added to our *menu*. The cooking we did ourselves in the garden of Roper Hospital. Then the yellow fever broke out all over Charleston, and among the prisoners also, and soon proved more dangerous than the guns from Morris Island.

When at last the guards took the infection and some of the officers died, it was decided that the prisoners should be sent to Columbia. I believe nearly all the prisoners who were seized with the fever died; but we could not know this, as usually they were taken out of our quarters and we never saw them again. There were thousands of our soldiers outside the town, on the race-course. Two or three kind Sisters of Charity who visited the race-course daily, and who also came sometimes to us, told us the death-rate from the fever: out there was dreadful.

It was a singular procession we made that hot August day passing through

the streets of Charleston to the Columbia dépôt. We were all very ragged, Some of us were hatless and shoeless. Having been told that garlic was a preventive against infection, we had invested our scanty pocket-money in the purchase of great strings, which we wore suspended from our necks, while some carried also large bouquets of the white vegetable in their hands. The sun shone its hottest, the city was deserted, grass grew in the streets, and the red-hot cannon-balls from Morris Island came bounding along behind us or shrieking through the air overhead. Occasionally as we filed through the streets we saw the top of a house knocked off or a great hole made in a wall. Once when this happened we greeted it with a cheer, but were reminded by the enraged guards that cheers were out of order just then. Charleston was in a bad way. A quarter of it was already burned down, and the cannon-balls and the blazing sun seemed hot enough to burn the remainder. We were glad enough to be packed into cattle-cars and sent away. In the cars was shelter from the dreadful sun, at least. There were no incidents on the journey, except that Lieutenant Clark got bayoneted in the back for buying a loaf of bread, and a heavy rain came on in the evening. How delicious that rain was! We lay on the ground and soaked in it the whole night through.

The next day we were camped in our winter home. It was an open field just outside Columbia, on the Congaree River. It was surrounded by guards with orders to shoot any prisoner approaching the imaginary dead-line; and no guard there—as the little grave-yard outside soon told—ever neglected this duty. Our rations were reduced to very poor corn-bread and sorghum molasses. We were now perhaps eight hundred prisoners in the little, cold cotton-field, which, on account of the rations, we had named

"Camp Sorghum." The winter was weary and dreary enough to all of us, and the monotony was only relieved occasionally by some prisoner attempting to run the guard and usually getting shot for his pains. In spite of the risks, many made the effort, and some, after untold hardships, reached the mountains of North Carolina and escaped. I tried it myself one night, and, after a few days' hiding in woods and swamps, brought up in Lexington jail.

One little incident of this attempted escape I shall never forget. I and a friend were recaptured on a by-path in the pine woods one evening, and were given in charge of two cavalry officers to be taken to Lexington. It was a clear, moonlight night, and even the endless stretches of sand and the dreary pines seemed beautiful. Our guards were mounted, pistol in hand, and we trudged along at their side. Toward midnight I and my guardian spirit got some distance ahead of our two friends and fell into conversation, during which it transpired that the young rebel officer leading prisoners to jail was a sound Union man. He was the son of a rich planter who lived not a dozen miles off. He put up his pistol at last, and got down and walked beside me. "I wish you could escape," said he, "but it would not do. I should be suspected immediately. No, it won't do. I must do my duty." In half an hour I was placed inside a dreary, naked stone cell in the county jail, without a blanket to lie on or a bite to eat. It must have been near daybreak when the cell-door opened and I was handed a blanket and a basket full of warm biscuits and butter. The young officer who had escorted me had a wife. It was easy to guess whose heart had been touched.

After my return to "Camp Sorghum" a new method of looking after prisoners was introduced. A certain chivalrous South-Carolinian who kept blood-hounds was sent for. Every morning when the sun rose this benevolent individual made the circuit of the prison-pen with his hounds, to learn if any prisoner had escaped to the woods. If the keen

scent of the dogs found a track, woe to the unlucky man if overtaken!

One fine morning a pair of the blood-hounds, in their exercise of running around the camp, came in where the prisoners were. It was but the work of a moment, and their heads were cut off with the first axe to be found. The prisoners were immediately mustered in rows and examined, under fearful threats of vengeance. It was of no use. The executioner of the dogs was never known.

At first we slept in holes in the ground or in huts of twigs and leaves. A few axes were issued at last, and some of us built little shanties; but they were no sooner completed than orders came to change camp.

Just about Christmas we were moved into the walled yard of the insane-asylum in the city. For many of us it was the second Christmas in prison. Our surroundings made any mention of the day a mockery. There were prisoners there who had not been given a change of clothes since they were captured, a year and a half before. Some had hardly eaten meat for months. The weather was raw and disagreeable,—doubly so to us, who were thinly clad and almost without shelter.

We resorted to all sorts of schemes to get news of our armies. For weeks we heard nothing, and we almost feared defeat was overtaking them and that we were forgotten. Then some friendly negro would slip a Southern newspaper into our hands, and we could read between the lines that the Confederate armies were falling back, and then hope revived again. One old negro who was allowed to sell bread in the prison occasionally brought to my mess the Columbia newspaper, secreted in a loaf. It was a thin little paper, and might almost have been stuffed into a thimble. We read it slyly in a corner, and slyly passed it to others. It was thus we learned that Sherman was marching toward the sea, and our hearts bounded as if the war were already over. The grand conception of Sherman's campaign had commenced with the Tennessee River. Ken-

esaw, Resaca, Atlanta, were the great incidents of the campaign, and the unopposed swoop of the army through Georgia was the culmination of the enterprise. The Confederacy was cut fairly in two: tramping up and down the prison-yard, we saw it all. The days being warmer than the nights, numbers of us walked about half the night and did our sleeping after the sun had risen in the morning. In one of these midnight tramps I wrote the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea." It was set to music by a comrade the next day, and there was an immense sensation in camp when the prison glee-club, accompanied by half a dozen fiddles and flutes, stood on the steps of the hospital and sang it. Everybody shouted and clapped hands and encored every verse. The "Johnnies," roused by the cheers, climbed up on top of the prison-walls to hear the prisoners sing of their great chieftain. Out of deference to the spectators in gray, the performance was varied by renderings of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." My song is probably forgotten now, but it helped to entertain us at the time, and it gave its name to the most picturesque campaign of the war.

Nearer and nearer came the tramping host that was to bring us freedom, when, to our dismay, the dreadful order was issued to send the prisoners to North Carolina. Again they were hustled into the cars. Not all of them, however. Some had dug holes in the ground the night before, and were buried by their comrades with twigs and earth,—the design being to resurrect themselves when the guards were gone. Lieutenant Devine and I cut a hole in the wainscoted ceiling of a little porch in front of the hospital. The space within was probably less than two feet high and six feet long. A comrade carefully replaced the bit of board that we had sawn out with case-knives notched into saws. The drum beat, the roll was called, and the prisoners left with their guards. Through half the night we could hear a sergeant and his men searching for the missing. Those who

had been secreted in the ground were dug out,—a few not with spades but with bayonets. Then came the search through the little house used as a hospital. Every nook and corner was examined, only our little garret in the porch being left unprobed. So we lay cramped and almost breathless till morning, and all the long, long day, and again till midnight, and then we crept down from our hiding-place and approached the high wall of the prison. The great gate was closed, and the wall was too high to scale. While stumbling about in the dark, we came across a long scantling, and, going over that line which it would have been death to cross in the daytime, we placed it against the brick wall. In an instant my old shoes were off and I was on the top of the wall. Glancing over, I saw, to my astonishment, a line of guards. I let loose my hold and dropped to the ground. My friend, who was holding the scantling, understood the movement, and we both sprang into one of the deserted huts. The guards had seen me, and a number immediately occupied their little posts near the top and outside the walls. Owing to their being between us and the flickering camp-lights outside, we could observe them, though out of view ourselves. We noticed them stoop down, hiding themselves behind the wall in hopes of getting a shot at us when we should again try to get over. My shoes were on the other side of the dead-line, by the wall, and so was my pocket-diary, which I had let fall as I dropped from the wall. I could do without shoes, but my diary, which I had treasured and guarded all through my weary prison-days, I could not afford to lose. It was worth risking life for, I thought, and, in spite of my friend's warning, I crept back across the line and under the very shadow of a guard crouching and waiting with gun in hand to shoot. He did not see me. I saved the manuscript (these pages are from its notes) and my shoes. I believe I was not insensible even then to the compliment my friend whispered there in the dark and danger of that eventful mo-

ment: "By heavens, you are the bravest man I ever saw!"

Soon the prison-yard was swarming with guards hunting for us. Loud threats of bayoneting us and burning us alive in the huts were shouted at us in the darkness. They were all around us, stabbing and striking everywhere, and in a few moments the huts were on fire. Then other soldiers rushed in to see what would happen. Many seemed to have just sprung from their bivouac, and had their old brown blankets wrapped about them from their heads to their heels.

Devine and I had our old blankets too, and, enveloping ourselves in them, we approached the two guards at the now open gate. "We must bring buckets and put out the fire," we exclaimed; and before the guards could either recognize or answer us we sprang out, and plunged into the darkness. I never ran so hard in my life. I didn't know where we were going, but at last we stumbled against a lighted cabin somewhere in the suburbs of the town. We saw the form of a negro inside the window, and that moment we knew that we were saved.

The old slave was called out among the bushes in the garden, and I made known to him that we were in his power. There is not a question but he would have been well rewarded had he discovered us to the soldiers in the city. "Why, Lor' bless you, gemmen, yes," he said, "I's seed you all hundred times down thar in the stockade, and how I's pitied you!"

Few words were spoken, but we were soon loyally, silently hidden away in the little garret of the good man's house. There, among bean-vines and straw, we again waited and watched, thankfully feasting on the poor fare the old negro shared with us. "If Mr. Sherman only gits in, and I b'lieves he bound to, gemmen, you is safe," the old man assured us.

We believed Sherman would get into Columbia, and, although there were ominous signs in the air and hurrying of regiments to and fro all the night and the

following day, we never lost hope. We could not tell whether the cannon we heard were Sherman's or Wade Hampton's, and once we thought the sounds were gradually getting farther and farther away. Our friend was sent into the city to observe. "Gemmen, they stands round on the sidewalks," he reported, "and they looks mighty sullen. I's bound to b'lieve they's gwine to run away." Soon we saw troop after troop hurrying past our hiding-place. General Chestnut had his headquarters in the yard right below us, and we saw him bid farewell to his servants and ride off. Five minutes afterward one of those same servants brought us a bowl of bread and milk from the general's kitchen. "Ha, ha, massa, we jest knowed you was thar all de time! and how we jest hoped you get clean gone!"

The cavalry continued pouring by, and we could scarcely restrain ourselves from springing into the street. In a moment the black face of good old Edward Edwards peered up through the square hole into the garret. I shall never forget the picture as he stood there upon the ladder,—an old gray army-coat on his shoulders, a broken cylinder hat on his head, and his eyes glowing. "Gemmen," he shouted, "gemmen, thank the Lord Almighty! The stars and stripes am wavin' above the capitol of South Carolina!" At one bound we were down the ladder and stood with hands clasped in those of the old slave, and thanked God that not only we but this man also were from this moment free.

But our joy and our haste nearly cost us our new liberty, for, as we left the cabin, we were seen by the rear-guard of the retreating cavalry. They were, however, too busy just then to look after us. No Federal troops had yet reached our quarter of the town; but, at the risk of being picked up by stragglers of the rebel army, we marched down toward the market-house and the square. The whole street was lined with rows of cotton-bales, cut open and on fire. There was no question as to *why* they were there or *who* had put them there. It

was in order that they should be destroyed before falling into Sherman's hands. Soon our eyes rested on the blue uniforms of the soldiers of the North. They had just marched in and stacked arms, and there, hanging over the bayonets, was the dear old flag of the Union. We kissed and embraced it. I don't know what the veteran soldiers must have thought on seeing strong men shed tears at the sight of a flag. To us the ground seemed almost too good to walk upon, the open air too dear to be breathed carelessly.

What a sight it was for us to see the grand old Fifteenth Army Corps marching into the city with steady tramp, the bands playing, and brown old Johnny Logan riding at their head!—Johnny Logan, with whom we had stormed trenches and forts in the days long gone. I fear he did not hear our feeble cheers among the multitude of loud hurrahs. And then came Sherman,—glorious, victorious Billy Sherman. His keen eye soon recognized the prisoners struggling through the crowd to thank him for their delivery, and a press of the hero's hand seemed to recompense us for the weary days since, on the night before our capture, he had encouraged the boys at the storming of Missionary Ridge.

We two lived a month in that short 17th day of February, 1865. I think we shook hands with a thousand soldiers, with many even whom we had never seen before. It seemed to us that everybody must be as glad to see us as we were to see them; and I don't doubt but we were at least partly right. Toward evening, as we were standing on the steps of a house, watching the troops pass, a pleasant-faced and sweet-voiced lady came down and addressed us. She knew we had been prisoners in the stockade,—recognized one of us, in fact. Her husband was gone with the rebel army, but they both heartily wished the cruel war over. Her invitation to come up-stairs and partake of her hospitality was too warm to be declined. Her own room was put at our disposal, and we had the first bath and the first "square" meal we had had for many months. After supper, we all

sat in the little parlor up-stairs and talked of the old times, or listened to the pretty rebel and Union airs she played for us on the piano. The wind had been blowing a hurricane since noon, and flakes from the burning cotton-bales we had seen in the streets had set numbers of the houses on fire. Probably enough, too, some of the escaped prisoners who had joined Sherman down about Branchville on the march did their part in aiding the conflagration. Certain it was that the city was on fire at dark. The danger, however, was many blocks and streets away from us, and even our kind hostess and her mother and gray-haired father little dreamed of the approaching fate.

At last the old gentleman went farther down in the town, and hurried back with the news that his business-house was on fire and that he was a beggar. I stood out in the hall and watched the distant flames lighting up the whole heavens, while the old man cursed Jefferson Davis and Wade Hampton for the misery of the South. The flames bursting from houses nearer us led me to hurry into the parlor and warn the family that their own dwelling was in danger. Mrs. — flung open the shutters of the window, and the flame leaped across the street and into the very room where we were standing. In half a minute the window-curtains and the carpets were on fire. Lieutenant Devine and I got the ladies down into the garden and attempted to save two or three trunks containing their clothes. When we came down the stairs the second time with our arms full, we found that half a dozen drunken soldiers had smashed open the trunks we had just saved and were parading about the garden in ladies' petticoats and bonnets. We got these rascals arrested at last, but in the mean time the house and everything in it and all the other houses near us were burning up.

Mrs. — was suddenly reminded that her pocket-book and gold watch were hidden in the cushions of the sofa where we had been quietly sitting listening to the piano half an hour before.

She had hidden them there when the army first entered. I again ventured up the stairs and into the little room, but only succeeded in exploding a little pocket-pistol that was secreted with the valuables in the sofa. Had a million been there, I could not have remained long enough to pick it up.

When I got down into the garden, Mrs. — was screaming, "Murder! murder!" She imagined that the negro nurse, with whom she had quarrelled that very day, had thrown her child into the flames, and she begged piteously that she, too, might be thrown in and burned. I believe she would have sprung in herself had not her mother and a soldier held her fast in their arms. I started immediately in search of the nurse. Under the shadow of a wall and out of reach of the flames sat the trembling faithful negress, with the lost child in her arms. "Lor' God, massa!" she cried; "'pears as if the jidgment-day's already here. I's jest bound to save this blessed child." I took the baby and hurried through the burning street, my own face and the child's fairly blistering with the heat; but in five minutes the half-demented mother had her child in her arms. My friend and I put the mother and the baby and the articles we had saved into a covered buggy we found in the back-yard, and pulled and pushed it a good mile out of town and away from danger, the other members of the family, a melancholy group, following behind us.

We left our charge on the edge of a wood, and went back into the city. The broad, beautiful streets were lighted as if it were day. The heat in almost every direction was overpowering. The thousands of shade-trees that adorned the city were twisting and twining like serpents. All around, buildings were falling, and here and there loud explosions, followed by a sudden darting up of fresh flames, made the scene as splendid and terrible as a battle. We met gray-haired men and women, followed by little children, hurrying toward the fields, leaving everything they had in the world burning up behind them. Had Jeffer-

son Davis, Robert Toombs, and Wade Hampton heard the imprecations of their own distressed people on them that night, they would have wished themselves under the burning houses.

One white-haired old man was wandering along the street perfectly insane. Whole groups of men, women, and children stood, like frightened deer, in spots farthest from the fire or huddled in the shadow of some unburned church. Many believed that the elements had combined with the invading army for their utter destruction. They thought of their Confederacy lost, their proud State ruined, their beautiful city, their own homes, destroyed, and their brothers and sons defeated and flying. Certainly it did not seem as if daylight could bring to Columbia much worth living for. In fact, the people, in utter despair, were abandoning everything.

I did not see a citizen make an effort to save property or to extinguish the flames. Had it not been for the night-long exertions of General Sherman and many of his troops, not one house in Columbia would have been left as a relic of its existence. The assertion that Sherman fired the city is ridiculous as well as malicious. Not a week before he had put out the flames of Orangeburg, which had been fired and left to burn up by the retreating rebels. All night long the commander of the army, many of his generals, and a division of his troops toiled to save Columbia. Stragglers, or soldiers away from their command, were arrested. In this way toward morning Devine and I were both picked up by a guard and marched to headquarters. After an explanation, a lieutenant was sent with us to a hotel still standing. "Take that, boys," he said; "sleep where you will, order what you want, and forget that you have ever been prisoners."

I think neither of us had slept for four days and nights: so we were little inclined to resist. Nature was tired out, and, in spite of the excitement of our release and the dreadful surroundings, we slept till ten o'clock in the forenoon.

When I went out of doors, there were the smoking ruins of Columbia. Hun-

dreds of people, homeless and without food, sat in front of the charred ruins of their old homes. The sight would have moved a barbarian to pity. Five hundred houses, five churches, and a convent were lying in ashes. I could not help thinking of what their own vice-president had told Georgia and South Carolina would happen should they attempt to destroy the government. All the wretchedness he had pictured was upon them. Their fields were wasted, their homes desolate, and their sons were dead. As the army moved off to the north, it was followed by great trains of wagons, filled with men, women, and children. They were the people of Columbia, whom Sherman's army was rescuing from the results of their own folly.

I never saw my friend Devine again, but a letter from him sixteen years later says,—

"I have visited Columbia again. It is almost as beautiful as ever. I went into the old prison-pen and saw the porch where we hid. You would be

astonished to see in what a small place we lay doubled up for two days."

Years afterward, too, I received a letter from Mrs. —:

"I have learned your address by accident, and, after these long years, write to thank you for what you did for me and mine on that dreadful night at Columbia. You know how beautiful a home we had then. Well, all is changed. I am now making my living as a seamstress in Philadelphia."

As for myself, it was a mighty change from the prison-pen of Columbia to the staff, temporarily, of the victorious Sherman. When we reached the heart of North Carolina I was sent down the Cape Fear River one dark night with despatches for General Terry at Wilmington. I was also instructed to go to General Grant at Richmond, and had the good fortune to bring him the first news he received of the fate of Columbia and the great successes of Sherman's Northern march.

S. H. M. BYERS.

## A FAIR CONFEDERATE AMONG THE PINES.

### I.

SHE was sitting on a lame, tottering bench by the side of an iron spring. The framework over her head, erected as a protection to this spring, which was celebrated for its valuable mineral properties, looked decrepit enough to be itself half a century old. The scene around was one of almost primal solitude, which even the din and fury of the civil war, then at its height, could not penetrate. Only one human habitation was in sight, the cabin belonging to the miller. That, too, had a half-dead aspect: the smoke came through the one chimney in such faint, intermittent spirals that she began to wonder if it were smoke at all, or only some atmospheric trick to delude her into taking it for granted that the Wiggin family

was actually alive and astir this morning. Nature, that "widow of earth's generations," was struggling with some great heart-sorrow, perhaps, on this November day: the wind howled eerily, drearily through those innumerable pines, bringing the fragrant needles from afar to the young girl's feet, and now suddenly rustling the paper in her hand as though to attract her attention and whisper those woes to a sympathetic ear. Lorraine started: "What a lonesome place!" And verily it was one of destiny's peculiarly queer freaks to bring this excitement-loving town belle in the first flush of her impatient youth here, to furnish a contrast, a foil for withered leaves and autumn skies. She could not bear to think the summer was over, so she still persuaded herself that it was

warm enough to rest at the spring, even to read there awhile. She was looking over the *Richmond Examiner*, hoping to see something about Norfolk, which was now within the Federal lines. Her eyes wandered over the columns. "Six prominent citizens arrested in Norfolk," she read, "for refusing to take the oath to the Federal government and giving aid and comfort to the Confederacy." Her brow clouded with anxiety as she recognized some of the names of her townspeople. "Thank heaven, pa is safe from Butler's clutches!" she exclaimed to herself: then, glancing at the advertisements, she underwent a rapid transition: a wave of merriment broke over her still almost childish face, making her mouth so soft and lovable in outline that one could not even object to the "modified and unclassic pug" above it, —the terms in which she usually described her nose. This was what amused her:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

"The undersigned, an unsophisticated youth from—he won't say exactly where—with a character still unsullied by contact with the world, is fading unseen and unknown by any of the daughters of Eve, suffering the most depressing symptoms of mental stagnation, which can only be relieved by a correspondence with some charitable fair Confederate between Virginia and Texas. One who is without a special army correspondent preferred. Address Captain G. R. —, *Examiner* office, Richmond, Virginia."

"He appears to be as hard up for amusement as I am." And Lorraine Baylor, the little Norfolk refugee and flirt, gave back a merry ring to the breeze in return for that mysterious wail which kept rising again and again. Then she conjured up a picture of the "captain" suffering from mental stagnation. He was probably reposing ingloriously in the trenches beyond Petersburg or Richmond, waiting for the Yankees to come on, with no variety but the twice-told tales of his messmates and the exchange of newspapers, perhaps, with obliging pickets. "Charitable," she repeated;

"I think in my heart it would be charitable to answer him; and he would never know, nobody would ever know, who it was."

She read the advertisement over again, then she took a hair-pin from her head and put it back reflectively. She held her shawl closer at the throat with her left hand and began to fumble in her pocket with the other. As she drew out a pencil and piece of paper, the expression of hopeless ennui her face had worn ten minutes ago changed to one of pleasurable interest: she was alive again. "What should I say if I were going to write? Let me see—" She looked up and around, then scratched away rapidly on her lap, in a safely illegible fashion:

"CAPTAIN,—I have been sighing for an army correspondent just suited to my somewhat eccentric mind, for the past month,—ever since my companions deserted me. I am the last rose of summer in a more emphatic sense than the poet himself ever meant, for my winter retreat is a summer watering-place. Don't try to guess it: it would be of no use, as there are several quite near together in this State of pitch, tar, and turpentine,—of which, by the way, I am not a native. I'm proud to avow that I am here in these wilds only from the most laudable motives of economy,—to save my father from spending what remains of his substance too freely on us in the city. The style of your appeal pleases me: I observe in it a spirit of humility not common in your sex. If I am without an army correspondent, it is that the gentlemen of my acquaintance are too prone to quarrel among themselves, when they meet, for priority. An anonymous interchange of ideas will be equally entertaining and a safe outlet for my pent-up ideas. I'm fond of subjects, and long for a chance to express my sentiments to something more responsive than pines. I am willing to discuss anything, from the Glacial Theory—which I've heard of but know nothing about—to the quarrel between President Davis and General Joe Johnson, or the last fashions that ran the blockade,

though I doubt if you ever see any of these in the trenches, where I'm determined on locating you. Any approach to the subject of flirtation, however, is strictly tabooed. I think of taking for my coat of arms, 'The moping owl doth to the moon complain.'"

"It's just what I was doing last night. And what address, pray, should I give him? Ay, there's the rub. 'Ida Montgomery' would do: it sounds romantic and non-committal." She wrote this, with the name of her post-office below it. Then she gave the hasty scrawl a glance of thorough contempt, and, had there been a fire near, would have burnt it up; but it would not do to throw it into the spring. Then, feeling decidedly chilly, she got up and ran nearly all the three-quarters of a mile along the narrow path in the woods to the house, or rather the collection of houses, called "Jones's." The hotel in the centre was of enormous proportions, with long vistas of porches, and in front a spacious lawn which had remained green through the early frosts. A semicircle of cottages was ranged around, all untenanted at this season save the one which sheltered the Baylor family of Norfolk refugees, who were to remain till spring. The father, an army surgeon, would enliven their solitude with an occasional visit. Excepting for their intercourse with the proprietor's family, who occupied the rear of the hotel, their visits to the negroes' quarters on Sunday afternoons, and a call at long intervals from a few of the neighbors within a radius of five miles, the Bayers would have to depend upon their own resources for social enjoyment. The fact that all the young and able-bodied men in the country were off in the army, necessarily affected to a great degree the exercise of hospitality.

They dined that day in the big dining-room, just as they had done in the summer when some two hundred guests were there to dine with them; but fowls and fresh vegetables had disappeared. The usual North-Carolina war fare was now served to them daily. Such as it was,

there was plenty of it. There were manifold variations in the bill of fare, all that pork, fresh and salted, could offer,—ham, sausages, pork-steak, spare ribs, "cracklin's," and pig's feet, accompanied by the never-failing yam in the vegetable line. For dessert there was always bread, sorghum molasses, and nice fresh milk to be had, and who could not grow fat and strong on such diet? Only city people, who were proverbially hard to please, was the verdict of the proprietor, who had thriven, increased, and multiplied on it for some eighty years.

Half an hour after the meal was over found the younger children, Jessie, May, and Walter, grouped at the cottage-window enjoying a supplementary repast, a Barmecide feast, enumerating the dainties they used to have before the war. Lorraine and her cousin Frances—the elderly relative who had taken charge of them since their mother's death—were sitting in front of the cheerful wood fire which was crackling on the hearth. One of these ladies was knitting a sock,—for a soldier, of course,—the other had a novel lying in her lap, and between the leaves of it was studying a half-sheet of note-paper. "I see how I could make this a good deal better," she said to herself. "My second thoughts are always best. Manifestly, I'm not a genius." Presently she rose and took her seat at a writing-desk on the table near her. As she was writing she kept hearing "chocolate cream," "caramels," "cream puffs," "lemon pie." "Dear me, children, aren't your appetites satisfied yet? You've been talking ice-cream, charlotte russe, French candy, ever since we came back from dinner."

"Poor things!" And Cousin Frances smiled on them affectionately. "But really we may congratulate ourselves that these goodies are only imaginary. I'm glad they can enjoy such cheap fun: it's considerably better than having them ill and sending for the doctor to-night." The old lady went on heeling the sock which was to comfort some unknown patriot.

"What! Going out again?" she said to Lorraine, later in the afternoon.

"Only to walk round the lawn on the planks."

Ten times round was said to be a mile: a great many had at different times started to walk it, but the traditions of Jones's Springs did not record whether any one had ever completed the monotonous mile. Before Miss Baylor had made the circuit twice, she paused in her beat and stood in the gateway looking wistfully out at the road, and memory reverted to those very different strolls she used to take with Will Hunter, Jim Norton, and others, at home, all now far away in the army. What pleasant parties they used to make to go over in the boat to Old Point Comfort and spend the day on the beach there! Would history ever repeat itself?

She sought escape from this painful reflection in studying the sky and the fields, but remarked nothing new in either. The low and partly marshy grounds on one side of the road were reputed to be attractive to sportsmen, but she never by any chance saw any sportsmen around there, nor ever met any creature in that road but a stray partridge, which always ran away from her. Now her attention was arrested by the pattering of horses' hoofs. How unusual! Oh, it was nobody but old Uncle Romulus. He had a bag on his arm.

"Saryant, missis: got anything to go in de mail?"

"Nothing at all. Stop!" as he was riding away; and she drew a letter very hurriedly out of her pocket with a sort of furtive gesture, and, lifting the flap of his bag herself, thrust it in.

Now he was gone.

"Oh, Uncle Romulus!" she cried out, running a few steps after him; but the breeze perhaps carried her voice the other way. It was too late now. The only answer she got was a low whistle: "Bob-White!"

It was that partridge again.

## II.

SOME days after this, Miss Baylor seemed to have contracted a habit of walking to meet the mail. She never

waited now for Uncle Romulus to bring it to the house. It was a week and more before this unusual effort was rewarded. Her cheek flushed in advance with a new sense of shame, lest, after all, the unknown had been quizzing the "fair Confederates between Virginia and Texas," desirous only of ascertaining if any of them could be so foolish; and thus it was with a positive feeling of relief that she one day picked from among others a letter addressed to "Miss Ida Montgomery." She read it on her way down to the iron spring:

"KIND MISS IDA,—A new world dawns upon my desolate horizon; Columbus was not a prouder and a happier man. Shall I have less claim upon your sympathy if I confess that I am not quite as your fancy painted me? I am not in the trenches. It was a yet heavier shade of stagnation from which I suffered, but shall suffer no more, since I have become the recipient of your heavenly charity. If you feel the least further curiosity to know how I am situated, and will but admit the same, I shall be glad to tell you in my next. Meantime, I regret that I am too remote at present from our centre of fashion and government—Richmond—to describe Mrs. Davis's new winter bonnet, although I indicated that address in my advertisement. Judging from the post-office you have given, I should say we are at about the same distance from that city. In truth, there is a striking similarity in part of our surroundings which may become apparent to you if you will deign to continue this correspondence. Might I be bold enough to suggest as a 'subject' for your answer to this—since it is almost proved that there is a mental congeniality between us—your dreams and aspirations for the future? As for me, I fear that my native and unconquerable modesty will interfere with my success, even 'when this cruel war is over,' etc. I am neither handsome, nor, what is more potent, fascinating,—in this respect unlike my correspondent, whom, by a clairvoyant revelation, I know to be both.

"Have you read our latest Confeder-

ate novel, 'Macaria; or, Altars of Sacrifice'? If so, don't you think a suitable token of appreciation to the authoress would be a map of the Southern Confederacy?—as she declares that the Blue Ridge looked down upon the battle of Shiloh. In the way of long sentences certainly some of hers cannot be beaten: 'Perish the microcosm in the world's limitless macrocosm, and sink the feeble earthly segregate in the boundless, rushing choral aggregation!' Anything from my humble mind would be superfluous after this, except to add that, if you would accept a further proof of my confidence, I will sign my own name to my next letter. Does yours stand 'Ida Montgomery' in the family Bible?

"Gratefully yours,  
"CAPTAIN."

"What care he takes of himself!" she smiled, as she folded up the letter and put it back in its envelope; "always his 'next.' Men are such humbugs! I see: he wants to pique my curiosity into writing again so as to find out more about him. I shan't decide to-day whether I will or not." As she tripped through the woody path, she could not see the threatening skies very clearly, and scarcely heeded the low-sighing music of the east wind and what it portended: so, when she emerged from the woods, near the spring, she was surprised to find it already raining. She would go into Mrs. Wiggin's cabin and wait till the shower was over. She had been there before in her many visits to the spring, under various pretexts, until the miller's wife had come to look forward to chatting with her and examining her costumes as an agreeable diversion.

The miller was poor,—“poor as death, child,” as his wife ingenuously expressed it,—but even poverty could not deprive the Wiggins of the instinct of hospitality. Opening the door in response to Miss Baylor's hasty rap, Mrs. Wiggin's long, thin face expanded at once into a cordial smile. "I'm real glad to see you," she exclaimed. "Come in and set down out of the rain. I hope yours is all well up to Jones's?"

"Very well, thank you. I see you have company this morning, Mrs. Wiggin," nodding, as she spoke, to a woman who was sitting by the bare pine table.

"This is my sister, Miss Shackles, Miss Baylor." And Lorraine noticed an air of superior prosperity about this relative. Her woollen dress was gayly figured, and a marvellous combination of scarlet ribbon and coarse white lace adorned her throat. The sister had on her gala attire; she was visiting; but Mrs. Wiggin wore her blue linsey, as usual, the waist of which was as much too loose as the skirt was too skimpy: it hung on the floor just behind, however, and trailed regardlessly over everything as she moved along. Everybody was wearing trains now: even Mrs. Wiggin was happier for having a train to her linsey. A small box was on the table between the two seats the women had been occupying; it seemed to have snuff in it, and a tooth-brush fringed at one end, such as are often seen at the dentists', was lying in it, as though in some way connected with said box. Mrs. Wiggin had a similar brush in her hand. She was about to thrust it in her pocket and to put the box out of sight as Lorraine approached to take the vacant seat, but, perceiving that her visitor's eye was fixed upon these implements, the instinct of hospitality rose above the other. She giggled a little shyly: "We-uns was a-settin' here dippin' when you come in. I s'pose you ain't learned to dip since you come to Car'liny? Would you jine us?"

"No, I thank you," replied the young lady very emphatically, trying to repress a thrill of disgust as the two women, before finally closing the box, dipped out a little more tobacco on the ends of their brushes and put it into their mouths. "Does your daughter Caroline dip too?" she asked, as though willing to conceal her aversion to this favorite dissipation of her hostess.

"No; Car'line don't keer much for dippin', but she chaws all the time, when she kin git anything to chaw. Lor' me! why don't that gal come along home? She's been gaddin' every day

this week; jes' put her in the path and she's satisfied. I never seen nobody like her; and here it is rainin' pitchforks."

The door opened again, this time without any premonitory rap, and two men entered, men who contrasted as forcibly in appearance as did Miss Baylor and Mrs. Wiggin. One was the miller, his rawboned figure and patched suit dripping great drops as he walked across the floor. The other was a person of a higher social stratum, though he greeted Mrs. Wiggin as if she were an old and esteemed friend. He was tall and well made, and looked active and vigorous, notwithstanding his right arm was confined in a sling.

"Well, now, I declare, this is good luck, Mr. Page!" cried the miller's wife: "it didn't rain for nothin' if it brought you in here." And she shook his left hand very cordially. Then, seeming to feel that something else was due to the company, she turned and not ungracefully said, "Miss Baylor, this is Colonel Norwood."

"Glad to see you, young lady," was Mr. Wiggin's salutation.

The colonel, as he bowed to Miss Baylor, went on talking to Mrs. Wiggin: "Yes, I thought on account of this wing of mine I'd better not get too wet. It's like old times to happen in here. I've been meaning to come and see you ever since I've been well enough to get out."

And now the family was stirring round to find some more chairs. Two without backs, a pine table, and a few cooking-utensils were the sole furniture of this kitchen, dining-room, and parlor in one.

"Git Car'line's," the miller whispered to his wife.

In the slight commotion which ensued, the strange gentleman advanced toward Miss Baylor, and said presently, "Do you know I've had the pleasure of being introduced to you before?"

"Your face does seem familiar." And she looked up at him a trifle hypocritically, well as she remembered that reddish-brown hair and full sandy moustache, his clear blue eyes, and even the

mellow richness of his voice. Few people had such a good memory for faces. She was not bound to let him think—right off, at least—that the hasty introduction at a carriage-window, when he was talking to others and did not address a single word to herself, had been so correctly tabulated on her brain.

"Yes, it was one evening when you stopped in a carriage at the Fields's, and two or three of us were smoking on the steps?" with a hopeful interrogation, as he appealed to her memory.

"Oh, yes! And you were one of those gentlemen."

"That was when I was at home on leave, in the early summer. And I find you still here?"

"As I shall be all winter; that is, if I live through it. But I forget that Rob Roy is on his native heath. Excuse me, pray."

"I can, very readily,—for I am afraid I find it as dull as you do. Nothing but this—" He gave an impatient twitch, and Lorraine's eyes rested sympathetically on the injured member: she felt tender, maternal, in an instant. Was he not a wounded soldier, one of her defenders when well, consequently under her protection when ill? "It's almost well now. I might say quite well, only that I can't use it yet. So I won't engage that sweet feminine pity of yours, which must have so many avenues now." He bent over her with a flattering air of absorption and that manner of the high-bred Southerner to women which so curiously mingles brotherly familiarity and mediæval gallantry, then thanked Mrs. Wiggin for the chair she brought him.

Miss Shackles had been gazing at them all this time, with her arms folded in state in front of her on her lap, as if sitting for an old-fashioned daguerrotype.

The roof now began to leak in several places. Mrs. Wiggin picked up a pail very leisurely and set it under the worst spot. Her husband shook his head as if it were a good joke: "The ole 'oman won't have no trouble to git water to wash o' Monday. 'Tain't no kind o' use"—turning to his guests—

"for you-uns to try to git home to dinner. Jes' make up your minds to take pot-luck with we-uns to-day. The 'taters is bilin' now.—What else kin we-uns skeer up, Mehaly?"

"Some middlin', and maybe a pickled ingun or two.—Indeed, I'd be proud to have yer stay; and you like ash-cake, Mr. Page. I ain't forgot."

"Nor I either, Mrs. Wiggin. You're very kind.—She remembers my appetite, Miss Baylor, when I used to happen in here sometimes on my shooting-excursions.—But, for my part, it would be impossible for me to dine with you to-day: my mother doesn't know where I am."

The miller grinned: "That's more'n our gal thinks about."

And Mehaly nodded in acquiescence.

"I couldn't stay much longer, either," said Lorraine; "that is, Cousin Frances would be worried about me. But I'm ever so much obliged. I think this may be the clearing-up shower."

Mrs. Wiggin now brought out a tin plate with a lot of peanuts on it,—a product indigenous to the soil. "Anyways, you must take somethin' before you go out in the wet. These goubers is roasted pretty good, though there ain't many of 'em left. Don't be 'feard of 'em; jes' eat 'em all up."

Lorraine and the colonel became very sociable over the "goubers." He was cracking them for her with his left hand, and she insisting that as he had but one in use he must keep that for himself.

"I tell you what," said the miller, "seem' as you-uns likes goubers, s'pose you come down some clare night and we'll grapple some hills. Kase we-uns 's got a patch back o' the house."

"That would be good fun.—Wouldn't it, Miss Baylor?" responded Colonel Norwood.

"I should like it ever so much." She was thinking, as they were jesting over the refreshments, that her companion looked very young,—more like a college boy in his senior year than the colonel of a regiment. She remembered to have heard some one say that he and his father had been prominent in organizing and

equipping the regiment. Presently, looking out of the window, she observed that the storm had abated, and declared that now was her time to trust herself to the elements.

Mrs. Wiggin offered her what had once been an umbrella and was now a disjointed framework partly covered with green cotton. "Car'line didn't take it with her," she said, "an' now ef she ain't under kiver somewhar she's wet as a drowned rat, an' she couldn't git no wetter: so you-uns is welcome to it."

"Our gal ain't good for much but to gad about," added her father, though his tone did not indicate any deep distress at the propensity; "an' when she is to hum she jes' sticks her feet in the fire an' chaws."

Colonel Norwood rose simultaneously with Miss Baylor and extended his hand for the umbrella: "You'll take me as an attachment to this, won't you? My road lies right by Jones's."

"It would be bad for yer to git cold in your wound, Mr. Page," said his hostess solicitously, as she bade him good-by and the two were about starting. Looking at him almost affectionately, she added, "You always was a brave boy, and I knowed they'd put you in the fore flank o' the battle somewhar, an' likely you'd git het; but you'd better thank God 'twan't no worse."

"That's sound doctrine, Mrs. Wiggin. You're always sound." And the young man looked serious for a moment. He could not be more than twenty-five.

"And we're ever so much obliged for your kindness," added Miss Baylor.

He talked with the easiest confidence and flow of spirits as they moved along under the dilapidated umbrella. Evidently he was not afflicted with that "unconquerable modesty" which was likely to prove such a barrier to her unknown correspondent. "Do you know, this is the pleasantest visit I ever made to those humble but excellent friends of mine?" and he fixed his eyes admiringly on the face which was upturned to his with a more animated expression than it had worn for a fort-

night, if he had been aware of it. "I am more fortunate to-day than usual: my star is in the ascendant again."

"But the gentle Caroline was not at home. I don't think I should like to be snowed up—no, I'd better say rained in—with her for a week: would you? Her society would hardly be inspiring."

"I think not; indeed, I'd much rather be alone with the dictionary, or 'Quimby on the Bee,' or Baxter's 'Call to the Unconverted,'—anything, in short."

"I never heard before of a girl's chewing." (She pronounced it *gheurl*.)

"You never did? Then you had to come to Carolina to complete your education. I can't help feeling glad it was not considered finished by the Fates."

"Poor things! Yet they seem perfectly contented; just a little more knowledge and ambition would spoil their lot; and only to think, there isn't even a rag carpet" (pronounced "ke-arpet") "in their house!"

"If they had these things, as you say, they would begin to find out they were unhappy." And then, willing to turn the attention to her own place, he asked her if she had heard the latest news from Norfolk,—about the woman imprisoned for disloyalty.

"No; how was it?"

"She begged to be allowed to take her infant to church to be baptized, and got permission to go, escorted by a file of soldiers. When the clergyman said, 'Name this child,' she called out in a firm, loud voice, as though defying the guard standing around her and all Hail Columbia to stop her, 'Secessia Rebellia Beauregard Davis!'"

"Wasn't she a trump? perfectly splendid!" cried Lorraine, in accents of the most profound admiration.

And the colonel added, seeming to include his latest acquaintance in the roll of honor, "While we have such women, our cause can never fail."

They were in the woods now, and the narrow path obliged them to walk in Indian file. The heavy drops from the branches showered down upon them every now and then, and Lorraine drew

out her handkerchief to wipe off one which would cling to the end of her nose.

Her companion halted soon after this. She looked back at him: he held something white in his hand, and was scrutinizing it at that moment: it appeared to be a wet envelope. First he looked down at that, then up at the young lady, and then a very singular and mischievous gleam crossed his face, which could not exactly be accounted for by anything in their previous mutual experience. The hesitation was but momentary; he handed her the envelope quite gravely. "Did you drop this?"

Lorraine seized it with an impetuosity which the occasion hardly seemed to demand. Glancing at the address, she said, "It's not mine. If you did not drop it yourself, colonel, probably the last person who passed here did." Wasn't this a mistake? She was sorry in an instant that she had not quietly appropriated it. Even if the address were not too moist and soiled to be legible, it would not have made any difference; he would never have understood. So much for having a guilty conscience. She could not flatter herself that she was at all like her brave Norfolk compatriot. She was standing stock still in a puddle, holding the letter irresolutely in one hand; there was no glory in this.

Colonel Norwood smiled again that curious little smile which she did not like: it seemed significant in some way: "Excuse me, but I had a singular optical illusion. I was sure just now that I saw that letter flirled out of your pocket with your handkerchief. Strange, isn't it? how our senses deceive us. We should never be too sure of anything. What shall we do with it, then, since it is neither yours nor mine?"

She had given it back to him when disclaiming it so eagerly, and it was now too late to retract.

"Miss Ida Montgomery," he read aloud very distinctly. "I see nothing to do but to leave it in the path where I found it; but you are the officer of the day. I await orders in my most respect-

ful attitude." He bowed comically, touching his cap.

"Suppose—suppose we—" she stopped.

"Suppose what?"

Then the situation struck them both as ridiculous, and they laughed heartily. Lorraine seized the letter a second time, tore it twice across, and threw the pieces as far off as she could into the forest.

"It is against discipline to question my superior officer,—but, general, do you feel that you have a right to destroy private property in that way?"

"Come on; let's hurry home," she said hastily. "It isn't worth talking about." And then, with a very abrupt change of base, "How do you spend your evenings in this country, pray? I mean in the winter."

"If you mean my individual evenings at this juncture, I can soon tell you, for a description of one will do for nearly all. I read awhile, then I play a game or two of chess with the old gentleman, and we both get tired of it, he takes a nap in his arm-chair, and I pat Lee—my favorite setter—two or three times, and, looking into the fire, begin to speculate what the boys are doing in camp, and how soon I shall be able to return to duty. Then I look at my watch: it is too soon to go to bed. I begin wishing I had a sister around who would call on some really nice girls and bring them over to the house. Then maybe I read a little more, till I, too, begin to yawn suggestively, and—"

"That will do," said Miss Baylor, laughing. "I find there is no inspiration to be derived from this quarter."

"Festive, isn't it?"

"I do feel ever so sorry for you," with an innocent expression of concern in her brown eyes.

"Hang it, then!" he said to himself, "why doesn't the girl ask me to call on her? What is she waiting for?"

"Cousin Frances feels more sympathy for soldiers than anybody I know."

"Does she play chess?"

"I don't think she does; but I know she plays fox-and-geese on the slate, and cats-cradle on her fingers, if you like

those highly intellectual games. She plays them with the children."

"What a privilege at times to be a child!"

"You're growing sentimental. Have you any idea how old Cousin Frances is?"

"Heaven forbid that I should even speculate on such a subject!"

When they arrived at the cottage, the old lady herself opened the door, and he received his invitation.

After this, Colonel Page Norwood called very frequently on "Cousin Frances."

### III.

ABOUT three weeks later Colonel Norwood's physician consented to let him report for duty. His return to the field was characterized by the mingled sense of gain and loss, pleasure and pain, which creates such confusion of feeling in most of the leading events of life. He would not for any consideration do otherwise than go to-day, but, oh, how sweet some of his yesterdays had been,—those he had spent with Lorraine! Something like this he may have told her the evening before on the long porch at Jones's, under the moon, which, given certain conditions, is apt to render persons irresponsible, and possibly something of a determinate nature in their relations may have occurred. They were out of doors again on this balmy Indian-summer afternoon. He was twirling his moustache meditatively as they rambled down the road which used to be so lonely, and was about to get rid of a little additional burden on his mind beyond that of their prospective separation. "Lorraine," he began, watching her closely as he spoke,—yes, he called her by her name simply, though so far they had never been able to prove anything within an eleventh degree of Southern cousinship,—"tell me why you have never answered the captain's letter."

She flushed in a nervous way; then, seeing that he was laughing, went on courageously: "If I must tell you the truth, it was because that incident in the woods was a warning to me,—and then, too,"—she smiled rather bewitchingly,—"I no longer cared to: it had ceased to be dull at Jones's. But how did you know

anything about it? Are you a seventh son, with the gift of second-sight?"

"Did you never suspect? It is an interesting fact in psychology that, under the same atmospheric influence, we two were led to seek relief in the same form. I wrote that advertisement."

"*You did?* How extraordinary! Then, of course, you knew your own letter when you picked it up that day. And weren't you rather disappointed that such a nice girl could do such a thing?"

"Well, no. Probably I have one of those minds which are always prepared for the exceptional. I know somebody, though, who will be," he added wickedly: "Rowlett, who received my mail and sent it out to me. He was the 'Captain of Company F' in my regiment, to whom you directed your letter according to orders."

"You don't mean to say he knows all about it?"

"This much he knows. He was out here to see me soon after I came home on sick-leave, and was telling me that some of his young-lady cousins up North were so fired with enthusiasm for the soldiers engaged in the cause that they corresponded with them anonymously to relieve the tedium of camp-life, from the purest motives of charity, solely to entertain the poor devils. He suggested I should try my luck on our side of the conflict, as I certainly needed amusement, something to create a counter-irritant by exciting my curiosity. Then I got up the advertisement, and we laughed over it together. Yours was the only answer I received. Nobody else could appreciate my 'depressing symptoms of mental stagnation,' no other young lady was at Jones's; and now don't you think I ought in gratitude to confide the result to Rowlett?"

"Not if you know what is good for you, Colonel Norwood." And she tossed her head with an air of independence. Then she said softly, "But you don't think any less of me, do you?" in answer to a look of his which surely did not indicate that he was thinking less of her just then.

"Well, no, since I happen to be the

fellow. That's about the way it works, Lorraine, when a girl does something unconventional and a man reaps the benefit. You understand?"

"Yes: I've known for a long time that was the way with men." This sage of nineteen spoke confidently.

"To confess the truth in this case, I felt a genuine interest in you, beyond what I should have felt in a strange young woman with bright eyes and pink cheeks, from the moment I picked up the letter I had written myself, after it had fallen from your pocket and you denied the ownership of it. It was the touch of nature which made us akin. I can easily forgive you, since it was a link in our destiny; only, believe me, I shall still prefer to be your only army correspondent."

N.B.—Those Confederate days have long since faded into "the infinite azure of the past." The Page-Norwoods turned up after the war in Boston, and are living there still. It is presumable that they are reconstructed rebels, for Mrs. Norwood has been heard to say of late that for her part she was certainly glad slavery was over, it was such a blot upon the fair face of her dear South. She went to the commemoration services at the Parker Memorial, on the last anniversary of Theodore's death, to hear what good could be said of such an abolitionist. She still pronounces her *a's* very long,—they do in Beacon Street, where Southern aristocracy, when well authenticated, is never refused admission,—but, when she speaks of "gheurls" and "ke-arpets," those mischievous but kind eyes of her husband's turn upon her in playful reproach: "My dear Lorraine, that may be excellent Choctaw, but it's very poor English; and do, for the sake of the children—"

"Jones's," as a watering-place, is quite obsolete now, and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is repeated in the surrounding district. Mr. Wiggin still grapples his goubert-hills, his wife still dips, "Car-line" still "chaws," and the wind still whispers and moans among the pines.

FANNY ALBERT DOUGHTY.

## SOME CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

WE are accustomed to wonder at the amazing credulity of our forefathers and laugh without mercy at their puerile beliefs, their unmanly terror of the supernatural. Yet even in this age of "enlightenment" the public mind is far from being in that tranquil condition of incredulity which science recommends in regard to the "Unknowable." From the divine mandate which Socrates so scrupulously obeyed, to the secret impulse which prompted Samuel Johnson to touch each post he passed in the street or tread on the centre of every paving-stone he might encounter, we find wise men of all times yielding to weaknesses, which they conceal or avow according to their different characters and dispositions.

But it is difficult for us to form a clear conception of the part played by superstition in the lives of men during the ages when astrology was the highest of sciences, when witches were feared and magicians respected. It was as if a dark cloud covered the earth, admitting only here and there a ray of light by which Common Sense could see to read her A B C's. Omens filled the air, dreams were portents, not to be overlooked, for good or evil, the peaceful face of heaven looked down with awful significance for the weal or woe of mankind. Charms were tremblingly sought for as a protection against the vague but not less terrible dangers of a spiritual world divided in itself and constantly in arms for or against the inhabitants of this small world of ours. Fatal periods, unlucky days, abounded; an unfortunate nativity was a prognostic as hopeless to struggle against as the ultimate fate of a predestined soul; and the simplest, most matter-of-fact occurrences in life were hampered and saddened by fears and superstitions as degrading to the intellect as they were weakening to the will. The sun, moon, stars, and planets were held to exert an influence for good or evil in vulgar as well as noble lives, and

the men who studied the skies night after night, year after year, with rapt and devout attention, blinded to the real meaning in the majestic movements of those far-off worlds, saw in their complex motions merely schemes involving the petty fates of human beings.

An incredible amount of mental force, energy, and patience was wasted in the study of astrology; nor among the hordes of pretenders who used the "science" merely as a cloak for thievery and speculation were there wanting honest men who believed thoroughly in their art and taught others to put a high estimate on its dignity and importance. The most complete illustration of what was termed *judicial astrology* was the fabrication of nativities,—maps, as it were, of men's future lives,—elaborately calculated from the relative positions of the planets, either to each other or to the sun, moon, or stars, at the time of the child's birth. For instance, one born under the sign Leo would be of "about the middle size, with broad, well-set shoulders, yellow hair, much thereof and curling, a great round head and large eyes, yet quick-sighted, of a fierce and terrifying countenance; high color, a strong, valiant, and courageous person." Who would not choose Leo for a sign? For one born under the planet Saturn there was small hope of personal comeliness: "A middle stature, a dark, swarthy, or pale complexion, small leering black eyes, lean face, lowering brow, thick nose and lips, head stooping, large ears, thin beard, small, lean thighs and legs."

Nativities were, as a general rule, so rambling, vague, and complex in their prognostications, provided with so many varying contingencies, that, like mere vulgar fortune-telling, it is not to be wondered at that their prophecies frequently proved marvellously exact, at least in the opinion of the faithful. It is true that in regard to the latter no

trifling inconsistencies or apparent misconceptions would serve to disconcert or annoy them. Faith is a most elastic quality, and soon learns to accommodate itself to discrepancies. Credulity "grows by what it feeds on," and, like the daughter of the horse-leech, continually cries for more.

Questions were answered, and unasked-for (in some cases very undesirable) prophecies made, through the agency of the "Houses," or the twelve angles into which the heavens were divided. The detailed accounts drawn from the position of sun, moon, and stars in the various houses are sufficiently minute to be amusing.

One astrologer begins by averring that "all questions relating to circumstances that affect life are to be answered from the first house." One would imagine in that case that the ground would be covered, and that there would be no necessity for building other mansions. But that would be to simplify matters into absolute nonentity, and the astrologer's occupation would be gone were he to dispense with the mysterious wordiness which passes for knowledge, alas! even at the present day: therefore the eleven other houses are made to play their part with becoming dignity in this huge game of "twenty questions." Thus, from the third house we get answers concerning kindred, inland journeys, removal of one's business from one place to another. The sixth house resolves questions pertaining to servants or cattle. The seventh house gives us information regarding love-affairs and marriage. The tenth house, or Medium Cœli, is purely aristocratic, concerning itself with no individual who is not in power and authority; answering inquiries relative to "kingdoms, empires, honors, places, pensions, or sinecures." "The twelfth house, being the House of Tribulation, resolves all questions of affliction, anxiety of mind, imprisonment, malice, treason, conspiracy, and everything pertaining to the misfortunes and afflictions of mankind." Verily, it hath a long list to answer! Says Chaucer,—

For in the stars clearer than is the glass  
Is written, God wot, whoso could it read,  
The deth of every man withouten drede.  
In stars, many a winter there before  
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were bore;  
The strife of Thebis; and of Hercules,  
Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The deth; but that men's witts ben so dull  
That no wight can well rede it at the full.

After Chaucer's time, however, although "men's witts" were doubtless still dull, men's imaginations did not shrink from evolving prophecies of the greatest magnitude and others of the narrowest individual interest from the combinations of the stars. And after any convulsion of nature, a great storm or an earthquake, or such a public calamity as a large and destructive fire, the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of the occurrence were noted with much solemnity, and the conclusion invariably arrived at that the catastrophe had been inevitable under the prevailing aspects of the skies. Thus, as a writer and believer in the science puts it when presenting to the public the position of the planets at the time of a dreadful storm, "The watery sign Cancer ascending, the moon in Pisces, another watery sign, and applying to a trine of Mars in Scorpio, also of the watery trigon. The moon is also applying to the opposition of the sun and separated from the square of Saturn in Gemini. Therefore, all things considered, it was no wonder the heavens were so agitated."

The "therefore" sounds a trifle inconsequent to those ignorant of this complex science, but all arts have their own jargon, and astrology borrowed so largely and freely from all sources, especially as it began to decline, that in returning to the common language what it borrowed it has left a tolerably distinct impression on the meaning of many words and phrases.

Let us now turn for a moment to the most fascinating and dangerous department of the supernatural,—that which concerns itself with the raising of spirits and invocation of the dead. These were kept entirely distinct, the raising of spirits, either good or evil, belonging to the domain of the *theurgic* art, while the act of

holding intercourse with the souls of the dead was entitled *necromancy*. The latter was, of course, more eagerly sought after, as the vulgar mind always prefers reminiscence to new experiences; besides, there was a strong moral prejudice against the conjuration of unknown and evil spirits and demons; he who was daring enough to hold intercourse with them was too often suspected of having formed a league or compact with them and *against* his fellow-men. It was, in fact, rather a dangerous pastime. On the other hand, invocation of the dead was supposed to have the sanction of the Scriptures, and a universal sympathy was felt with the desire to hold converse with those, once so familiar and beloved, whom an extraordinary transformation had condemned forever to silence and oblivion.

The amount of danger and difficulty to be undergone in raising spirits was of course proportioned to their power and magnitude. The most potent and also the most to be feared were the Spirits of the North, South, East, and West. "They are dangerous to contend with," says an old writer, "and difficult to be constrained." Thunder, lightning, horrible shapes, fearful noises, accompanied their advent, the most powerful incantations were required to oblige them to divulge what the magician might desire to know, and, what was somewhat embarrassing, it was generally found more difficult to *lay* them than to *raise* them. Especially in the case of Amagmon, or the Spirit of the South, was the theurgist recommended to preserve his calmness; and a hint is given that it would be decidedly better for him if he should happen to have been born under a right constellation.

The planetary spirits were much more tractable and easily "constrained" to appear, nor was the process of invocation nearly as dangerous, especially should the interlocutor wish "to converse with the spirits of the planet under which he was born." Still, their raising was not exactly a reassuring affair, and must have required sufficient nerve. Thunder and lightning almost invariably

herald their approach: indeed, the advent of the Saturnian spirits is preceded by an earthquake, those of the gentle Luna are ushered in by a furious storm, and the signal for the appearance of even the spirits of Mercury—considered (for spirits) of an affable and harmless disposition—is a sensation of unaccountable horror and fear which seizes the invocator.

The diversity of the forms in which they appear possesses a humorous aspect from the marked contrasts found among them. For example, one must be prepared to greet the Saturnian spirits as a king riding on a dragon, or as a hog, or a black garment, or a sickle, or an old woman leaning on a crutch, or a juniper-tree. Nor must one be surprised to encounter the spirits of the fair moon under the various forms of a king, a little boy, a cow, a goose, a huntress, a green or silver-colored garment, or a creature with many feet.

Many preliminaries were required before the act of invocation could be entered upon. For three days at least the theurgist must live in a retired manner, free from all sensual gratifications. He must then choose with great care a suitable location, where no interruption is to be dreaded; ruins are to be preferred, or a solitary bit of seashore: in fact, the more dismal, dreary, and unwholesome the spot, the more likely he is to obtain a satisfactory issue to his labors. It was clearly understood that should the invoker, through any inducements of surprise or terror, be tempted outside the limits of his magic circle, his instant destruction was certain to follow, the hatred of all spirits to the human race being active, unyielding, and pitiless. Then the proper day and hour must be chosen; and it was to be remembered that in the increase of the moon he was to raise good, in the decrease, evil spirits.

Next the theurgist must provide himself with a perfume known to be agreeable to his visitor, also wax candles, a sword, and a piece of chalk or coal to draw his circle with. The spirit, whether evil or good, was to be received

and dismissed courteously. If, however, when "licensed" to depart, the spirit lingers, a notice to quit must be served immediately, and if this hint does not prove sufficient, it must be forcibly ejected by means of the most powerful exorcisms, for evidently nothing could be more awkward than to have a spirit on one's hands who refused to take his departure in a polite and convenient manner when no longer wanted.

Before referring to the necromantic art, which concerned itself with the raising of the dead, the following curious account of a spiritual "circle" (circle in the modern sense of the term) is worth examining, from the singular similarity of the proceedings to those afforded by the *séances* of modern times. It is taken from a manuscript in the British Museum, and the date is the year of our Lord 1585. The account, which is carefully written, even punctiliously, comes from the pen of a true believer evidently, but still shows signs of conscientious and anxious inquiry and a determination to present every detail with religious long-windedness and accuracy. We gather from the narrative that a search after hidden treasure was the motive of the circle; and it is not to be denied that these earnest inquirers deserved success by their vigorous and unrelaxing efforts.

"Wednesday, October 16th, 1585.—At eleven o'clock I and my companions having begun action at the request of all the company, we did fully agree that we would not desist till we had brought something unto a completion. And, having begun action, we give a brief account of what followed. After the *first* invocation, twice or thrice repeated, there appeared two men in the farthest glass, visible to some part of the company but not to other some; but, proceeding on and invoking higher, there came a very great blow upon the floor, and before it ceased it did whirl about several times, to the astonishment and admiration of all the company. And, still proceeding on and reading further, there came a something which fell pat upon the floor and so vanished. And so much for *that* night only. When action was ended, we

could find nothing that was the cause of that noise, for what it was we could not tell; but, be it what it would, as it *came* so it *went*, for we could not find anything."

They were decidedly hopeful, these good folks, and satisfied with little. We notice that the "two men in the farthest glass" are not visible to "other some" of the company: perhaps even in those days sceptics invaded the spiritual circle. The next night they recommenced:

"At eleven o'clock at night we began action again, and, having performed several invocations and constraints, there appeared three sparks of fire, which broke and were quickly gone. After that appeared several black clouds filling the glass with dark, dismal show, but, immediately proceeding and invoking higher, we had more remarkable matters, for there was thrown a great piece of tile with such a force on the floor that if it had hit upon the head of any of the company it would have split their skulls open. And there it lay visibly before us during the whole action. Immediately after there came another great blow upon the floor, which made a very great noise and rattling, which, after action, we perceived to be a great piece of earth tile, which did make the company very much to admire how it came there, it being very wet, as if it had newly come out of the earth. But proceeding yet higher and invoking at large, there appeared a thing like unto a fly, which hovered and flew all over the lamps and receptacles a great while. At last it flew down on the table and run upon the seal of the spirit, and there, visibly to us all, did not leave one line nor scroll in the seal untouched, but run over it all, then whirled round several times together and likewise run over every line of the *bond*, thoroughly searched our writings and viewed our concerns at large as they lay. Presently after there appeared *six* large flies, which hovered all around the other fly, and so all vanished at once and were never seen after. After this something fell again with a great noise near the table and there whirled up and down the room for

a great while together, and also vanished and was never seen again, nor could we ever find what it was.

"The time being spent and our action almost over, we licensed the spirits to depart to their orders, at which time there was such a noise and such a rattling upon the top of the house as if a cart and horses had run from one end of the house to the other; and so we gave over for that action."

Apparently, in the second *séance* they had got rid of all unbelievers: no invidious distinctions are made, the marvels are seen by all. The spirits were evidently warming to their work, and it must have required no little courage to "resume action" the following night, after the reckless manner in which the spirits threw the pieces of tile about.

"Friday, October 18th.—At eleven o'clock at night we began action again, and before we were well seated in the circle undoubtedly they were with us; for from the fuming-pan which stood upon the table there came several flashes of fire, one after another, and between every flash a pretty long space; and between every flash a blaze as blue as steel, and such a strong and infernal stink of brimstone issued from thence as was ready to choke us all. Whereupon, falling upon high action, immediately appeared a great flint-stone, which came upon the floor with such a force that the floor shook; and immediately after, proceeding further and constraining higher, there descended a pebble down, which broke our bottle of red ink all in pieces, standing upon the table before us all. And, after a little space longer, there appeared two acorns upon the table, which lay visibly before us during the whole action. After this, there appeared in the stone which stood in the midst a thing like unto a crocodile, turning and writhing upon the table around the glass, which, before action was done, turned to the shape of a perfect man, and so vanished. But, being resolute and resolved to force them to *visible* appearance, moving something nearer the edge of the circle than I ought to have done, I had liked to have been

nipped out, for some part of my book hanging over the circle had such a blow which beat the book quite out of my hand to the farther end of the room and almost beat me over, which all the company saw and beheld with great wonder.

"After which pretty feat there came to our hearing the sweetest harmony of music we ever heard, which continued some time, but no louder than the humming of an humble-bee,—which we could not suppose to be anything but for joy that they had hindered our proceedings by beating the book out of my hand and spoiling the height of our action; which in all likelihood was so, for, immediately our book was gone, what we looked for quickly came; for there were several gleams all around the room, and especially at one end of the room appeared something of a whitish color, but did not continue long; but quickly after this there came a great black bowl, which ran quite round the circle, and so vanished: and so we gave over for that time.

"But take notice that the next morning after that action, I and my companions walking toward a wood where we supposed the treasure hidden, we were there all amazed and astonished, for, by the side of an alder, near a well, there, afar off, before any of us came near the place, was brought and laid our glass ball that stood in the middle of our other glasses upon the table the night before, at the root of the alder, which we all knew to be ours, but coming home we proved it to be so, for, entering the room, which was locked, we found our middle glass wanting. It was gone, but the pedestal whereon it stood left behind, to our great wonder and astonishment. This wood was a full mile from the scene of action."

One would imagine that after such manifestations in the shape of flashes, blue flames, brimstone odors, and floor-shakings, the "constraining higher" would bring about something more stupendous than the mere breaking of a bottle of red ink by a pebble. But the same want of sequence seems to have attended this ancient *séance* as we gener-

ally witness in modern ones. The spirits themselves, however, were much more mischievous, not to say dangerous; nor can we help admiring the self-forgetful eagerness of the narrator, so nearly "nipped out" in the midst of his dauntless persistency to obtain a "visible appearance," evidently a man of great determination, who relates this "pretty feat" with much relish. The last *séance* is a very short one, and its date the 23d of the month; but we are not informed whether the interim was spent in summoning these unsatisfactory spirits; perhaps the more weak-minded among the company were intimidated by the little accident which had befallen the relator of the marvels; it was pretty evident that the restless demons meant to make it rather warm for anybody who might be betrayed into stepping outside the circle.

"Wednesday, October 23d. — At eleven o'clock we began action again, and after a time we perceived at least *eleven* acorns come upon the table with great force, and made such a rattling and flying about the room that we were all astonished; for, in short, some of our company did not know whether to stand or to run, for afterward descended a great stone into the consecrated water, which made the water to plash all our concerns."

Here ends the delectable narrative, given with all the redundancy of detail and wordy circumlocution with which our ancestors were accustomed to confide their experiences to writing. Yet the very matter-of-fact manner of the narrative lends a charm to these old meddlings in the black art. There is no sentiment, no pseudo-religion dragged into the matter. Unimaginative as the recital is, it impresses through its directness of speech and scrupulous details.

We come now to that department of the magic art which has always exercised so strong a hold on the human imagination and was at one period the key-note of fiction,—that which concerns itself with the raising of the dead. One almost acknowledges despairingly that the belief in ghosts is instinctive,

so wide-spread is it and so difficult to uproot from the human mind. How precious a privilege would be intercourse with departed friends to some of us! what a fearful curse to others!

The preliminaries to the invocation of the dead had in them something especially terrifying in their lack of paraphernalia and their freedom from the gorgeous mysticism which lent an air of romance to the rites necessary to the invoking of the spirits and demons of the air. Besides, it was difficult to get rid of the idea that something corporeal still lingered in the apparition about to be awakened from what seemed to be a condition of rest, and thus a distinct *material* fear, as it were, was added to horror consequent upon any intercourse with supernatural beings.

We are all familiar with the fateful hour "when church-yards yawn," during which alone the fearful ceremony could be performed. The grave was to be opened, or, at any rate, an aperture to be made. Then, the circle being described, the magician held in his hand a hazel wand of one year's growth (his assistant meanwhile bearing a consecrated torch), and, turning himself to all the four winds of heaven, and touching the dead body thrice, uttered the following incantation (a fair specimen of its kind): "By the virtue of the holy resurrection and the torments of the damned, I conjure and exorcise thee, spirit of —, deceased, whose body here lies, to answer my liege demands, being obedient unto these mystic and sacred ceremonies on pain of everlasting torment and distress."

Then he must say, "Berald, Bervald, Balbin, gal gabor aguba,"—meaning, "Arise, arise, I charge and command thee." This gibberish the deceased person was presumed to be familiar with, for it was rarely that the ghost proved refractory when so summoned.

One may venture to say that hundreds of attempts have been made to raise the dead—unsuccessfully—where the exorcists, ashamed to acknowledge the act, have kept silence sacredly and have unobtrusively joined the band of sepiets, so steadily on the increase, for whom

the possible communications of their deceased neighbors possess no further interest.

Pious imaginations have always respectfully clothed apparitions, either in the ordinary habiliments of life or in shrouds, winding-sheets, etc. This has proved a stumbling-block to many, and serves to show the true parents of all such ideas,—a good memory and a vivid imagination. The writer of a clever story of this sort, published several years ago in this magazine,\* got over many of the difficulties involved in the portrayal of an apparition by making it noiseless and invisible, perceptible only to the touch. But the eye and the ear have always been the organs upon which a spirit chooses to impress itself most readily.

It is to be remarked that even those versed in the art of necromancy agree that in some cases, from reasons unknown, spirits obstinately refuse to make their appearance when called, or at least are excessively tardy in so doing. In the case of a suicide the incantations were much longer and more elaborate and required accessories numerous enough to remind us of the paraphernalia necessary to the theurgist. On the top of the wand must be bound a bundle of St. John's wort, together with the head of an owl, and the exorcist must provide himself with the "pentacles of Solomon, the two seals of the earth," etc. Care must also be taken that the body has not been removed from the spot where the self-murder was committed and the body found. Having lightly touched the deceased nine times with his wand, the exorcist makes his incantation; then he and his assistants lay the head toward the east, and during the repeating of another and more earnest adjuration for the appearance of the spirit a chafing-dish is placed at the right hand of the corpse, into which wine, aromatic gums, and sweet oil are poured, and the assistant is charged to have the fire burn bright at the instant the body is observed to move.

\* "The Cold Hand," by Clara F. Guernsey. LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December, 1871.

It is among the Highland superstitions that we find perhaps the most curious and amusing accounts of ghosts. A certain rough humor distinguishes their actions, even in the most terrifying situations, and, as each individual owned a ghost as a life-long companion, a certain degree of familiarity existed in the intercourse between the apparitions and their mortal neighbors. This uncanny helpmate was so exactly the counterpart of his human brother that without the employment of certain spells they could not be distinguished, especially as the costume was always precisely similar; but the actions of the two do not appear to have been necessarily coincident. Only those possessing the second-sight were enabled to see this *doppelgänger*.

Although the ghost was supposed to exist for an indefinite time after his partner's decease, just previous to that event the guardian spirit displayed all the signs of approaching dissolution. Then a ghostly funeral takes place, the exact counterpart in every detail of the *real* one which is to follow in a day or two. The spirits of those friends of the dying man who intend to pay him the last respects are observable in the throng, and, as a Scotch writer remarks, "the spectator may even recognize *himself*, if his senses enable him to discriminate." The ghost, it must be remarked, is never "laid" as long as the earthly affairs of his deceased mortal companion remain unsettled in any way. Should there be any injustice shown toward the rightful heirs, or creditors be neglected, the ghost returns to put things to rights, and not infrequently remorse for evil done prevents the dead man obtaining his due rest until his ghostly partner has visited those offended and gained from them a promise of pardon in answer to his tardy penitence.

The following anecdote exhibits the ghost as a vigilant guardian of churchyards and graves. A woman of Strathaven, whose cattle were seized with a murrain, and who had in vain tried various local remedies, at last consulted some "wise people," who informed her that it was evidently the result of some infernal

agency, and advised her to try the effect of a never-failing specific in such cases,—the “juice of a dead man’s head.” Being uncommonly stout-hearted, and overcome with despair at the loss of her cattle, the wife determined on obtaining the nostrum in spite of all difficulties. Engaging a female friend to accompany her, the twain reached the nearest kirk-yard about midnight. But here the friend, who had not so much at stake, and who did not possess the heroism of the leader of the expedition, “struck,” declining to go farther than the gate. Unappalled, the wife of Strathaven entered alone, and, reaching what she supposed to be an old grave, commenced operations with her spade.

“After a good deal of toil,” the narrative goes on to say, “she arrived at the object of her labor. Raising the first head, or rather skull, that came in her way, she was about to make it her own property, when, lo! a hollow, sepulchral voice exclaimed, ‘That is *my* head: let it alone!’”

Not wishing to dispute the claimant’s title to this head, and supposing she could be otherwise provided, she good-naturedly returned it and took up another.

“That is my father’s head,” bellowed the same voice.

Anxious to avoid disputes, the wife of Strathaven took up a third head, when the voice instantly started a claim to it as his grandfather’s head.

“Well,” replied the wife, nettled at her disappointment, “although it were your grandmother’s head you shan’t get it till I’m done with it.”

“What do you say, you limmer?” said the ghost, starting up in his awful habiliments. “By the great oath, you had better leave my grandfather’s head alone!”

Upon matters coming to this length, the wily wife thought proper to assume a more conciliatory demeanor. Telling the claimant the particulars, she promised faithfully that if his honor would only allow her to carry off his grandfather’s head in a peaceable manner she would

restore it again before cock-crowing, under the heaviest penalties.

Coming out with her prize, the good woman found, to her great embarrassment, that her companion, overcome by hearing the dispute between her friend and the ghost, had fallen into a dead swoon, and had to be carried to a neighboring house. This gave the heroine but two hours in which to make her bree or broth of the head, which, however, she accomplished, restoring the skull to its resting-place before the allotted time had expired and according to her promise. It is needless to say that the bree did all that was expected of it, and her cattle speedily recovered.

According to Highland ideas, ghosts were decidedly *killable*, and many are the tales told of personal encounters between man and ghost, in which the latter was not always victorious. An arrow, a dirk, or a silver sixpence was the weapon usually employed by mortals when they desired to rid themselves of an obnoxious spiritual neighbor.

A proper spell or spoken charm would cause the instant retreat of a ghost whose presence was not desired, and serve to defeat any mischief, which, it seems, these merry Celtic spirits were fond of setting afoot. If the house was to be guarded, the words must be spoken *behind the door*, and repeated three times. This formed a complete spiritual barrier to all entrance. Another safeguard was a small cross made by tying two twigs of the rowan-tree together with red thread,—this to be worn between the outer cloth and the lining of a garment. With this protection, no ghost or witch would ever dare assail the happy owner.

Having provided our readers with these notable charms against encounters with the dreaded denizens of the air, we conclude our sketch of an inexhaustible subject, whose interest is bound up with the life-history of primitive man, inasmuch as no nation ever existed which has not bowed the knee to superstition and been held fast in the sloughs of grovelling credulity and false beliefs.



college altogether, and sought the more congenial soil of Harvard. He really could not stay at Yale any longer and preserve his self-respect. At Junior exhibition, he asserted, one of the speakers had said "tremenjus," and yet the audience had remained quietly in their seats. What would Dr. Holmes have said to this?

In Junior year, when my division-officer told me I had sixty-four marks, and urged my temporary retirement from New Haven, I took occasion to visit my quondam chum at Cambridge. He and his friends were very hospitable, and kindly did everything to make my stay pleasant. At the club where he boarded, the young gentlemen addressed each other not as "Skinny" or "Lippus," nor even as "Tom" or "Dick," but more politely, as "Thomas" and "Richard." I asked my chum whether sometimes in the lonely watches of the night, when he lay awake and communed with his soul, he did not regret having exchanged the freedom of Yale manners for a state of society where fellows said "demme!" when they wanted to swear, and where they called one another by the unabbreviated names which their sponsors did give them in baptism.

But he answered, "No; certainly not. Thebes," he said,—

"Thebes did his raw, unknowing youth engage:

He chooses Athens in his riper age."

And he alluded sadly to the coal-heaver as a representative Yale man.

I next joined a club where my *sodales* were mostly Andover boys. The place of our sufferings was a house at the corner of High and Elm Streets, where the Peabody now stands. "The great university has since planted its stone foot over all that region." The house was famous in tradition as the spot where the Crocodile Club used to feed, one of whose members shot the fireman in '58, as is duly set forth in that graceful work of fiction, "Four Years at Yale." But in our Freshman year the building was mainly noted as the headquarters of Bill Punderson's faction,—our member from Kentucky, who had rooms up-stairs.

Bill's apartment was like the bothie of a Highland chief. During the day there were seldom less than a dozen of his clan on hand, and at night about six retainers slept on different parts of the floor or furniture. The great Southwest was largely represented. There were T—, the Texan ranger, and B—, the bushwhacker of Boone County, who fell—alas! too early lost—in the grand rush by Trinity Church, besides many others from the border States to the Gulf. Some of these gentlemen had fought in the late unpleasantness on the Union side, and some on the Confederate; but in Bill's room they met on common ground to play auction pitch for banana stakes and to talk over those college politics in which the comparatively unimportant issues of the civil war were forgotten. It was here that the great coalition was hatched between Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi, which convulsed the class for several terms.

A flavor of old rye pervaded the air. If you sat down anywhere, you sat on a pipe, a "pony," or a pack of cards. It was always a mystery how or when the frequenters of Bill's learned their lessons; and, to do them justice, they seldom did. There was an air of infinite leisure till some one happening to look at his watch would say, "By thunder, boys, it's ten minutes to recitation!" Then the cards would be thrown on the floor, Bulger would cease his strumming on the banjo, and a general cry would go up, "Where's my pony?" And there would be a scattering to various rooms in the neighborhood in search of some one to read out the lesson.

The Andover club proving too expensive, I next resorted to "Swish's," a huge hash-house, or *Theologischer Freitisch*, where the impecunious Theolog jostled the impecunious Freshman. A chief dish here was liver, from which the club was nicknamed the "livery-stable." The tables were long and crowded, and it was with a painful anxiety that we at the lower end watched the slow progress down the board of the maiden who came bearing the plate of

hot breakfast-cakes in that too, too brief interval between the first and second prayer-bells. Our steward was a medical student who was playfully called the Unjust Steward, or sometimes the Knave of Clubs. He is now no more; and I can say without one revengeful thought, "Peace to his ashes!"

About this time I heard that a club was being formed on an economical plan, designed to furnish good plain board, without desserts of pastry and such flummery. I threw in my fortunes with the reformers. The purveyor's name was not Sardine, but he was so called by the irreverent, who also spoke of the club as "the sardine-box." Our diet here would have pleased Dr. Graham or Mr. Bronson Alcott. Cracked wheat and other kinds of chicken-feed abounded. Flesh appeared mostly in the somewhat indirect forms of bologna sausage and mutton-broth. The home of the club was a cellar in College Street, and the scene at meal-times is not inaptly described in Sydney Smith's picture of Rogers's dinner-party,—"Darkness and gnashing of teeth."

Perhaps it was due to the area of depression in which our dining-room was situated that there was so little conversation at this club. The silence was broken only by a person from Vermont, who called out now and then, "Parse the sweet'nin'." My right-hand neighbor was a man of fierce and gloomy temperament, and, as we walked back to college after dinner, he used to revile the fare most bitterly. He called the club a cracker-club, and the basement dining-room he spoke of as "that blank cracker-hole," and he threatened to leave. I was constrained to admit that the cracker played too large a part in our repasts. But my left-hand neighbor, who had served in the army, took the military view of the situation. He said, "Fatwood, you talk like a man with wooden teeth. We've agreed to try this experiment of a mess at four dollars and thirty cents a week, and you ought to stick to the flag and not back out, at least before the close of the term."

"You take that ground," retorted Fatwood, "because Sardine is a Gamma

Nu man. It's a Gamma Nu hole, anyway. Just look at the crowd, will you? B—— and I are the only Sigma Eps men in it."

(I ought to explain that Gamma Nu and Sigma Epsilon were rival debating-societies of Freshman year. I am told that they no longer exist. I hope that they did not die without first settling the question, "Whether the Indian or the negro had suffered most at the hands of the white man?")

One by one the members of the cracker-club paid their bills like the Arabs, and silently stole away. The major remained, like Casabianca, at the post of duty whence all but him had fled,—all but him and the steward. He confided to me afterward that his hunger during the last week or two was awful.

In Sophomore year a few of us embarked upon the enterprise of a select club which should give really good board at a moderate price. The steward was enthusiastic. He knew it could be done. He showed us figures which proved that the club could be run in such a way as to enrich the landlady without either starving or impoverishing the boarders. We were young and sanguine, and we tried the experiment. We called our club, somewhat boastfully, "The House of Lords,"—a title which looked swell in the *Yale Banner*. At the end of three weeks the steward broke his leg, and was put to bed in the room next to our dining-room, where his groans made an appetizing accompaniment to the meals. We resolved to go on with the club notwithstanding, taking the stewardship turn and turn about. At the end of the term we cast up accounts, and found that we were ruined. By this time the steward had recovered the use of his limbs, and wanted us to continue the experiment. He explained to us why it had failed hitherto, and why under his management it was sure to succeed in the future. But we had had enough of it.

From the House of Lords I fell to the Commons. Here I found a strangely mixed company. Most of the patients had gone there, like myself, out of pre-

meditated poverty; but others were there as in a sort of purgatory, doing penance for the extravagances of first term and hoping to get out again as soon as the governor should send a check. Nu Tau Phi bummers were there, ex-members of the "Pie Club," or of the "Twelve Apostles," who had wasted their substance at poker or at Eli's billiard-tables, or who, having bet on the Yale crew at Worcester, had borrowed large sums to pay up with and were now living on the interest of their debts. They generally held out but a few weeks at the Commons, where the only thing eatable or drinkable was the milk. And finally this began to taste of onions. I inquired of my neighbor—a philosopher who had long frequented the Commons—why this was thus, and he told me that the cows in certain swampy pastures ate greedily of a species of wild garlic. He mentioned that the botanical name of this interesting vegetable was *Allium vineale*; and he added that he had become, through use and wont, rather fond of a slight flavor of onion in his milk.

My distinguished classmate the author of "Four Years at Yale," and formerly the first pen in Philately on the American continent, lodged nearly opposite the college Commons, and he used to allege—with that exaggeration which is said to be the characteristic of American humor—that every day after dinner ambulances drove up to the Commons-door to take away the boarders who were weak from hunger and unable to walk.\*

In Junior year a number of us made up a table for German conversation and boarded with Herr Deining,—a name pleasantly suggestive of the twofold object of the club. To stimulate ourselves to the acquirement of the foreign tongue in question, we made a rule that whoever spoke English at table should pay a fine of five cents a word. In consequence of this a profound stillness reigned, broken only by such colloquial idioms as, "Wollen Sie noch ein Stück-

chen Fleisch, Herr C.?" or, "Bitt' um das Brod, Herr D." We called ourselves "Die Junggesellen," which was generally interpreted by our classmates as "The Young Gazelles." If few of us acquired a taste for our host's *Kartoffel-salad* and *Apfelmuchen*, we were at any rate grateful to him forasmuch as he never employed his carving-knife as a toothpick,—a thing that actually happened at another German club that I knew of.

The last college eating-club that I belonged to was the "Water Club," formed in third term Senior. The name referred, not to the club's temperance principles, but to its chief article of food. Other dishes than water did appear on the table, but were seldom disturbed. This was an economical arrangement for the landlady, who was thereby enabled to put the same roast before us on several successive days. It was apropos of such a reappearance that Cheir the Great used to say to the waiter, "This dinner has been eaten once. Take it away! take it away!" Cheir was the autocrat of our breakfast-table,—a portly swell, with a striking likeness to George IV. He afterward became a ritualist minister, and was known as the "wickedest theolog." As such he used to wear a high clerical vest, buttoning to the throat, and he would recommend the fashion to his friends, saying, "Perfectly bully thing to save wash-bills. Don't have to wear any shirt. Just button your collar on a wart on your neck, and every one thinks you've got a shirt on."

The mention of Cheir reminds me of the conversation at our club-tables. It was very bad. The undergraduate newspapers—which kindly help the faculty to carry on the college—had a stereotyped editorial on this subject. They attributed the poor quality of college table-talk to the marking system. Perhaps it was the marking system, but at the clubs where I boarded any allusion to the "curric" was promptly resented with cries of "Fen shop! Fen shop!"† The Gamma Nu club, com-

\* "Triennial Pome :"  
The other evening, just when tea is o'er,  
And ambulances crowd the Commons door, etc.

† I.e., I defend or forbid (French *défendre*), as in the game of marbles, "Fen ebbs!" or "Fen drops!"

posed of "digs," was in some sort an exception; but even there the references to the intellectual occupations of student-life seldom took a higher flight than, "They say Smith is ahead for the Valedictory: Brown has made two flunks this term." Or, "Do you feel good to-night? made three rushes to-day? Awful tough lesson in spherics for to-morrow," etc.

At many of the clubs the favorite talk was of the nature of "gags," so called. For example, A., glancing over the morning paper at breakfast, would say to B., his fellow-conspirator, "Queer thing about that man in Hartford."

On which B., assisting the plot, would ask, "What man?"

Where to A. would reply, "Why, that man that's been lying two days in the street, and the Catholics won't let him be buried."

Upon which C., an unwary third party, would inquire, "Why won't they let him be buried?"

A.: "Because he isn't dead."

Omnes gleefully: "Gag on C.! Sold again, C.! Drinks for the crowd."

C.: "Not at all a gag! not at all! He said 'that dead man': leave it to anybody if he didn't say *dead man*."

And the rest of the meal-time would be taken up by discussions as to whether the gag had been fairly "got" on C. or not.

Another common diversion was to hunt up and bring in "fat words," as they were called. A., for example, would begin, "I came across an awfully fat word this morning,—*scrannel*."

At this, many voices would cry, "*Scrannel*? *Scrannel* isn't fat; *scrannel* is old."

A.: "Well, what does it mean, then? Come, now, what does it mean? Bet you a dollar you never saw it before."

"Bet you five dollars I've seen it a dozen times," shout several.

A.: "Now there's where I've got you. It doesn't occur a dozen times in the English language; it's an *ἀπαξ λεγόμενον*."

Chorus: "Bet you on that! Bet you you don't know what an *ἀπαξ λεγόμενον* is."

And one rival philologist is heard above the din, proclaiming, "No, no: *scrannel* isn't fat, but here's a fat one: *bisson*,—*bisson rheum*."

"Bisson be d——d!" retorts A.; and so it goes on.

One of our number, whom we called Nestor by reason of his great age, used to remonstrate against this sort of thing. "Come now, fellows," he would say, "what kind of talk is this for educated gentlemen? Why can't we have some really improving conversation, instead of such rot?"

It is perhaps needless to say that this venerable man became at once the favorite target for gags. And, whenever the fire of small-talk languished, some one would say, "Nestor, start some interesting and profitable topic of conversation."

Food and manners at college-tables have both, I doubt not, greatly ameliorated with the progress of civilization in the university. One need not be precisely the oldest living graduate, nor even have reached that hoary old which entitles the alumnus to "reminisce" at Commencement dinners, in order to recognize the change. Some of us who are beginning, as Harry Brown\* used to say, to "brush our foreheads over our back hair," are old enough to contrast the present luxuries of undergraduate life with the hardships that we bore in the consulship of Plancus. I question whether this generation of students can even conceive of the hardness and steep pitch of the seats in the old chapel. There were no steam heaters, no water, no gas in our dormitories. The annual burning of the North coal-yard was felt to be an all too slight revenge on the authorities for the discomforts that we endured.

Many a winter midnight, when the lights were out in the college row and Orion possessed the zenith, I have filled my earthen water-jug at the wooden pump behind old Divinity, when the ground about that classic fountain was like an Alpine glacier of uncommon steepness, while the aerometer on top of Alumni Hall uttered a low, monotonous note, as though the spirit of some old chapel organist were experimenting on the bass stop of his ghostly instrument.

And how well I remember our Sopho-

\* Henry Armitt Brown, of '65.

more room on the ground-floor of North College! The entry was like the cavern of the winds. All night long the big hall-doors slammed to and fro and shook the building. And every Tuesday about one A.M. the D.K.E. Society did us the honor to tramp through the entry in solid phalanx, shouting an emphatic chorus which began, "*Rip!* slap! here we are again!" ("Yes, d——n you! there you are again!" my chum would say with a groan,) and waking the echo that lived between the Treasury and the windows of our bedroom. Often in the morning, when we opened our door, there would tumble into the room a tall snow-drift which had piled up during

the night on the brick floor of the hallway.

Now the floor is of wood, the New-Zealander ponders over the ruins of South Pump, and nothing is left for the *laudator temporis acti* but to mourn the lost simplicity of college life and to breathe a hope that the voluptuous fare of the New Haven House or the University Club may not unfit the Senior for that wrestle with New York boarding-houses which certainly awaits him when he graduates and joins the innumerable caravan that moves to the Columbia Law School,—the common goal of all Yalensians.

HENRY A. BEERS.

#### HER VALENTINE.

BEHIND the curtain in the window's bay,  
There where the hyacinths upon the sill

Woo the pale February sun to fill  
Each tinted calyx with the warmth of May,

Stood Marguerite, and from a letter took  
A crimson rose, whose perfume opulent  
Chilled with despair the hyacinths, that bent

With deference till every petal shook.  
And to the flower there clung, with love-knot tied,

A tiny scroll, on which were fairly writ  
Some lines of love, or poesy, or wit,

Or all; for, as she read, no art could hide  
The flush that fleeting pallor oft replaced,  
Naught could suppress the heaving of her breast,  
Or lull the quiver of her lips to rest.

And these the words that on the page were traced:

"Go to my love, dear rose, and say, and say,  
How fair her image grows from day to day.  
Tell her from me, with thy sweet breath, the last,  
How firmly Cupid's chain has bound me fast.  
Tell her, sweet rose, oh, whisper in her ear,  
A thousand messages of hope and fear;  
All the rich incense of thy life bestow  
On lips that rival thee in garnet glow.  
Do this, my rose, and thy brief span shall be  
Not all in vain: I will remember thee  
Above all others of thy name and kin,  
And her heart, too, shall fondly take thee in."

WILLIAM H. HOWELLS.

## DEMOISELLE DAPHNÉ.

MRS. BRION was an American (and so, for the matter of that, was her husband, a very ardent Irish-American), but any nationality would have taken pride in claiming the charming little woman. She always came on one with a fresh surprise and pleasure, like some delicate wild rose in bloom by the roadside, or a song of Herrick's among modern poems, or one of Corot's pictures in a big French exhibition.

It was easy to recognize little Mrs. Brion at a distance by her simple black gown, caught up gracefully over one arm, and the inevitable Bubby Brion toddling alongside; but no one had ever been known to take refuge in a tobacconist's shop or to retreat down a back street in order to avoid the encounter with that unprotected pair. Such stupid subterfuges would certainly have proved a great lack of good taste in their perpetrator, for it was nothing short of a privilege to be allowed to meet the glance of Mrs. Brion's frank hazel eyes,—at once bright and soft and charmingly set under their straight brows,—to see the pretty color mantling her cheeks, or to receive her sweet apology when Master Bub made use of one's leg as a climbing-pole and left the marks of his muddy boots all the way up and down. Still greater was the pleasure when one was permitted to mount the five flights of stairs to Mrs. Brion's modest apartments, Rue Plus-Haute, Montmartre. Out of doors she usually wore a very neat and becoming black silk bonnet; but her own silky hair, waving low over the forehead and gathered back in a soft coil, was the only ornament really worthy of her shapely head. Curious eyes might detect a silver thread or so among those dark tresses and learn from them a pathetic story of which her brave mouth was never heard to complain.

Mrs. Brion was a widow. All the art-students in Paris knew of poor old Michael Brion (he was only twenty-

seven when he died), for Michael was a true artist's artist. His sketches from nature were ideal productions in their way, though much too subtle and peculiar for lay appreciation. Of course the great unlearned demand finish, and that was just where poor Michael failed,—or rather he despised the thing utterly, and would quote Gérôme as a frightful warning to all over-anxious brushmen. But lack of popularity has its compensations, and little Mrs. Brion felt almost grateful that her husband's works did not rank high in the money-market, as, in that case, she would have been obliged to part with them. No such cruel necessity presented itself, and she was at liberty to transform her shabby living-place into a region of joy and refreshment, with glimpses of sun effects through leafage, early-spring-morning effects, after-glow effects, and all the other tender renderings of nature peculiar to that beloved hand, now lying cold and still forever.

Mrs. Brion's apartment was certainly an attractive spot; and poor Michael's *confrères* never wearied of mounting the five flights of stairs and going over the well-known sketches, with many appreciative murmurs or uproarious arguments quite unintelligible to outsiders, their backs meanwhile turned rather uncereemoniously on their gentle hostess. But she understood the good fellows and their shop-talk, and was always ready to welcome them with a bright face and plenty of strong, hot tea. They were devoted to poor Michael's widow, a loyal band of brothers, who formed a kind of secret *entourage* about the pretty woman, of which she was the last to dream.

Mrs. Brion was an artist also. She had a pretty little talent of her own in the flower line, which so long as her husband lived was chiefly exercised in arranging nosegays for his button-hole and artificial wreaths for her best Sun-

day bonnets. To be sure, Michael had carefully preserved one faded specimen of her skill in delineating forget-me-nots and roses, but this dated back to the ideal time when she had sat at her great master's feet and learned more than water-color drawing under his instruction. Those play-days, alas! were long past and gone, and grim necessity was now the taskmaster who plucked her roses and mixed the colors. Poor Michael had died in Paris, and Mrs. Brion decided to remain a year or two, in order that she might pursue her neglected art-studies under Parisian advantages. Then she would return home with a little *éclat*, perhaps; while her friends assured her that flower-pieces were in vast demand for gift-boxes, fans, decorative panels, and what not. At all events, she could fit herself for the position of teacher. The little woman took a very modest place in her own estimation, and could not help comparing her work with that of the clever and ambitious young men about her. Yet she was young also, and ambitious, and the bread of charity tasted bitter in her mouth. Sometimes she would indulge in rose-colored day-dreams, imagine herself overwhelmed with commissions and in a position to sit down and write a certain short business-letter to some disagreeable rich relatives of her husband. This letter was often rewritten, and always enclosed a check in full payment for past obligations.

Meantime, she worked early and late at her still-life studies; she even discovered that some water-colors can be handled by gaslight, and, sad to say, while the roses grew in brilliancy on her canvas they faded slowly away from her sweet face, until, toward the end of summer, there was but the shadow remaining of her former blooming self. It was an unusually hot season in Paris that year, and every sane foreigner who could scrape together money enough had long since deserted its scorching pavements. Mrs. Brion clung to her post with heroic obstinacy, like the youth in Felicia Hemans's poem, or the far-famed sentinel at the gates of Pompeii. A lucky ac-

cident came in the nick of time to save our heroine from the final catastrophe. Young Mr. Benning, of Boston, happened to be passing through Paris, and, in the generosity of his heart and the ignorance of youth, treated little Bubby Brion to as many fresh ba-ba's as he could eat at one sitting. The result was remarkable. Bubby ate seven cakes and three-quarters. After that he grew strangely quiet and took on the hue of ripe medlars. He refused all further nourishment, and would sit pensive for hours together,—at least, so his mother said. One day he inquired in solemn tones, "Mammy, if I die, do you s'pose papa'll let me smoke his pipe up in heaven?"

Mrs. Brion burst into tears, and, putting on her bonnet, hastened round to Silas Doolittle's studio. She knew he was the only one of her friends likely to be in town at that season; for Doolittle was more Parisian than the Parisians themselves, after his twenty years' sojourn in the fascinating capital, and pined anywhere outside her walls, like some hand-raised bird astray from its gilded cage. But he was wiser for others than for himself, and seized the idea at once that now or never was the moment to drive Mrs. Brion away from her weary tread-mill of work and the odor of asphalt pavements. So, without mincing matters, he informed her that, according to his lights, young Bub was in a very bad condition indeed, and the only possible way of saving the boy's life was a complete and instantaneous change of air: sea-air was the thing, without doubt. He recalled a time, some forty or fifty years previous, when he himself had fallen into much the same low state of health and had been saved by his mother's prompt action in the matter. "She just chucked me right into the briny," Mr. Doolittle declared. "It was mighty sharp work, I can tell you; but here I am."

Poor Mrs. Brion drank in all this with agony of soul. Truth to say, young Bub was her one weak point. She spoiled the boy abominably, and would deny herself winter cloak or summer

parasol that he might be kept supplied with his favorite toy of red, white, and blue air-bladders to set afloat outside their five-story-high *salon* window. Mr. Doolittle understood this weakness and worked on it unmercifully; then, at a critical moment, he produced a letter just to hand from some rustic hamlet down in Normandy. Two or three of the fellows had been down there sketching, and could easily secure their vacant quarters for Mrs. Brion's benefit. Nothing very fine, to be sure, but absurdly cheap, sweet as a nut-shell, and furnished with all things needful in the way of cooking and sleeping accommodations. Mrs. Brion gave Doolittle a commission to take the place at once, and returned home in feverish haste to arrange for her fitting.

About a week later she opened her eyes in a new world. The sweetness of sea-blown ozone, the music of rustling tree-tops and running waters and barn-yard creatures, touched her at first with an almost painful rapture. They had found lodgings in a thatched wood-and-mortar building, half barn, half farmhouse, buried among fruit-orchards and approached by a water-lane, otherwise a brown, rippling brook, through which the great Norman horses went plunging at rare intervals with their tinkling bells and gayly-dyed sheepskin collars. There was also a narrow foot-path, and stepping-stones, and many winding walks across fields and through quickset hedges, for those initiated in their mysteries. Half a mile inland lay the village *café* and mill and square-towered church, while westward, beyond orchards and meadow-land, "where willows dip and kiss the dimples of the brook," shone the open sea meeting the wide-spreading waters of the Seine. It was an ideal country, inhabited by a remarkably shrewd and hard-headed people. Mrs. Brion's landlady, *la mère* Victoire, as she was called in distinction from her husband's mother the old *mère* Belloir, occupied another corner of the farm-house, and from that vantage-ground kept up a lively supervision of her neighbors' affairs. She was a fine specimen of the old Viking race,

—big-nosed, tawny-skinned, and strong as a war-horse. Her ordinary costume consisted of a short-gown and skirt, blue woollen stockings, sabots, and a white cotton night-cap set well back on the head. There was not a scrap of ornamental waste in this outfit, with the exception, perhaps, of a tassel at the cap's end and a voluminous arrangement of many-pleated petticoats about the body. As for Monsieur Belloir, he was a sailor, it appeared, and diligently ploughed the main while his better-half cultivated their patrimonial acres with a strong arm and will that would brook no rival. In fact, Mrs. Brion was inclined to admire the discretion of this canny Norman husband, who doubtless found the wild Atlantic gales less trying, on the whole, than those domestic storms that sometimes shook his pastoral roof-tree.

Both Master Bub and his mother soon began to show the good effects of country living,—the one picking up his appetite and monkey-tricks in a manner that would have surprised even Mr. Doolittle, the other returning each day from their wind-blown scramble along the beach with lighter step and fresher cheeks. Often she would bring great handfuls of silvery-gray and amber-colored seaside weeds, or red poppies from the fields; but for a long time she did not venture to do more than touch and admire in a kind of wistful adoration. After a while her ambition awoke, and she got out her paint-box and brushes and made a vigorous departure from the conventional decorative work that had so long taxed her ingenuity.

One afternoon she was busy at her easel, when a curious whizzing noise began outside, and a moment later young Bubby burst into the room, crying excitedly, "Oh, mammy! there's a dog,—such a white, furry, soft old dog,—with his tail like that! Come see! come quick!"

Mrs. Brion could not deny her boy any service, however inopportune, so she put aside her work and followed him out. There was an old knife-grinder seated by Madame Victoire's kitchen

door, and beside him a white Spitz dog, sharp nose in air and plume-like tail tilted gracefully over his back. Master Bub circled about with overtures of friendship, but the dog only growled and snapped in return and would have none of it, while his master, busy at the grindstone, looked on with curious eyes and a half-quizzical "wrinkle carved on the bearded cheek." At sight of Mrs. Brion, however, he rose apologetically. "Pardon this ill-mannered cur," he said; "but what will you? Old folks and old dogs make not new friends."

"I like him all the better for that," Mrs. Brion answered pleasantly; "and it is a very pretty dog indeed. What do you call him?"

"*L'ami*, my little lady; he is called *L'ami*," replied the old man, speaking in a sing-song monotone oddly musical to the ear. "Ah, one may well admire this dog of mine! It's not every day one picks up his like by the roadside, as I picked up my poor old *L'ami* lying half dead in a gutter six years ago the *fête* of St. George. I warmed him to life again, *ma petite dame*, under this old blouse. We are good friends at present, as one may well believe: we share and share alike: is it not so, *L'ami*, my pearl of beauty?" The dog wagged his tail gracefully in response, keeping a sharp lookout at the same time on Master Bub's manœuvres.

"Run, fetch a crust of bread for poor old doggie," cried Mrs. Brion, and, with a kind glance for the old man and a lingering look down the green-and-golden orchard vista, she returned indoors to her interrupted work.

Presently the whizzing of the wheel ceased, and the old knife-grinder's voice was audible in friendly conversation with Bubby. "Put thy hand there, my little one," he said, "there, beside mine. Have no fear: poor old *L'ami* will not hurt thee. Dost think I'd let him do any harm to that pretty face of thine, my little image? that pretty little chin and nose that are like the *perce-neige* buds in spring-time; but no, indeed, *par exemple*. And the little lady who spoke to me but just now, was that thy mother?

*Pardi!* not for a long time have I seen so pretty and so amiable a face; not since my Demoiselle Daphné."

Mrs. Brion smiled to herself. "The sly old fellow knows I can overhear him," she thought. Then some difficult passage in her painting absorbed her attention, to the exclusion of outside events, until again young Bub burst into the room, howling vociferously this time, and displaying a gory hand from whence red drops trickled down on the tile floor. Poor Mrs. Brion turned pale at sight of her darling in this desperate plight, but close investigation revealed nothing more serious than a clean cut on one pudgy finger. "Now, then, how did you do it?" she demanded, when the wound was stanchied and bandaged.

"I—I don't—know," sobbed Bubby.

"Don't know?" repeated his mother severely. "What in the world is that you've got in your pocket that bulges out so oddly?" It was a large and brightly-polished jack-knife, such as all Norman peasants carry about with them and use indiscriminately for every purpose, from mending harness to cutting bread and butter.

"The old grindstone-man gave it to me, all for myself,—for always," Bub expostulated eagerly.

"But you are not old enough to have a sharp knife like that, and I will not allow it."

Unfortunately, Bubby could not be brought to view the case in this light, and a truly harrowing scene ensued.

"Ah, we manage these little difficulties better here in France," Madame Victoire observed, when the boy had finally sobbed himself to sleep. "We would not have said a word about the knife, for instance, not at all; but this very night it should have vanished into thin air, as one might say. 'Where is my pretty knife?' cries *le petit* in the morning. Where, indeed? In his pocket?—No.—Under the *armoire*?—No.—Outside, then, by the hen-house, among the tall grass?" We aid him in his search, we share his sorrow, and, in the end, we wipe away his tears upon our breast." *La mère* Victoire would have

knocked an ox on the head without wincing, but the cry of a child set her hard features working in sympathy.

Next day Mrs. Brion caught sight of the white Spitz dog in the *enclos*, and ran quickly out, a flush of anger on her face. "Look here!" she called to the knife-grinder; "did you really give this great sharp knife to my little boy? How could you be so stupid? He has cut himself dreadfully: it's a wonder he did not kill himself."

The old man stood confounded. "How, *ma petite dame*?" he stammered: "the little one has killed himself with the knife?"

"Oh, no! not so bad as that: he has only cut his finger a little; but you ought to know better than to put a dangerous weapon like that into the hands of a small boy. But perhaps you did not think," she added; "perhaps you are not used to children."

"That is true, my little lady. I have neither wife nor child of my own: I am *vieux garçon*. But to dream that I should have done harm to the *mignon* when I thought to give nothing but pleasure! Where is he now, the young monsieur? Is he suffering?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Mrs. Brion, her anger quite appeased: "he is upstairs, taking his afternoon nap."

The old man fumbled at his wheel. "Can I do nothing for madame to-day?" he asked, changing the subject. "Knives, scissors, broken earthenware,—yes, and fine porcelain also. It is I, *ma petite dame*, who have at my finger's end the art of putting together the smallest broken bits."

Mrs. Brion's tender heart was almost as much affected by the poor old fellow's remorse as it had been by Bubby's more realistic wound. She longed to do something to relieve his distress, and bethought her of a rusty pair of shears in the bottom of her work-basket. These were produced, and the old man set himself to his task with evident satisfaction.

The afternoon sun was waning, and sent long shafts of light through the orchard boughs; now and then a ripe apple dropped to the ground, and the

murmur of the incoming sea rose and fell. Mrs. Brion seated herself on the door-step, resting her cheek on one hand. The beauty of the hour touched her with an inexpressible sense of peace, of gratitude, and lent her charming face an expression so soft and glowing that the old knife-grinder stopped his wheel to stare. "How are you getting on, my good man?" she inquired.

"Well, well, *ma petite dame*."

The scissors presented a truly dazzling appearance when finally polished off, and carried so keen an edge that the thoughtful mother mentally resolved to put them well beyond reach of mischievous fingers. She began searching in her pocket for her *porte-monnaie*, but the old man hastily interposed. "No, no; it is not for money," he cried, straightening his rheumatic old form. "I never took a sou for all the work I did in the garden of my Mademoiselle Daphné, nor will I take it from you, who are, as one may say, my demoiselle come to life again." And, calling to his dog, the old man hurried off without another word.

Mrs. Brion felt a good deal surprised. She made up her mind that these Norman peasants were a very queer set indeed, and wondered if many of the quaint figures she had noticed about (a collection of antique oak carvings in her fancy) concealed like treasures of high-flown sentiment under their rough exteriors. She went down to the washing-fountain at the end of the orchard, where Madame Victoire was pounding away at the family linen. "Tell me, who is Mademoiselle Daphné?" she inquired.

"Ho, ho!" shouted the *bonne-femme* in her strident tones: "so the old fool has been talking to you of his Demoiselle Daphné, has he? *Mon Dieu!* the man is clearly mad on that subject, and has been for the last fifty years or more. Otherwise he's sharp enough, goodness knows! The miserly old *gagne-petit* began hoarding before we were born, and has been at it ever since, besides inheriting from his own people. He's not of this country, thanks to heaven! he's a Picard; 'sharp as a Picard,' we say. My poor mother, who is no longer

of this world, thought to make a match between us when I was a young girl, but the old *miserable* would not so much as look at me, though I was twenty years younger than he, and a godsend in any man's *ménage*. It was Mamzelle Daphné here and Mamzelle Daphné there, as it is to-day; and no one but the ghost of his Mamzelle Daphné should share his *pot-au-feu*, — which made a pretty little economy, besides, in the long run; for ghosts, you know, have not great appetites."

"But who is Mademoiselle Daphné?"

Mrs. Brion managed to edge in.

"Mademoiselle Daphné? *Mon Dieu!* she has been a '*was*' these fifty years. She was the demoiselle up at the château yonder. Old Nicole used to be under-gardener there; he dug in the ground; in short, he was no better than the dirt under her feet or the beasts in the fields: he formed a part of the landscape to her, I suppose. The old *belle-mère* remembers Demoiselle Daphné; at least, she did remember, before her wits went wool-gathering, for she was kitchen-wench up at the grand house in those days. It was a very fine young lady indeed, according to her account: all silks and satins, and slippers embroidered in the colors of heaven. And to think of old Nicole casting soft eyes at such a *grande dame* as that! It makes one burst with laughter. Yet she died; yes, the *belle demoiselle* died of the fever, just as we other common mortals die every day; and her affianced lover married some one else, though he was fit to kill himself for grief at the time, people say; and now no one gives her a thought save poor old *bonhomme* Nicole: her grave would long since have run to weeds but for his care. So goes the world!" moralized *la mère* Victoire.

"Do Mademoiselle Daphné's people still live up at the château?" inquired Mrs. Brion.

"No, indeed; not for a long time. It belongs to some rich *bourgeois* at present, who bought it for the name and live always at Paris. The great house stands empty year in and year out."

"And could one get in and walk about the place?"

"But yes, without doubt," cried Madame Victoire, hoisting a basket of wet linen that might have staggered a railroad-porter.

Mrs. Brion had already noticed the big château staring blankly with its many-shuttered windows at the end of a long avenue of beech-trees; but on applying at the grand entrance-gate she found it locked and bolted, besides being half blocked up with green fagots. A high park-wall skirted the road for some distance, presenting an unbroken line, though here and there overgrown clumps of ivy pressed out its ancient masonry and funereal yew-trees swept their branches almost to the ground. Bubby soon began to complain of fatigue, and Mrs. Brion also felt a little discouraged. The place was more like a cemetery-enclosure, she thought, than the pleasure-grounds of a French château. After a while they reached the church, which stood alone on a slight eminence, with stone steps leading up; and just opposite, set in the park-wall, was a narrow wooden door, doubtless arranged for the convenience of mass-going *châtelaines*. This yielded to the touch, and not a stone's throw beyond appeared the *château*, tall and bare, and even more desolate-looking than the majority of old-fashioned French country-houses. Mrs. Brion tried to picture it alight and bustling with life, windows open, white curtains fluttering, smiling faces at the doors; but the heavy and silent building would not respond to her cheerful efforts. She took a turn about the garden, and at every step her foot sank into soft, oozing moss, fed by the overflowing fish-ponds. In one place a discolored marble figure had fallen prone among the water-weeds in the fountain. "I suppose Mademoiselle Daphné, who was so like me and who died fifty years ago, used to keep her goldfish here," mused Mrs. Brion, resting on the stone margin. "And she walked up and down these alleys in her slender, embroidered slippers. I only hope the place was better drained than it is to-day. Perhaps she

gathered roses from that very rose-bush which is running wild now at its own sweet will over half the grass-plot. Probably my old knife-grinder used to keep it well pruned in those days, so many roses to the branch, and Mademoiselle Daphné, passing by in her brightness and youth and fine-lady elegance, would stop to ask the *brave garçon* to cut her a cluster of half-opened buds. Afterward her lover may have worn them for a little while as a *gage d'amour*; or they were thrown heedlessly aside, and so fell to dust years ago, like herself, poor, bright Daphné! yet more fortunate than most, since one faithful heart has kept her memory, like an immortal flower, fresh and beautiful. Indeed, many of us might envy her fate."

But these pensive fancies were cut short by Master Bub, who for some time had been making almost superhuman efforts to catch a frog, and at last came so near succeeding that both boy and frog went splashing together into the mud. Luckily, Mrs. Brion was not unused to accidents of this kind, and, after a little wiping and scolding, her thickly-plastered darling was hurried home without further ado.

Old Nicole now became an almost daily visitor at the Clos Belloir. He would steal in very quietly at milking-time, when Madame Victoire was occupied in the pasture-field, and play contentedly with Bubby, or gossip in the sunshine beside old Mother Belloir's lace-cushion. Mrs. Brion often found time to come out and exchange friendly greetings with the old fellow, whose reminiscent admiration touched her fancy. It pleased her to watch the wrinkled old visage light up at her approach, and she was conscious that the slightest coquettish change in her modest toilet, such as a red flower in her hair, or fresh lace fichu or ribbon, did not escape his notice. Yet this quaint devotion was never in the least obtrusive; and the pretty, idyllic offerings he brought were usually presented through Bubby's hands: sometimes a bowl of late Alpine strawberries, or a stoutly hedged-in bouquet of red and purple

gillyflowers, or some fresh *éperlans* for their supper,—“violets of the sea,” as Norman fishermen call these sweet-smelling little fish.

One day, however, he appeared at Mrs. Brion's door, carrying a carefully-covered basket in his hand. The weather was growing chilly, and a wood fire on the hearth reflected itself in numerous brightly-polished coffee-pots and kettles ranged about the wall. Mrs. Brion had pushed her easel to one side, and was busily cutting bread and butter for Bubby's supper. “Come in, *père Nicole*, come in,” she cried, as the old man hesitated on the threshold. “I am not working, you see: it has grown too dark already.”

“Yes, the days wax short,” he replied, a little embarrassed. “I foresee madame will soon weary of our *triste* country. That is but natural. We peasants are accustomed to the cold and wet; but with a lady it is different. I have been thinking of that, and to-day I ventured to bring madame a little gift, a souvenir of her visit to our country, if she will deign to honor me by accepting it.” And he proceeded to untie the yellow silk handkerchief which was fastened over his basket. The knots were slippery, and the old man's hands trembled painfully; he muttered impatiently under his breath, and Mrs. Brion hastened to his assistance. A coffee-cup and saucer in old Sèvres ware, pink on a white ground, were brought to light. “*Ma petite dame*,” old Nicole continued solemnly, “these are of the finest porcelain, you observe; these are delicate as flower-leaves, and, though broken in many places, they have been put together again with the nicest care. In short, it was I myself who fastened in all these little silver rivets, sparing neither time nor pains, for it was a labor of love, my little lady,—yes, a labor of love. This cup belonged to Mademoiselle Daphné. Her *femme-de-chambre* let it drop one morning before my eyes, and I gathered up each fragment, save one little bit from the saucer, you see, which I could never find. No one has drunk from this since Mademoiselle Daphné put it to her lips,

more than fifty years ago. *Ma petite dame*, I give this to you because you are kind and beautiful, like my demoiselle."

Mrs. Brion filled the cup from Bubby's milk-jug, which stood near, and, raising it, said gently, "Thank you, my good friend: let me drink to your health and to the memory of your Demoiselle Daphné."

The old man stood for a moment, smiling tremulously, then, with an abrupt "*Salut, madame*," went out by the door.

Mrs. Brion, looking after him, noticed how feeble his steps had grown even during their short acquaintance, and the thought passed through her mind that Demoiselle Daphné's faithful old lover was not long for this world.

He did not come to the farm the next day, nor the next, and Bubby made plaint of his playfellow's desertion. But Mrs. Brion was greatly occupied and hurried at the time, as their vacation drew to its close, and she burned with ardor to carry back a rich supply of material for her winter's work; nor did she realize until the morning of their proposed departure for Paris that old Nicole had not been seen anywhere about for nearly a week. She felt convicted of selfish forgetfulness, and was already putting on her bonnet, with the intention of setting out in search of his dwelling-place, when a country-lad presented himself at the door, bearing some kind of message from *bonhomme* Nicole. Unfortunately, the youth spoke *patois*, and was, besides, so overcome with bashfulness at finding his language unintelligible that he stood dumb and blinking, the image of a country bumpkin, in sabots several sizes too big and a blouse of equally superfluous dimensions. It was found necessary to call in Madame Victoire's aid as interpreter, and finally information was extracted that old Nicole lay at the point of death, that Monsieur le Curé had been called in, and now the old man would rest content could he but set eyes once more on the little foreign lady. She declared herself ready on the spot, and, confiding Bubby to madame's care, followed the country-

lad through a labyrinth of muddy and deeply-shaded lanes. At last they reached a row of half-ruined cottages, many of them mere skeletons, and picturesque in the extreme. "Yonder," her guide briefly explained, pointing out a whole thatch among the decayed and moss-grown roofs; smoke-wreaths, also, were visible above its chimney, and, drawing near, Mrs. Brion found the dog *L'ami* keeping guard over a little garden-plot, neatly laid out with boxwood borders. She had only to knock, and the door was opened by Monsieur le Curé in person, who bowed gravely, beckoning her in.

Old Nicole lay under his chintz bed-curtains, pale and rigid, but he seemed to recognize his visitor at once, and even made an effort to speak. "*Ah! c'est toi*," he stammered, drawing a long sigh.

"Yes, my poor old friend, I have come at last," she replied in her slow, foreign French, and, seating herself by the bedside, she took his withered hand between her soft palms. For a moment a smile of ineffable satisfaction lit the old man's dying face; he murmured confusedly, and Mrs. Brion could only distinguish the words, "*Demoiselle Daphné*." At the same time Monsieur le Curé rose abruptly from a chair where he had been studying his breviary. "*Commendo te omnipotenti Deo*," he began solemnly, repeating the service for the dying.

Not many hours after old Nicole's death Mrs. Brion and Bubby were on their way back to Paris. They found the sky-parlor on Montmartre looking rather forlorn, but Mrs. Brion rejoiced to be among her husband's pictures again, while Master Bub made himself quite happy at the open window with a choice supply of red, white, and blue air-bladders. All the artist clique dropped in to tea the following day, and were loud in praise of their hostess's renewed good looks and the advance she had made in her work. Old Silas Doolittle was the last to climb the five flights of stairs, groaning with rheumatism at every step, and bringing in his hand a letter that had just been left at the con-

*ciergerie* to Mrs. Brion's address. No one stood on ceremony in that friendly circle, and she proceeded to break the envelope without apology, drawing forth a legal-looking document copied out in the smallest and neatest of clerkly hands. "Oh, I hope it's not a *procès*!" Mrs. Brion cried in great consternation. Her knowledge of these unpleasant French transactions was confined to the experience of some of her unfortunate compatriots, but all the same she held the celebrated Code Napoléon in abject fear, as of a monster always lying in wait for the innocent and unprotected. In her agitation she could not decipher the fine French handwriting, and handed the paper over to young Mr. Benning of Boston, who was the only lawyer and man of the world among them. Mr. Benning fitted in his glass and ran through the paper at a glance. "By Jove!" he

cried excitedly, "can I believe my eyes?" (his glass had tumbled out by this time.) "Mrs. Brion, I congratulate you. But who is this Adrien Pierre Nicole?—wait a moment, I'll translate for you:

"MADAME,—I have the honor to inform you that by his testament of the 21st October, 18—, *feu* Adrien Pierre Nicole, of the commune of Fliquesfleu, canton of Honfleu, institutes you his legatee for a sum of fifty thousand five hundred and twenty-five francs, which I hold at your disposal after the completion of the formalities of the law.

"I have the honor to be, with respect, madame, your very humble and very obedient servant,

"ALPHONSE DUVAL, *Notaire*."

MARY MATHER.

## WASHINGTON ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

ALL students of American history are familiar with the intense sympathy of the French nation with the struggle for independence of the thirteen United States of North America. There would be no novelty or merit in collecting evidence to illustrate that general thesis. In the following pages I propose to accomplish the very modest task of tracing the history of the successive appearances of the personage of George Washington on the French stage. It is a chapter of bibliography rather than of history, but, though appealing principally to the curious, will, I venture to hope, be found not uninteresting by the general reader.

In nearly all the pieces that we shall have to notice, the plot turns upon the incidents of the famous Asgill case. The reader will remember that Sir Charles Asgill was taken prisoner at Yorktown

in October, 1781. In April of the following year, Captain Huddy, an American officer, who commanded a small body of troops in Monmouth County, New Jersey, was taken prisoner by a party of refugees, conveyed to New York, and put in close confinement. A few days afterward he was sent out of the city, under the charge of Captain Lippencot, at the head of a number of refugees, by whom he was hanged on the heights near Middletown. This wanton act exasperated everybody. A statement of the case was forwarded to General Washington, who laid it before a council of officers. The council decided that it was a case demanding retaliation, that Captain Lippencot deserved punishment, and that, if he should not be given up, an officer equal in rank to Captain Huddy ought to be selected by lot from the British prisoners. Sir Henry Clinton

refused to surrender Lippencot, and an officer was therefore designated for retaliation. The lot fell upon Captain Asgill, a young man of nineteen, who was then a prisoner at Lancaster in Pennsylvania. The affair remained in suspense for many months, and Congress delayed greatly in coming to any decision on the subject. Meanwhile, the mother of Asgill wrote a pathetic letter to the Comte de Vergennes, the French minister. This was shown to the king and to Marie Antoinette, and it wrought so much on their feelings that, by their order, the Count wrote a letter to General Washington interceding in favor of young Asgill. This communication arrived after it had been determined not to insist on retaliation, but it had the effect of hastening the proceedings of Congress, and at last Captain Asgill was set at liberty.

One must read the newspapers of the time to realize the intense interest that all Europe took in the case of Captain Asgill. During the eight months of suspense which the young man passed almost literally at the foot of the gallows, the first question asked when a ship arrived from America was, "What news of Asgill?" In the *Gazette de France* and in the *Mercure de France* the smallest details of the affair were carefully recorded week by week until it was announced to the satisfaction of all that Asgill was released and that he had arrived at Falmouth on the "Swallow," December 15, 1782. The grief of his mother and sisters had been chronicled with a minuteness that does credit to the reporters of the time. Then, after the young man's return, we still continue to find notes about him in the French journals until, in October, 1783, the *Mercure de France* contains the following paragraph: "Captain Asgill, whose fate has inspired so much interest and whose deliverance has caused general joy, has arrived here [Paris] with his mother and his two sisters." Lady Asgill and her son had come to thank the king and queen for their powerful intercession. Lady Asgill's letters to the Comte de Vergennes went the round of

the papers, and the young captain's portrait was advertised in the same column as that of General Washington. No less than three engraved portraits of Asgill appeared about this time. The most important one, with the inscription, "Charles Asgill, Capitaine des Gardes du Roi d'Angleterre," was drawn by Loraine and engraved by Chevillet.

So great was the public interest in the fate of Asgill that already in 1782—before his release was decreed—the French novelists and dramatists had seized upon the subject. M. de Mayer, a mediocre novelist and compiler, published in the *Bibliothèque des Romans* an arrangement of the incidents in 1782. This account he afterward made more in conformity with the reality, though still retaining several *saugrenu* and fictitious embellishments. In this form M. de Mayer's volume, including Lady Asgill's letter to the Comte de Vergennes, appeared in 1784, under the title of "Asgill, ou les Désordres des Guerres civiles" (Amsterdam and Paris, 1784).

Mayer's novel seems to have suggested a drama to two or three writers, or perhaps they may have merely sought their inspiration in the gazettes. At the beginning of the year 1783, one M. Elie Monnerot announces, in order to prevent the charge of plagiarism, that at the end of the year 1782 he had submitted to the committee of the Opera an opera, called "Sumers," founded on the Asgill case. Of this work no further trace occurs.

In 1784, M. de Sauvigny, who had formerly been royal censor of the Paris theatres, wrote a tragedy on the Asgill case. The piece was prohibited. In 1778 a very inoffensive occasional piece, called "La Fête Bostonnienne, ou l'Anniversaire de l'Indépendance," had likewise been prohibited for the same reason,—namely, in order not to hurt the feelings of the English government. Sauvigny, that he might not lose his labor, changed the scene of his piece from America to Tartary! Asgill was disguised under the name of Abdir, the English became the Nangès, Huddy was

Orientalized into Noudy, Lippencot became Timinkan, and Washington Wazirkan. The incidents of the piece are those of the Asgill case. Lady Asgill, accompanied by Mirzane, the *amante* of Asgill, is represented as crossing the seas "to embrace the knees" of Washington in behalf of her son. The piece did not deserve or obtain any success. It was played four times at the Comédie Française. The only part applauded was a passage at the end in praise of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who were thinly disguised as the Persian monarch and his queen.

Some years afterward, when the Revolution had abolished royalty with all its pomps and scruples, this same M. de Sauvigny wrote another American play, called "Washington, ou la Liberté du Nouveau Monde," a tragedy in four acts, which was performed for the first time on July 13, 1791, at the Théâtre de la Nation,—*ci-devant* Comédie Française. The piece was printed and sold "A Paris, chez Maillard d'Orivelles, Quai des Augustins, No. 43, au Contrat social, 1791." The characters in "Washington" are Washington,—with a V; Lincol and Macdal, lieutenant-generals; Laurens, Jr.; Lismor, anti-revolutionary; Madame Laurens; the ambassador of France; Jorton, envoy of the King of England; Madame Nelson, widow of a relative of Washington; the President of Congress, a deputation of the ministers of public worship, etc. The part of Washington was acted by Saint-Prix, and the celebrated Mlle. Raucourt played Madame Nelson. In mentioning the piece in their "Histoire du Théâtre Français," Etienne and Martainville say, "It would be impossible for us to analyze a piece devoid of action and of interest, offering nothing but exits and entrances and long and tiresome speeches, and not even redeeming these defects by the merit of style. . . . Sauvigny, the royal censor, was named as the author, and the audience, in calling for him, paid a tribute of praise to his patriotism rather than to his talent."

We next come to "Asgill," a drama in five acts, dedicated to Madame Asgill

by J. L. Le Barbier le jeune (London and Paris, 1785). This piece was never produced on the stage, and its author is unknown to fame. In his preface, M. Le Barbier professes to have been the first to treat the subject of the Asgill case. He lays the scene of his drama in Washington's camp in Virginia. The *dramatis personæ* are Washington; Asgill; Colonel Gordon, a friend of Asgill; Lady Gordon; Tranche-Montagne, a French grenadier; an American grenadier, etc. Though presenting no remarkable dramatic qualities, M. Le Barbier's "Asgill" is curious as an example of that charming craze of universal fraternity which took possession of France in the reign of Louis XVI. Brotherly love, toleration, are preached in turn by Washington and Rochambeau, on whose lips the typical words *sensible* and *sensibilité* are constantly recurring.

I mention simply, *en passant*, "Arnill, ou le Prisonnier Américain," a comedy in prose, in one act, by Marsolier, music by Dalayrac, which was played at the Théâtre de la Rue Favart in 1797. It is a dramatic version of a well-known incident of the beginning of the war of Independence. Some of the couplets savor very quaintly of the Revolutionary times when the piece was played. Arnill is condemned to death. "To death!" exclaims his mother; "and what is his crime?"—"He is the victim of his love for truth and for the rights of humanity." And then the actors, in a chorus full of action (*avec beaucoup d'action*), encourage each other to save the prisoner's life "by crushing tyranny."

Oui, nous voulons sauver sa vie,  
Nous obtiendrons sa liberté;  
En écrasant la tyrannie,  
Nous servirons l'humanité.

The next piece in which Washington figures is "Washington, ou les Représailles," "an historical fact" in three acts and in prose, played for the first time at the Théâtre de l'Impératrice, January 5, 1813. The author was the Chevalier Henri de Lacoste. The principal characters are Washington, Asgill, Sir Guy Carleton, Penn, Betti, Penn's daughter,

etc. The scene is laid in Pennsylvania, principally in the house of William Penn the Quaker. Penn died in 1718, but French dramatists do not stick at anachronisms, even when they entitle their works "historical facts." The interest of the piece lies in the innocent loves of Betti and Asgill, to whom, in the last scene, George Washington gives his benediction amidst the rolling of drums.

Two years later, just after Waterloo, a spectacular melodrama, in three acts, called "Washington, ou l'Orpheline de la Pennsylvanie," was produced at the Ambigu Theatre. The author was M. d'Aubigny. The music was by MM. Quassain and Renat, and the ballets by M. Millot. The *dramatis personæ* of the piece are Washington; Lord Seymour, an English colonel, prisoner; Butler, commanding in the English army the troops known under the name of "Refugees;" Middleton, Salvigny, and Huddy, English officers; Louisa Wilson, etc. The scene is laid at Philadelphia. The incidents of this piece are those of the Asgill case adapted and arranged melodramatically.

Washington also figures very conspicuously in a spectacular piece played with immense success in 1860 at the Théâtre Impérial du Cirque. It is called "Le Cheval Fantôme," and the sub-title is a "legend of the time of the war of Independence." The authors were the veteran dramatists Anicet Bourgeois and Ferdinand Dugué. The plot and incidents of this play are purely fanciful. The authors have sacrificed history to dramatic effect, and have produced a melodrama literally "of thrilling interest," in which the part of the villain is played by a bloodthirsty red Indian called Eagle's Heart. The good genius is a dumb girl, Rachel la Muette, who exercises a mysterious control over a certain phantom horse, Stello, which, as the authors tell us, "appears at all the important epochs of American history. He was seen at Ti-conderoga, at the capture of Quebec, at the battle of Lexington." Washington, when a child, "on the banks of the Ohio," was saved from the Indians by

Stello, the phantom horse; and, thanks to the timely services of this *deus ex machina*, the "Cheval Fantôme" arrives at a happy and brilliant *dénouement*, and we see in the final apotheosis "America supported by France, having conquered her place amongst the nations of the world;" and so the curtain falls amidst cries of "*Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!*"

In 1866, M. Lesguillon published a volume (12mo), "Washington: drame historique, en cinq actes, en vers." The author, a mediocre writer who was famous for having won more than forty wreaths of honor at the Jeux Floraux and in the literary competitions of the provincial Academies of France, composed this drama for Rachel, who was to have played it in her American tour, in the rôle of Xara. The parts had, it appears, been distributed and the rehearsals begun, when Rachel fell sick and came home to France to die. The piece is not uninteresting or lacking in ingenuity. In all probability it would have been played in France had not the subject lent itself to political manifestations which it was not the interest of the Second Empire to encourage. The principal characters are Washington; Arnold; Mathoré, an Indian chief, ally of the English; Lafayette; Major André; and Xara, an Indian girl, devoted to Washington. The drama turns on the well-known incidents of the treason of Arnold. It ends with a kind of civic apotheosis of Washington on the stage surrounded by Lafayette and the French and American soldiers, who form a sheaf of flags over the head of the kneeling patriot, while he exclaims, "*O mon Dieu! protégez la liberté du monde!*"

On the occasion of the centenary of the proclamation of the independence of the United States, a prize was offered by M. Th. Michaelis for the best French work in four or five acts celebrating that famous historical event. Some illustrious names were announced as those of the jury, and about a hundred dramas were sent in to compete for the prize, which was finally awarded to "Le

Nouveau Monde," a drama in five acts, and in prose, by the Count de Villiers de l'Isle Adam. This piece has never been produced on the stage. It was published in 1880. Washington, Franklin, Cornwallis, and Clinton figure in this uninteresting production, together with Quakers, Indians, the "Constable of England," and other imaginary personages.

The last play in which Washington figures is "Le Patriote," a lively drama in five acts, produced at the Gaité Theatre, August 16, 1881. The author is M. Armand d'Artois, who was a competitor in the "*concours*" above mentioned. "Le Patriote" is a dramatization of Fenimore Cooper's novel "The Spy," a dramatic version of which, "L'Espion," by MM. Ancelot and Mazères, was played with considerable success at the Théâtre Français in the year 1828. M. d'Artois's piece, splendidly mounted and admirably acted by Clément Just as Washington and Dumaine as Dickson the

spy, had a literary as well as popular success.

In almost all the pieces which have been mentioned it would have been easy to pick out anachronisms and quaint mistakes of detail that would excuse a hearty laugh. Almost invariably, for instance, the French dramatists speak of *Sir* George Washington or *Sir* Franklin; they are so careless of local color as to represent Yorktown as a feudal fortress, with Gothic towers and dungeons; and in order to serve their dramatic effects they do not hesitate to make Washington the father of a family. But such defects and inaccuracies are of small importance. As we have seen above, from the reign of Louis XVI. up to the present day the great figure of Washington has constantly traversed the French stage, and on each occasion the dramatist and the public have seized the opportunity of expressing their lasting sympathy with the American republic.

THEODORE CHILD.

## THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

WHEN Grief shall come to thee,  
Think not to flee,  
For Grief, with steady pace,  
Will win the race;  
Nor crowd her forth with Mirth,  
For at thy hearth,  
When Mirth is tired and gone,  
Will Grief sit on;  
But make of her thy friend,  
And in the end  
Her counsels will grow sweet,  
And, with swift feet,  
Three lovelier than she  
Will come to thee—  
Calm Patience, Courage strong,  
And Hope—ere long.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

## MANNERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

LONG ago, perhaps before we studied natural history at school, some estimable little periodical, some "Companion of Youth," informed us that the Frenchman is a polite animal; and the impression made by early lessons is apparent in the fact that many of us could at this day give one anecdote or another to illustrate the statement: how, for instance, when somebody entering a room, his wig caught on the chandelier and presented a bare poll to the hostess in a profound bow, whereupon every one laughed except a Frenchman, who, with imperturbable gravity, recovered the wig and re-wigged the uncovered, to the shame and reproof of the rest of the company. In infantine candor our admiration for the courteous foreigner may have coexisted with a suspicion that we might have been foremost to disgrace ourselves by giggling, but we were not the less convinced that our country-people at large would do well to make him their model.

In visiting Europe it is that for which one is prepared that makes the pleasantest impression: novelty has charms, doubtless, but the already familiar things touch one. At some frontier station a man of corpulent figure and bushy beard, who says, "*Ja wohl!*" and roars with laughter at the joke between himself and the station-master, inevitably has the traveller's sympathy. There he is, just as we have known him for years,—simple-hearted, good-humored Hans, complete even to his pipe.

They are pleasant, those anticipated and verified impressions. Who would give them up, who ever did give them up, and accept the unexpected without a pang? And, yet, what about the invariable politeness of the Parisian shopkeepers? Tell of it, you who, though no wig enemies you to peculiar tenderness from your fellow-men, yet wear something almost as fearfully and wonderfully put together, which ought to be respected by your fellow-women. You went to the

milliner's, and were so graciously received, so sedulously waited on, and then so coldly let alone, so scornfully apostrophized as you left the shop: "If madame is looking for a bonnet like the one she has on, she will not find it in Paris!"

On such an occasion it is not the actual insult to madame's venerable head-piece which makes her feel as if something had happened within her: the commotion she experiences is chiefly due to the fact that something really has happened,—that a portion of her faith in humanity has come down with a crash. What better can she then do than go, in a somewhat elegiacal frame of mind, and leave the pieces in the "*Grands Magasins des Étrangers*"? That may be, however, according to circumstances, either a simply practical step or the first act in a tragedy. The salesman there does not understand her thinking his cloaks overloaded with trimming, and, like many persons, he feels contempt for what is beyond his comprehension. That would be of little consequence if only he did not express the feeling in inarticulate sounds, or, tossing over a pile of garments, mutter that his customer is hard to please, and finally, with an ambiguous smile, suggest that she does not know what she wants. Put yourself in the lady's place, and then, if you have language at command, enjoy the satisfaction of telling him that he is insolent and that you mean to report him to the head of the establishment, walk off and leave him with his, "*Mais, madame—*" and his assertion of the perfect innocence of his remarks. You will not get rid of him, however: in the throng of purchasers surging to and fro, he follows you; every now and then a low, agitated voice begins afresh, "*Mais, madame, je vous assure—*" and, if you look round, you will see a very pale face. He knows that an appeal to the amiable personage who wanders about with his hands behind him, beaming upon every-

body, will bring a thousand excuses that you should have been annoyed, while for *him*—the delinquent—one word will suffice: "March!" There are plenty of men ready to take his place when he is "thrown on the pavement," and what may happen to him after that nobody knows, and nobody cares, unless it is you who picture him, when his last sou is gone, casting himself into the Seine and reappearing at the Morgue. It is in view of such a possibility that the drama closes by your consenting in discreet tones not to mention his grievous behavior, adding—lest he should not perceive the moral beauty of your forbearance—that he ought to be greatly obliged to you. He is obliged, and murmurs, "*Merci, madame*," very meekly as he slips away.

Supposing the above experiences to occupy the forenoon, enough more could undoubtedly be found for the rest of the day. We know plenty of madame's stories. There is the one about the marquis on his superb bay horse, trotting in the Avenue de l'Impératrice: how, instead of swerving a little in his very moderate career, he prefers to shout, "*Hé là-bas!*" which means in the mouth of cabmen and marquises that madame is to spring out of the way or resign herself to inevitable consequences. It is of no use to tell her that it was not a marquis, but more probably a little employé whose animal was too much for him: she knows employés occasionally mount a high horse from which they have to be taken down; but that beautiful bay was no nag from a livery-stable, and the elegance of the tailor's work looked genuine. Also, if she yielded in this instance, she would next be told it was not the marchioness who at Notre Dame was in such a vehement hurry to go when the fashionable preacher's sermon was over, and who, with a brusque "*Pardon!*" planted her elbow in her neighbor's side and pushed past with the energy of a market-woman. Though she was neither young nor handsome and was plainly dressed, she had all the air of a *grande dame*, and as, in spite of the shove backward, the neighbor was out in

time to see her drive away in a carriage with a coronet on the panels, there would seem to be every reason for calling her the dowager marchioness.

In fact, between her and her son there is a family likeness which cannot be mistaken; only how are they connected with the dear old man of long ago who sprang to the assistance of a fellow-creature in direst social peril, in danger of ridicule, and gravely and sweetly set everything right again? They say the marquis is very courteous in his own or any other *salon*; but then our hero was very courteous everywhere,—in doors and out of doors. So we were told, at least.

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to determine whether that companion of early days imposed shamefully upon our youthfulness or was himself simple enough to believe his own story and so twaddled in good faith about a nation where prince and peasant are equally and invariably polite; but certain it is that on the strength of his word, without the slightest personal experience, we have twaddled in the same strain ever since, instead of asking a few pertinent questions, such as, Who saw the wig hanging on the chandelier? How came a Frenchman to be among the by-standers? And what was he doing in America? The story, sifted with a sincere desire of getting at the truth, resolves itself into one of those legends in which nations have ever incorporated the aspirations or tendencies of particular periods. For, just as a people that has groaned under despotism invents a hero typical of its deliverance, another race, happy in republican government, might exercise its fancy in favor of civilizing virtues or even of social graces, and embody an ardent desire to be *comme il faut* in the form of a Frenchman. It was a pretty story of true courtesy, a story merely; and so, though we breathe a natural sigh in bidding the gentle stranger a last adieu, we must firmly place him where he belongs,—by the side of William Tell.

Not every such disappointment can be traced to its source. Who could say where he got all the cut-and-dried

opinions with which he sets out to see the world? He simply has had them by him a good while as fruits of reading or hearsay, has considered them peculiarly wholesome, no doubt, from being of his own storing, and is amazed to find that just those fruits do not bear transportation by sea and must in foreign lands be sorted and pared afresh.

Granted we all know that in a certain part of Europe the inhabitants are independent of impressions through the outer world, by reason of a special economy which enables them to evolve their impressions from within: who first announced that this species of rumination knee-deep in the wealth of intellectual pastures produces an effect of inexhaustible placidity and amiability? Was it some one who had been to see? And why, then, did he not add that the effect depends upon the beholder's distance, which should always be respectful? Surely people ought to be warned that the beautiful internal process is exceedingly delicate, and that interruptions are untoward. If, for instance, one should venture to remark that his own ruminations had led to different results!

In any case, the mingled grief and astonishment we feel on having the law somewhat emphatically laid down to us is not their fault. *They* never said they were placid. On the contrary, they know they are excitable, believing it to be intellect which makes them so,—although some persons think it is sausage. Possibly it may be both: it would seem, at any rate, that a combination of pork and brains might produce a certain pig-headedness, and that would be a connecting link, at least, between our former and present acquaintance; for Hans, our tranquil, pipe-sucking, beer-drinking old friend, could be pig-headed on occasion. It would be a pity if the resemblance ended there; and, yet, can anybody imagine Hans opening a conversation with some one from over seas by saying that Americans have not attained to the same degree of culture as himself and his country-people? No: after two or three puffs at his pipe,

his kindness would have got the upper hand; that well-known good nature of his would have prevented his bringing people's inferiority home to them so abruptly. It is true that had he made that statement about culture to a lady he might not have had the ready grace to add that American women are more cultivated than the men; but then, on the other hand, supposing him to have paid her such a compliment, he would not afterward have gone treacherously to her husband and told him that American women have no *Gemüth*: he would have left it to dawn by degrees upon the unhappy man that his wife lacked those delicate shades of thought and feeling, those indefinable qualities of heart or mind, which the term *Gemüth* conveys. Ah, kindly Hans! one cannot help regretting him, though it is time wasted to talk about what he might or might not have done, when he was merely the result of our own misguided ruminations.

And, yet, perhaps not altogether; for our present Hans says he *used* to be good-natured,—too much so, indeed, by far, so that he was constantly imposed upon; he was meek, also, and humble, thinking other people better than himself,—wherefore he bowed down to them and imitated their speech and customs. But he has done with all that. He holds himself very straight now, and it is everybody's turn to bow down to him. He has just begun to find out his own worth, as he says; and one can hardly wonder if such an interesting discovery should form, for a while, the staple of his conversation. Still, it is not with Hans as he is, or as he says he is, that we have to do: on a longer acquaintance we shall doubtless recognize many admirable qualities in him; while on a shorter, or even on the shortest, he will himself point them out for us. It was our disappointment, at first, at what he is not that we undertook to consider, and, once having stated it, what more shall be said? It certainly cannot be helped if, as we ruefully remark, we "never thought he was like that."

Of course, as people set out with a

variety of preconceived notions, there is a chance of pleasant surprises. Say that you have heard of a gentleman so wedded to social usage that he could not save a drowning man to whom he had not been introduced. By that one trait you recognize him as the man who never speaks to any one, who never even looks at people when he is travelling, lest he should afterward be shocked by the sight of them in London. Now, if by chance you should be presented to him in due form, would it be quite agreeable, in spite of not caring a farthing for his opinion, to feel that you might say or do something at which he would be dreadfully scandalized?

But, fortunately, circumstances alter cases. There you see him on the bridge, waving away the preposterous idea with his delicately-gloved hand: "It wouldn't be the thing, you know—*aw*." And then here he is among the people to whom he has an introduction, lolling with his head on the back of the chair, and taking up his ankle to nurse when the paucity of his German small-talk becomes as painfully evident to himself as to the ladies. They are probably less struck than we by this relaxation in his deportment; for fifty years ago, when Anglomania prevailed in Germany, their mothers read Hauff's "Grünwiesler," and, moreover, Anglomania is at present quite out of fashion. The lieutenant, as correct in society as on parade, is the person to be most scandalized: he makes great eyes at a uniformless superior-in-arms, and heaven knows what prophetic vision rises before him. He sees, perhaps, the flower of the German army advancing on Windsor Castle, with its defenders sitting in a row on the battlements, coddling their feet. If, however, the elegant personage by the water-side was not a military man, possibly he had graduated at Oxford, and was reflecting on a diplomatic career: then he might assume ingenious attitudes, not from embarrassment, but when he felt himself most in his element. See him standing with his young countrywoman, whom he is so glad to meet in a foreign land: he will presently

kneel in that chair he is handling as he talks with her, forgetting, in the ardor with which he contemplates her lovely face, that he is at the same time presenting the soles of his shoes to the rest of the company. It is a pleasure to see any one so much at his ease, and a comfort also to think that he need not now be astonished at anything we do.

Reciprocal toleration is the best ground to take in the matter of manners; for, if Taffy comes to my house and carries off something to put in a literary dish which he is preparing, shall I not go to Taffy's house? And we will see what happens then. People have been in America and told that we put our own knives in the butter; therefore we must go to them and discover that they do a great deal worse, or, at the least, the very same thing; but evidently nothing would be lost if a discreet silence were observed on both sides. "Manners," altogether, are not so prevalent as they appear to think who are struck by other people's want of them. Just as beauty is but skin-deep, one may say that manners are only first thoughts. Look around the table at Zermatt, or Mürren, or any place where English congregate, and you may see the illustration. The first thought is, "Dear me! the bread-knife, or the butter-knife, has disappeared: what is to be done?" Then, after a helpless gazing about, comes the second thought that it is a great deal of trouble to call a waiter, and so the private knife goes into the public butter, or is elegantly wiped on the loaf before a slice is cut off. On the word of an observant traveller, that has been seen time and again, not as performed by Tom, Dick, and Harry, but by persons who perhaps thought, after all, that they were doing the bread and butter an honor.

Admitting, however, that apart from such occasional lapses there is an impression among all English-speaking people that they have especially good manners at table, it does not follow that the world in general shares that belief,—that the people whom we call "foreigners" when we are travelling in their country are at all of that opinion. They have heard,

indeed, that we are very elegant at our meals, and, therefore, look to see something extraordinary when we take our places at the *table-d'hôte*; but it may be that we shall, for once in a way, treat others to the same sort of disappointment which we accuse them of preparing for us. We know the use of the fork, it is true, and avoid the abuse of the toothpick, and still, for all that, make an impression on the "foreigners" of having arrived directly from the backwoods when we stalk in and seat ourselves with no other notice of the assembled company than a critical glance cast along the line to see how our own kind is represented. And when we get up and stalk away again,—once more without the bow to the immediate neighborhood which, in a great part of the civilized world, is considered elementary courtesy,—the neighborhood is sure to exchange glances which mean, "Do you call that good manners?" Where there is a flourishing of knives, we confidently say, "Foreigners;" and where there is total oblivion of the presence of others, they opine, "English or Americans." But in reality it is by one and the same token that we recognize each other: we are simply looking at a patent fact on opposite sides.

No doubt people whose manners are called in question are always, from their natural point of observation, justified in getting red in the face and answering, "Manners yourself!" and, yet, if by chance they should be placed in a position for obtaining another than the most natural view, they might think it, merely from its novelty, rather interesting. We have recounted the treatment we receive in foreign shops, and ought perhaps to have told the impression we sometimes make there.

Not long ago, two Americans were buying photographs in a European cathedral-town. The proprietor of the shop assisted their choice by offering those pictures which he thought the best, and commenting on their merits. Suddenly, at something which passed between his customers, he exclaimed, "So you are not English? Well, that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"That you have listened to me all this time, and have answered me even! Yes," he continued, "English people never do that. When a Frenchman comes in, it is *bonjour*; when a German, *guten Morgen*; when an Englishman—" here he pressed his lips firmly together in dramatic silence. "Not but that they make themselves quite at home, the English: they walk around the shop and open the counters and drawers to get what they want. I usually consider that *my* business; but when I show them anything they won't look at it, they turn away and take up something else. And then finally off they go—" And again he snapped his jaws together to intimate the silent retreat of the invading forces. "I used to be furious with them, but I know their ways now; one can get accustomed to anything," he concluded with resignation, and then, as if preparing to begin again, "Yes, yes, you are not English. Well, that explains it."

The customers did not feel bound to say that he was making a distinction where there was no great difference: they simply looked as unconcerned as they could under the circumstances, which were that they themselves would not always have passed the compliments of the day on entering or leaving his premises, and also that once upon a time, when they knew very little of his language, they might not have taken much trouble to understand, still less to answer him. They had reason to think, too, that the mere not understanding occasionally induces suspicion on the part of other than English people, who then warn each other, regardless of the chance that *they* may be understood, "Don't take the photographs he offers you: they're the worst ones, of course." As to rummaging among the counters—well, just because it is usual in America for purchasers to wait till they are served, they may be extremely ready to help themselves when opportunity offers,—that is to say, among aliens with whom one stands on no ceremony.

Yes, "Manners yourself," however

pertinent, does not cover the whole ground. A more comprehensive and philosophical reply would be,—

We have no manners,  
You have no manners,  
They have no manners.

From which, of course, it would follow that nobody has manners. The writer would be willing to go further, and add as a personal conviction that nobody ever had manners. We talk as if there had been a golden age of elegance,—usually and rather indefinitely placed in the time of the “old régime” in France,—when *bon ton* reigned and *bons mots* were distributed in countless *salons*. And, yet, how do many of those very *bons mots* stand in relation to courtesy? As they have come down to us, not a few of them begin somewhat after this fashion: “Madame de — once said to an old bore who frequented her *salon*,” or, “M. de — remarked one day to an insupportable person.” In every such instance the speech is witty, and was no doubt well deserved; but what would one think in these times on hearing that Mrs. So-and-So had said to “a young fool” in her drawing-room something which put the fool sadly out of countenance? It might be considered amusing, but courteous hardly. And another thing: we who are so delicate as to dislike seeing people put their knives in their mouth, what should we think of their putting it into our mouth? Yet

that might have happened to us under the “old régime.” A traveller of that undefined period once made note of such an occurrence at an elegant dinner-table. “Have you no spoon, my dear duke? Here, take mine; I’ve done with it;” and plump it goes out of the lady’s plate into that of her neighbor.

What then? Must we renounce our faith in a golden age of manners? No; but transpose it. When Mrs. So-and-So answers the fool, not according to his folly, but according to her good breeding, and merely tells after his departure what he said and what she “should have liked to say,” it is certainly an improvement on Madame de —’s cutting remark. The sole disadvantage of Mrs. So-and-So’s system is that there may be another fool in the room who would report her *bon mot* to Number One: still, as in that case the bad manners would be his and not hers, that need not interfere with our assumption of a certain advance in civility in particular cases. And, if there has been improvement, it is not illogical to conclude that there still may be,—that a time may come when courtesy will have spread from the drawing-room to the shop, from the street-car to the sanctuary,—a time when people who visit us will report wonders about our urbanity, and when we, returning the call, shall find them as polished as our fondest fancy pictured.

G. H. PEIRCE.

### A BREAKFAST STORY.

“SO yer don’t remember me? Wal, I ain’t su’prised, bein’s my name’s what ’tis now; but when I tell yer—Lemme see: sixteen an’ ten an’ four—you’ve bin gone fifteen years.”

“Yes, it was fifteen years ago this month that I went West.”

“You an’ my Em’ly was ’bout of an age. She died when she was sixteen;

father died ten year arter, jest four year ago nex’ week; an’ you went off the year afore Em’ly died. Yes, she’d bin thirty this fall. Law, I’m growin’ old! but—”

“You must refer to Emily Benham: strange I did not recall you.”

The last speaker was a tall young man of thirty, with large, black, searching

eyes, a full beard, and hair of that indescribable tint, neither red nor brown, but with a rich golden sheen, auburn perhaps it would be called, curling tightly about a well-shaped head; a dainty moustache, half concealing a finely-cut upper lip; and withal such a bearing of dignity and self-possession that one unacquainted with his early life would have little suspected that his boyhood had been passed amid the surroundings in which we now find him.

"I thought yer'd remember Em'ly. Beg yer pardin, but I didn't know one spell but you two'd make a match! Foolish I know 'twas, tew,—w'y, you was nuthin' but children; but 'most ev'ry day you'd leave ther boys down't ther corner an' come up 'roun' ther bridge by ther mill an' go 'cross-lots, you 'n' Em'ly, ter school. Father 'n' I used ter talk 'bout it some, an' your folks liked Em'ly, tew; but you got oneasy, an' wanted ter see more o' the world afore yer settled down, an' then ther nex' year Em'ly took sick an' died: s'pose she studied rather hard, or somethin'. Some brain-trouble, ther doctor called it."

"Oh, yes, I well remember Emily. She was a good scholar, and often helped me solve a knotty problem. In fact, I believe she was the only *girl* in the school that could count up more 'head-marks' than I. The last year, while studying botany, we often went 'cross-lots, as you have said, and gathered specimens for the class."

"Wal, four years ago father died,—I allus called him 'father,' an' he called me 'mother,' 'cause Em'ly did, I s'pose,—and when Mister Meacham come over here a year or so arter, an' told as how he b'lieved he an' me could make a good livin' together,—yer see, I had a good place here, an' he had 'bout ten thousand in money an' had bin in ther hotel biznis down ter Portsm'th,—w'y, without many 'ifs an' ans' we was married, an' we fixed ther house all up, an' built a new barn, an' there's lots o' city folks comes over ter ther Cap'n Sanders's place ev'ry year, an' a good many on 'em comes out here, an' with ther pos'-office we've made a comf'ble livin'; but

I dunno how 't'll be now, sence the cap'n's place's foun' an owner: p'raps nobody'll come this summer.

"But yer mus' want yer breakfast. Bin up ter ther buryin'-groun', did yer say? Wal, it's a nice mornin' fur a walk. S'pose yer see the gre't monument on Cap'n Sanders's lot, an' the stun fur James, who was killed in ther war? I hain't seen 'em yit, but I hear they're dretful nice, only they say that James's stun don't say nuthin' 'bout his bein' a rebel. Some folks think he wa'n't, an' b'lieve ther message he sent ter ther cap'n was true, an' others don't b'lieve a word on't. Fur my part, I don't see how a man can be made ter fight 'nless he's a mine ter; leastwise, he needn't shoot at nobody; an' I dunno as James did.

"Now, come, set right up ter ther table an' help yerself; yer oughter have an appertite; yer must 'a' walked four or five mile this mornin'. Husban' said yer went out jest as he was a-lightin' ther fire,—'bout four o'clock I s'pose 'twas.

"Of course you remember Cap'n Sanders, an' how his son went off an' got married ag'in his will, an' how he disowned him an' told him never ter darken his door ag'in."

"Yes, I do remember some things about the captain, but I was only a boy, you know, and seldom went up on the hill. If I remember correctly, he kept himself shut up nearly all the time for two or three years before he died. Repented, didn't he, when it was too late? He died the year before I went away, and left all his property to James or any of his heirs, provided they were found in fifteen years; if not, it was all to go to the town. Am I right?"

"Wal, yer do remember perty well; but I forgit how fast time slips away. Yer don't remember James? He went off some time afore ther war; yer couldn't 'a' bin more'n seven or eight year old, an'—

"Now, do help yerself, won't yer? I'll warrant yer don't fine any better blue-fish nowhar; an' if them Graham rolls ain't good I dunno whar yer'll fine

better, if I did make 'em. Have more coffy? No! Well, speak when yer cup's out, won't yer? I'm goin' back ter the beginnin' an' tell yer all 'bout the cap'n's 'fairs: so 'f yer want anythin' jest speak it right out.

"You'll remember some on it 's I go 'long till I git down ter ther time yer went off, prob'ly; yer mother must 'a' told yer 'bout it more'n once. How I *should* like ter see yer mother ag'in! but—

"What did yer say? Livin' in Bostin now, an' yer mother's comin' up here nex' month? Wal, yer tell her ter come right here an' *stay*: it shan't cost her a cent. Tell her ter wait till near the end o' the month, so 's ter be here when the big weddin' comes off up ter the cap'n's place; but yer don't know nuthin' 'bout that till I tell yer, but—

"Eh! Yer'd pay her board if she come? Sho', now, she'll be welcome, pay or no pay; but I s'pose yer able ter pay yer way wherever yer go. Dekin Hopkins told me more'n a year ago that yer was rich,—wuth fifty *thousan'* or more. I declar' it does beat all,—a poor boy like you ter go out inter the world all alone an' make a fortin at thirty! I s'pose Chicarger's quite a place; somethin' like Portlan', mebbe. I went ter Portlan' once, an' I was glad ter git back hum, whar I could breathe an' think ag'in. Seeh a racket, an' everybody a-hurryin' 'long as ef thar life depended on't. I kep' a-thinkin' of the Scripser passage 'bout hastin' ter be rich an' fallin' inter a pit or a snare or somethin', an' ef it hadn't 'a' bin fur father a-ketchin' me, I should 'a' fell head over heels inter a hole myself. Father said it was ther entrance ter ther barber-shop down under ther hotel. I do hope they've got some kine of a railin' round it now! W'y, I might 'a' broke my neck.

"So yer a-livin' in Bostin! Got a fam'ly, I s'pose, an' live in gre't style, o' course. I—

"*What!* yer hain't married *yit*? Wal, yer ought ter be, if I do say it's oughtn' ter, p'r'aps. What yer goin' ter do with all yer money? But, law! it's none o' my biznis—

"More coffy? Yes; I knew yer'd like it. We don't give that kine o' coffy ter *ev'rybody* that comes 'long; but when husban' told me yer name las' night, an' said yer had gre't big black eyes an' dark-red hair,—'tain't red, I know, only as the light strikes on't,—I knew 't must be you, an' I made up my mine yer should have ther best ther house could furnish, an'—

"'Bout the cap'n? Oh, yes, I *was* goin' ter tell yer. Wal, yer see, James was an only child. The cap'n come down here an' built that gre't house out on ther hill arter he left ther sea an' retired, as folks say. He had consid'able money, an' he was boun' James should have an education. He had a sister down ter New York, the cap'n did, an' so James went down thar to a 'cademy or somethin'. Wal, you've heard how he got 'quainted with that gal from Georgy, an' arter he went back the secon' time he writ hum that he was a-goin' ter marry her when he got through studyin' that year.

"Oh, my stars, how *mad* the cap'n was! W'y, yer see, he was an out-an'-out abolitioner, the cap'n was, an' he'd bin predictin' fur more'n a year that some time afore long ther North an' South had got ter fight it out, as he used to say. The idee of his boy marryin' a Southern gal—like 's not a slaveholder's darter—was more'n he could stan': in fac', I think the cap'n was reelly crazy fur a spell.

"Wal, he wouldn't hear *nuthin'* ter Mis' Sanders. Poor soul! she didn't live but 'bout tew months arter the cap'n sent ther fust letter. She was sickly when they come down here, an' folks said one reason the cap'n built 'way up thar on the hill was ter git a sea-breeze an' a lan'-breeze tew, in hopes *one* on 'em would agree with her. As I said, he wouldn't hear a word ter *her*, but set down and writ a letter ter James an' told him ef he married that gal he should cut him off without a dollar.

"*I've* allus had a notion ef James had 'a' come home an' *talked* with the cap'n, instead o' sendin' that letter 'bout 'love's goin' whar it's *sent*' and the '*word* an'

promise of a *Sanders* bein' o' more value than money; an' all that, it might all 'a' bin diff'rent; but James was dretful high-steppin', an' onreasonable, tew, 'bout some things. Jest as soon as the cap'n got that secon' letter he packed up ev'rythin' he could fine that b'longed ter James an' sent 'em tew him, an' writ him he should consider him dead an' wuss than dead, an' never ter darken his door ag'in.

"Of course you've heard most o' this afore, an' I won't stop ter tell it all. The war come, sure 'nough, an' the fust news the cap'n had from James for 'most five years was when Dekin Hopkins's son Joel come home wounded an' said he'd seen James *Sanders* a-lyin' on the battle-field when he was bein' carried off, an' he made ther men 'twas carryin' on him stop, so 's he could speak with him. Yer see, each side was a-takin' care o' their own dead an' wounded, an', when the men come back arter takin' care o' Joel, nothin' could be foun' o' James: he'd bin carried off, prob'ly.

"Wal, Joel said that James told him ter tell his father that he'd bin drafted into ther C'nfederate army, but he'd bin in hopes ter git taken pris'n'r an' git over this side; he'd bin mighty sorry he didn't 'xplain matters ter his father afore he got married, an' he wanted ter come home an' beg his forgiveness, an' then he'd 'nlist in the Union army. You've heard it all, an' how the cap'n broke all down an' tried to fine him or any trace o' his wife an' children, ef he had any: he advertised in the papers an' spent 'most all he had in money; but 'twa'n't no use, fur, yer see, he didn't know what the Georgy gal's name was, nur nuthin', an' so he fine'ly gin it up, an' died the year afore yer went away, as ev'rybody said, of a broken heart, an' left ther place an' all he had ter the town if James nor no heirs didn't turn up inside o' fifteen years; an' it—

"What'd yer say? 'Somebody'd oughter 'a' lived in ther house'? Yes, that's true 'nough, but the cap'n's will said—or, at least, it was s'posed to mean—that ther house shouldn't be used 't all for fifteen year.

"Wal, I've helped yer mem'ry perty well, I guess, on what happened afore yer went away; an' now I'll tell yer the rest. Yer—

"'Anythin' more ter eat'? W'y, yes; glad yer spoke. I've got a mince-pie in ther oven, and I forgot all 'bout it; now, that's too bad! I jest put it in ter warm a spell, an' I declar' it's all dried up; but I've got a piece o' dried-apple pie an' a leetle grain o' cheese in the but'ry. Thar, now, I'll get yer a glass o' milk, an' I guess yer'll make out quite a meal arter all.

"Lemme see: whar'd I leave off?—'bout keepin' the cap'n's place so shut up? Oh, yes. Wal, arter he'd bin dead 'bout five years, the s'lectmen had ther house all aired out, took up all ther carpets and shook 'em, an' dusted down all ther columbs, but they put ev'rythin' back jest as 'twas, 'xcept they didn't tack down ther carpets,—jest spread 'em down an' stood ther furniture 'roun', an' shut the place up for five year more, when they went through all ther manoeuv's ag'in.

"Ther house was gittin' perty shabby fur want o' paint, but o' course the town didn't want ter lay out much on ther place an' then perhaps have somebody turn up an' claim it arter all. Yer may remember that the cap'n built a pier clear out inter ther water an' had a wide gravel-walk leadin' down onter it: that walk must be more'n a quarter-mile long, an' all the way each side till yer got down ter the sand, whar nuthin'd grow but weeds, was rose-bushes an' s'ringoes, an' ev'ry year ther daylias was sot out an' took up,—Mis' Sim'kins took care on 'em,—yer remember her? Yes, she's livin' 'bout here yit! She's over ter ther gre't house now, a-sewin' and a-bossin' ther rest, an' a-talkin' all ther time, jest ther same 's she did twenty-five year ago. Strange, I declar', that she should 'a' made all ther carpets an' curt'ins an' things fur the cap'n an' now she's a-doin' it all over fur his—But I'm a-gittin' the cart afore the hoss, as husban' says: so I'll go on an' tell yer in reg'lar order.—Yes, husban' says when I tell a story it makes him think o' the

way a cat comes when yer call her, goin' all 'roun' rubbin' all ther chairs an' up ag'in ther mop-board, and fine'y comin' up ahine yer, rubbin' yer feet.

"But, sho'! what was I a-tellin' yer? Yes, yes, Mis' Sim'kins took care o' the daylias and ther g'raniums, an' thar was gre't double hollyhocks, with mornin'-glories twinin' all 'roun' 'em. Wal, Mis' Sim'kins used ter go over thar an' keep 'em all in good shape ev'ry year, 'cause, she said, 'twas tew bad ter let 'em all die out. Then, yer know, thar was a clump o' pines—a grove, the city folks call it—out thar ther lef' han', an' a path leadin' off o' the walk right inter it,—the pine clump, I mean. Wal, one day four year ago—the same year fader died, that's how I remember—a boat come up an' fastened onter ther pier, an' a dozen or so young fellers an' gals come a-troopin' up the long walk an' went over inter them pines with baskits an' boxes an' bottles an' I dunno what all. Mis' Sim'kins happened ter be over thar a-tendin' ther flowers, an' she went an' told Dekin Hopkins,—he was one o' ther s'lectmen,—an' he went over an' told 'em they was trespassin' on private property. They was very perlite, an' begged pardin, an' offered ter pay all damages, an' praised ther place up, said they was out fur a picnic an' noticed ther pines an' ther landin' an' thought 'twould be a good place ter stop.

"Arter a while the dekin told 'em all about ther place, an' 'bout ther picters an' shells an' all ther traps in ther house,—yer know the cap'n had lots o' stuff that he'd brought home from all over the world e'en-a'most,—so nuthin' 'ud do but they must go inter ther house, an' so ther dekin showed 'em 'roun'. They stayed 'roun' thar tew or three hours, an' when they went off ther feller that seemed to be ther leader gin ther dekin a five-dollar bill, an' said thar was lots o' people over ter ther I'lands that would like ter come up here an' see the place an' would be willin' ter pay fur ther chance.

"An idee struck the dekin at once, an' he said, 'Send 'em 'long: we'll 'commodate 'em.' Wal, what do yer s'pose

they did? W'y, they had a picter-man come down here an' make a lot o' picters of ther place, and when ther I'lan'-folks come here they could go all over ther house an' groun's and have a picter ter boot fur a quarter. My land! folks come from ev'rywhar, I should think, an' in less than two years they'd cleared 'nough ter fix ther place all up,—painted, fixed up ther underpinnin' an' chimbleys, an' ev'rythin' 'xcept ther inside; they didn't touch that; an' then—

"Hot in here'? That's a fact; come out onter ther stoop here, under ther mornin'-glories: thar, now, you'll git a sniff o' salt water, tew.

"As I was a-sayin', folks kep' a-comin' more 'n more ev'ry year. Wal, las' year the fifteen was up,—las' Septem'er; lemme see, yer remember 'bout ther gre't picter o' James the cap'n had made down ter Bostin: he sent down a small card-picter an' had the big un made, an' hung it up in his room whar he could see it all ther time. Mis' Sim'kins,—yer know she lived with him the las' year,—Mis' Sim'kins said he would sit for hours afore that picter, an' sometimes ther tears a-rollin' down his cheeks onter ther floor.

"One day las' July, 'most a year ago, a lot o' city folks was up ter the cap'n's place, a-lookin' 'round, when all of a sudden one o' ther ladies give a little scream;—she was a-lookin' at this very picter,—an' over she went onter ther floor: fainted clean away. Wal, Mis' Sim'kins—she stayed thar 'most all ther time, ter show folk 'round: ther s'lectmen paid her somethin', o' course—she run an' got some water an' rubbed her han's an' her head, an' fine'y she come out on't.

"Yer hain't seemed much s'prised 't anythin' I've told yer yit; but now I'm gittin' whar yer'll be more int'rested, an' I might 's well tell yer right out that she was James Sanders's darter.

"Oh, my, how Mis' Sim'kins did brag 'bout it! I never could bear her, anyhow. She allus thought she knew everythin' afore anybody else, an' it didn't never take her very long ter tell all she did know, nuther; but thar's one

thing *she* ain't bin able ter fine out yit, an' that's who Rose Sanders is a-goin' ter marry. I do hope ter goodness somebody'll hear *his* name afore she does.

"As I was a-sayin', Mis' Sim'kins went all 'roun' a-talkin' 'bout it. 'Only ter think,' she would say, 'only ter think that I should 'a' bin ther *last* ter hold the cap'n's hand an' close his eyes, an' ther *just* in town ter take Miss Rose's little white hand in mine an' help ter bring her back from the dead e'en-a'-most.'

"'Smoke'? w'y, yes, if yer wan' ter; though, as I tell husban', it does seem dretful foolish. He 'n' I set out here in ther moonlight sometimes, but ther leaves are so thick we can't hardly see each other; he'll puff an' blow away, an' I tell him he looks like the steamers' way off 'cross ther bay thar: all yer can see 's a leetle glimmer o' light an' 'casion'ly a curl o' smoke. But yer don't seem ter be as int'rested as I *thought* yer'd be: I s'pose 'cause yer've seen an' heard so many queer things yer don't git 'xcited easy. Perhaps ye—

"'Sleepy,' eh? Wal, yer got up tew early, an' like's not yer've over-e't; not that I care how much yer eat, but I s'pose ev'rythin' tastes so good ter yer down here 't yer dunno when ter stop.

"But I've got 'most through. Whar'd I leave off? I declar'!

"'How did she prove it?' Oh, yes! Yer see, she had ther mate ter the leetle picter that ther big un was painted from in her trunk ter ther hotel over on the I'lan'. Wal, *that* was all well 'nough, but her name wa'n't *Sanders*. 'No; 'twas Smith,—Rosaline Smith. But it all come out. W'y, James had changed his name: strange he should 'a' thought o' Smith, though. Land sakes, thar's 'nough Smiths *born* inter ther world, 'thout folks addin' it on ter a good name of any other kine. W'y, I can count 'em up right 'roun' here. Thar's Joel Hopkins,—he come home arter the war an' married a Smith gal over 't the 'Holler'; an' husban's mother was a Smith,—she's been dead this twenty year, though; an' then thar's Hezekiah, an' Dan'l's widder up ther street,—he

left eight children, Dan'l did; all boys, tew— *Smiths!* w'y, yes—

"'Heard 'nough 'bout ther Smiths,' did yer say? Wal, I shall have ter tell yer how they proved it. This gal Rose had James Sanders's picter, an' said 'twas her father's, an' she had a Test'ment too, an' thar was writ in it, 'JAMES SANDERS SMITH, FROM HIS MOTHER.'

"I'll hurry 'long now an' tell yer. My lan', I've got 'nuff ter do not ter be settin' here 'nuther minnit.

"Rose she told her story: said her father was wounded in ther war, an' died on ther way home, when she was four year old: she was born down in Georgy. Her gran'father was a-buildin' railroads down thar when ther war broke out; he'd bin down thar eight or ten years; her father was workin' fur him; her mother was educated in New York, an' met her father thar ter school; but they wa'n't educated *tergether* then.

"Wal, it seems prob'ble James had gin Rose's mother ther name o' Smith,—fur the fun on't, I s'pose, though I 'low 'tain't never proper ter do so,—an' so when the cap'n cut him off he jest let it go so an' was married by that name, an' then he put the name onter ther Sanders in ther Test'ment. They had the writin' 'xamined by some kine o' glasses or somethin', an' foun' the Smith was writ with diff'rent ink, an' wa'n't jest like the rest, anyhow.

"'Tany rate, that's the best 'xplanation 't could be made 'bout his changin' his name, an' Hezekiah says thar was a man here from Chicarger arter the war 'nquirin' 'bout a James Smith who was killed on t'other side in ther war an' was s'posed to b'long 'round here som'er's. So, yer see, his wife couldn't 'a' known his right name.

"Rose said her father an' gran'father was both drafted inter ther army,—that's what Joel said, yer know,—an' was both killed. Wal, Rose an' her mother got through ther lines an' went ter Chicarger ter live with an aunt of Rose's. I didn't think 'bout *your* a-livin' in Chicarger tew; but, then, ef it *is* anythin' like Portlan', I don't s'pose yer'd 'a' known Rose. W'y, folks went a-flyin'

'long 's though they didn't know anybody an' didn't wan' ter. I shouldn't—

"'Boat goes in an hour 'n' a half'? Does it? I'm 'most through, anyway. Yer see, Rose's mother didn't live but a short spell arter they come North,—as I've allus said, ef James had 'a come home an' seen the cap'n 'twould all bin so diff'rent. W'y, they wa'n't Southe'n-ers, nor slaveholders, nor nuthin'; an' her aunt brought her up. They allus thought strange 't they couldn't find any trace of James's folks, but, yer see, 'twas Sanders they was arter, an' not Smith, an' nobody knew it.

"Wal, I've told yer perty much all now. Rose an' her aunt was a-livin' in Bostin when they come up here, an' she was 'xpectin' ter be married this year: so they took possession o' the property, an' they've spent a pile o' money fixin' up. They say her husban' ter be is doin' on it; strange he shouldn't 'a bin here to boss it some. An' ther weddin' comes off jest a year from ther time she fust set foot in it,—that's the las' o' nex' month.

"They're goin' ter have a steamer come up from Bostin on purpus, with a ban' o' music an' I dunno what all, an' the groun's are ter be all lit up, an' fire-wks,—gre't times, I 'xpect.

"Yer 'goin' up ter take a look at ther place'? Wal, I would. I'm real glad yer come here. Now, yer remember an' have yer mother come so's ter be here ter ther weddin'. I dunno whether anybody here'll be 'nvited or not, but we can see ther firew'ks an' hear ther ban' play, anyhow.

"Yes, Mis' Sim'kins 'll remember yer, I guess. Good-by. Remember, yer'll be welcome to come here any time."

"Well, wife, your turn's come now, sure," said Mr. Meacham, as he was sorting the mail one night about three weeks after the narration of the story we have heard. A letter was a rare event in Mrs. Meacham's life. "Queer-shaped, new-fangled envelope, ain't it? Hullo! here's one just exactly like it for Miss Simpkins and Deacon Hopkins's folks! Yes, and a half-dozen more. What! Wedding-cards?"

"Wal, I do declare! Ter think that feller should 'a set here an' never say a word, when he knew more'n I did, an' he's a-goin' ter marry Rose Sanders. It does beat all!

"But won't Mis' Sim'kins be hoppin' mad when she finds out I knew it afore she did!"

W. H. BLISS.

## BREAD OR A STONE.

"TIYAH! Pequazhegan!" shrieked Suzette, the *avant-courier* in all events, good, bad, or indifferent, her black locks streaming, her great eyes dancing, her small red blanket whirled in the air and then once more about her brown shoulders, as she shot down the road winding between black pines toward "down country."

"Tiyah! Pequazhegan!" answered a knot of Indian boys sliding down the hill by the lake and far out upon it, their slender figures straight and true as the pine-trunks about them. "Tiyah!

Pequazhegan!" grunted in chorus the circle of Indians about the medicine-room stove. Why not, when "pequazhegan," otherwise wheat flour, is the article most desired in that far northern region, where flour, leaving St. Paul at six or seven dollars per barrel, finds ready sale at three and often four times that sum at Red Lake?

At "payment time" there is a plethora. The army-wagons, each with its double yoke of oxen, can be devoted to flour alone, without thought of any other essential demanded in making up a load

for those who carry civilized habits into the new life. Then for a time the Indians hold high festivity over the cakes baked in the ashes, which seem by this method to retain all the sweetness of the grain, and are eaten as if barrels and sacks were bottomless. But, save for that one happy month, when May floods and August rains are over and November snows have not yet covered all traces of road, leaving it passable only for sled or flat-train, there is no time when flour is not a coveted and often unattainable luxury.

At Leech Lake our two teams, brought from St. Cloud and depended upon for the entire journey, had been storm-stayed for days, and refused at last on any terms to undertake the hundred miles still to be travelled before Red Lake could be reached. And when a team had at last been found, natural selection proved inadequate to decide what could be done without in a load the principle in the making up of which had been doing without. "Put on anything you like," I had said in despair as I looked at the small box-sled and the shaggy Indian ponies, engaged, after untold haggling on one side and entreaty on the other, from Boulanger, their owner and guide, and loaded with bed and bedding and sundry other essentials. A hundred-pound sack of flour had been one of these, but in crossing a river it had slipped from Boulanger's back, and, when fished out, was so wet as to be practically useless. Boulanger, however, regarded the sticky, frozen mass as so much clear gain, baking it in the ashes of the camp-fire and consuming it by pounds. The heart of it remained untouched, and I scraped out a bagful, relying upon it to bridge over the time till a team, promised for January, should come through.

After unpacking and the final settlement with Boulanger he took leave with surprising suddenness, the motive for such speed being found in the missing flour. Borrowing answered for a time, but, as snows grew deeper and doubt stronger if any team could come through before March or April, the blacksmith

took his head, and good-natured Baptiste, cook at the lumber-camp, almost cried as he said sadly, "Mais, madame, if I but could to do it!"

Then came a season wherein I sought to convince myself that bread was, after all, a non-essential and this forced emancipation from the chain of life-long custom probably a very good thing. The Indian women brought in corn pounded to hominy, and our own stores gave oatmeal and rice; but, in spite of philosophy, visions of fair loaves haunted my dreams.

Beans baked to a soft singleness unknown outside the deep pot of the lumberman's camp and the hot ashes in which, deep buried, they slowly attain to a flavor and character never found elsewhere, had done their uttermost to convince one that nothing else need be called for. Potatoes bursting from their skins and revealing a mealiness only less extraordinary than their size had appeared in all forms, reverting to plain boiled as the one true method of securing all the virtues a potato owns. Whitefish had palled. Rabbits were a drug. The block of beef, cut from some hitherto unknown portion of the long-suffering government ox and boiled two days before it could be carved, failed to satisfy the craving. Only flour could meet it, and, in the present uncertainty and expectation, lending might result in a sudden pinch, to sell a pound of the precious stuff being against all camp laws and regulations.

The Indians were off on their "long hunt," only the superannuated remaining at home, and among the three traders, all half-bloods, not one could be found willing to make the journey down. The cooking-stove had stayed behind, and I was learning the resources of a tin oven, as well as some of the afflictions of my great-grandmothers, as I bent over open coals or shielded my kettle from flying sparks and cinders drawn up the wide mouth of the open chimney.

Black pine is a picturesque fuel, and at evening, as its many-colored flames shot upward, I forgave its fixed habit of snapping beyond all bounds, and the sudden explosions of interior and unus-

pected reservoirs of pitch, going off with the force of a pistol-shot. But its virtue is only in color, and its sudden fizz and flame, giving out while it lasted a heat often unbearable, died away as suddenly. Constant feeding was required, giving the feeder the sensations of Dr. Dick's unhappy lost souls, his theory of hell, it may be remembered, being endless imprisonment in wandering comets, at one period crisped in the white heat from the heart of the sun, at another frozen in regions of eternal cold and darkness.

With a mercury ranging for months from ten to forty degrees below zero,—never above,—one welcomes anything that gives heat, and I had ceased to beg for the apparently unattainable hardwood. That it grew all about the lake was no reason why I should have it; and not till I discovered Shahwinawatemo and found a woman's arms strong enough and willing enough to do the bidding no man would do, did I secure something that could be depended upon for a few hours at least.

Long ago the last biscuit had been baked in the open oven, and now, as I looked through the low window at the heads of the oxen just appearing over the hill, I saw already the brown and crusty loaves my soul desired.

One problem, however, remained unsolved. Liquid yeast in such a climate was an impossibility. Only a week before the mercury had frozen in-doors, and not till the chimney had been packed full of pitchy sticks did the horrible cold suddenly relax. Sleeping between and under piles of thick mackinaw blankets and swathed in flannel, such temperature was endurable, though each morning found actual frost-trees growing where the warm breath congealed; but when white-fish were as stones, butter a flint, and potatoes barely escaped, even when covered with a buffalo-robe in the square hole under the floor doing duty as cellar, what chance had even the most energetic yeast?

The blacksmith offered a horrible compound,—flour and water fermented till smelling almost as powerfully as

Limburger cheese,—and showed me bread raised by it.

"You've got to get used to it," he said. "You'll *hev* to, if you want light bread. Don't you see there ain't no smell when it's done? The rotten kind o' passes off."

Even this pleasing fact did not reconcile me to its use; and so, as I opened the precious mail, the first for nearly two months, and two small squares fell from a package, I recognized yeast-cakes with rejoicing and wonder that in all the long list of necessities these should have been omitted.

"Now that your flour is really going up," wrote the thoughtful housewife at the Agency, "I am wondering what you will do about yeast, and so send two of my cakes, being sure you will never come to heaven,—horrible stuff!"

No time for bread could be found that day, the teams starting back early next morning, and letters requiring every moment. But by the next evening, having already opened a barrel and baked biscuit before my treacherous and unequal fire, I put the yeast-cake "in soak," watched carefully by Esenewub, otherwise Little Rock, though why Little could never be discovered, he being a mighty man even where all were mighty,—chief of a band across the lake, and measuring six feet four and a half inches. On the door of the medicine-room the height of all the principal men had been marked, Esenewub smiling a slow and serious smile as he noted how far above the others his own ranked, though seven out of eleven were six feet and over. Wrapped in his green blanket, small brass buttons sewed on the long tightly-braided lock on either side his rugged face, countless pewter ear-rings bordering each ear and weighing down the long flap, much bead-work in pouch and knee- and shoulder-bands,—the work of his three wives,—and his long pipe, a combination of axe and pipe, with a dark and ominous stain upon the bright steel, he would hardly have been considered a reassuring figure. Yet, as our acquaintance had begun in watching him swing

a baby who smiled broadly at his approach, though, being bandaged to a board and the board hung from a pole in the wigwam, he was restricted to smiles alone, there was no reason for distrust.

"How!" he grunted in grave approval, as, having watched the sifting of the flour and stirring together of all the various ingredients of a "sponge," the mixture, covered in blankets, was put near the fire to be coddled till rising should be accomplished.

The medicine-room owned its own stove and benches, but Little Rock preferred more intimate relations than could be had across the dispensing-counter, and with the three other principal chiefs insisted upon, or rather calmly took for granted, their welcome in my special quarters. Housekeeping thus became slightly complicated, each operation being conducted under the serious scrutiny of one or another blanketed figure; but life on a reservation soon does away with unnecessary scruples, and I went my way undisturbed by the guests who sat by the fire, slowly puffing out the rank smoke of their *kinnikinnick*, and giving me occasional lessons in Ojibway.

Little Rock lingered. Evidently he expected the mixture to be baked before he left; but, as I had taken up a long seam and gave no sign of intention beyond that, he rose at last, and with another "How!" bent his head under the low lintel and went with long strides into the dark pines behind us.

The mercury sank lower and lower. The snow crunched sharply as one stepped upon it. The lake moaned under the thickening ice; a curious crackle seemed to fill the air, which pricked like needles as it touched the skin. Auroras flickered and flamed and paled, away from horizon to zenith. Every sign indicated the intensity of the cold. Evidently my bread must be watched, even if hard-wood lay piled by the door, and I set the alarm-clock, that no chance heaviness of sleep might interfere with the duty. At midnight and at the cock-crowing I arose, renewed the fire, looked tenderly at the

comfortable mass rising under the blanket, and again, from the door, at the dark wood dimly outlined against the darker sky, from which the stars shone out with an intensity only the far North ever knows.

The morning came at last. The dough, kneaded into loaves and holding promise of all the satisfaction loaves can give, stood once more blanket-covered on the little bench before the fire for the final rising, and I turned to a corner where another task was waiting.

An Indian's footfall is noiseless as snow. Absorbed in work, I heard nothing until a sudden "How!" startled me, and I turned to see Little Rock drawing his blanket more tightly about him as he bent to the bench invitingly near the fire.

"Oh, ni ji! Beka! Maja!" ("Oh, friend, take care! Go away!") I screamed; but too late. Little Rock had settled with a grunt of satisfaction into the soft and yielding cushion the four loaves made, but sprang up in dismay as he saw my face.

Alas for my bread! The protecting blanket had slipped aside, and the great Indian's—incredibly dirty and strong of fish-oil—had come in direct contact with the loaves, the axe-pipe leaving a deep imprint in one of them.

Little Rock shook with laughter as he looked from me to the bread, my despair seeming to move him only to fresh bursts of delight. "Bake it: it is good," he said at last. "It bears the *totem* of a great chief." And, as nothing else could be done, I did bake it, feasting every Indian in the medicine-room with it, to the great increase of my popularity.

The remaining yeast-cake did its duty, not in bread, but in the making of more yeast, which, watched and coddled and dried under untold difficulties, at last gave many loaves; but to the day of my final departure Little Rock chuckled as we met, and went through in pantomime the whole course of that disastrous morning, ending always, "Nishishin equa; nishishin pequazhegan." ("Very nice woman; very nice bread.")

HELEN CAMPBELL.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## PUBLIC TOPICS.

## Difficulties of Parliamentary Government.

THE sudden fall of Gambetta's ministry after a few weeks' existence has, at the first blush, the appearance of a ludicrous *fiasco*. For years Gambetta had seemed to be the real though irresponsible ruler of France, dictating the policy of successive cabinets, overturning them at his pleasure, wielding authority in the Chamber of Deputies not merely by the force of his talent and the prestige of his career, but as the designated leader of the nation, with whom it was optional at any moment to assume the reins of government instead of leaving to others the semblance of power while himself exercising an indirect but irresistible control. The only apparent obstacle lay in the resistance to be apprehended from the Senate; and it was even feared that, when this should have been overcome, his ambition would not be satisfied with the constitutional discharge of the functions of office, but, backed by the unthinking multitude, would aim at the establishment of a dictatorship under the disguise of a more complete democracy. Yet no sooner had he stepped into the position which had so long been waiting for him, which he and he alone was held competent to fill and able to hold, than it was found that, instead of the requisite aid and adherence, he could not even count on the partial support which had been given to the weakest of his predecessors. No public man with a following of his own was willing to join him, and on the first measure which he introduced in the legislature he was defeated by a majority so overwhelming as to put him apparently out of the category of great party leaders and future candidates for the office of prime minister.

In fact, however, this event, while it has no doubt dispelled baseless surmises and idle expectations, has neither sur-

prised the well-informed portion of the French public nor thrown discredit on Gambetta's reputation. It was a foregone conclusion, and, far from putting him in the light of a pretender whose empty claims have been tested and exposed, it explains and justifies his course in refusing to take office at any former period and in finally consenting to do so as the only means of demonstrating the correctness of his views. The following extract from a private letter from Paris, dated January 15, shows how clearly the situation was even then understood by those who, like the writer, had good opportunities for observation: "Gambetta took office without any confidence from the first that the Chamber was ready to support him. This has given him an attitude which persons who have not followed events very closely have found it difficult to understand, and the difficulty has been by no means lessened by the perversions of an opposition press that distorts everything, nor by the blundering advocacy of administration journals that put *les pieds dans les plats* at every moment. What Gambetta desires is simple enough,—either to have the confidence and support of the Chamber or to retire from office. This is why he has introduced into the *projet* of revision the principle of *scrutin de liste*. . . . If he should not be able to command a majority of the house,—and this may very well happen,—he will resign. This result will have its good side. It will destroy the absurd prestige with which the country has surrounded its leader, while it will leave undiminished his real influence, based upon solid and genuine qualities. People had come to fancy that with Gambetta in power all difficulties would disappear and the golden age dawn again. It is well for us French to learn that no man can ever be the incarnation of a people sufficiently advanced to govern itself. Gambetta will resume the place to which his genius

as an orator and his discernment as a statesman entitle him."

The difficulty of forming a compact majority in support of an administration is found not in France alone, but in almost every country where parliamentary institutions now exist. In Italy and Spain it is chronic, leading in the former country to temporary coalitions and in the latter to covert violations of the constitution. In Germany it affords at least a partial justification for Bismarck's refusal to acknowledge the principle of ministerial responsibility except to the sovereign. In the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, as expressed in a recent article in *The Nineteenth Century*, the same state of things may be expected to prevail in England when the death of Mr. Gladstone shall have ruptured the single bond which holds the different fractions of the Liberal party together. The new French cabinet seeks to evade the difficulty by proclaiming its purpose to confine itself to the ordinary affairs of administration, abjuring politics. But this is an absurdity. The affairs of a great nation cannot be conducted on mere "business principles." In France more than in any other country, and in France as a republic more than under any other system, questions of policy, in relation as well to domestic as to foreign matters, must continually rise, and the fate of the ministry is sure to depend on the manner in which they are met. An interval of repose will no doubt follow the recent storm; the different groups which combined against Gambetta will not suddenly rush apart; Gambetta himself may be expected to become a mere spectator and critic instead of playing the part of prompter or scene-shifter. But it is safe to predict that this interval cannot be of long duration, and that the next collapse will be more disastrous to Gambetta's opponents than the recent one has been to him.

#### PLACE AUX DAMES.

##### A Leaf from a School Examination.

It was a Southern school-girl, sweet-voiced and delicate, a supple, slender,

great-eyed child in spite of her seventeen years,—in some ways more baby than child. But she had finished the school course. Oh, yes, and even more than that; for in the University of Virginia a tall, dark-eyed young fellow waited only the day of his graduation to claim the baby as wife, and Fanny's brown eyes shone as she announced that they were "both going to graduate together, and she'd been through a good many of the things that Fred had, though of course a school-girl couldn't be expected to know as much as a real college student."

There was no doubt about the going through, and equally there was no doubt that the knowledge had also with equal speed gone through, and out, finding nothing to which it could stick, and so returning to its original source. Fanny painted on china and satin, and had done various crayon-heads and miraculous landscapes in oil, and she had studied music for five years and could "render" a sonata of Beethoven with as calm a disregard of its meaning as school-girls nearer home. Light melody suited her gentle, easy-going nature, and so it was agreed that she had a genius for music, and if allowed by fond parents could take the musical world by storm.

And she had studied physiology, too. "Very disgusting," was Fanny's verdict and that of the majority of the class. "They don't ought to have such a thing on the catalogue. A lady doesn't want to know about what's inside of her. That's what my mother says; and we think just that way. We're goin' to tell Miss K——, an' we don't reckon she'll keep it on. My mother says she reckons she won't, when she stops to think how horrid it is."

In the mean time, the unfortunate teacher of this most objectionable science, who had passed from enthusiasm to indignation and from indignation to calm despair, made out her list of questions for the final and test examination, and from the papers handed in selected one or two pages bearing upon question twenty-third,—“How is food changed into blood?”

I give the answer in full, only remarking that the degree of understanding is perhaps no less than that of many girls of the same age elsewhere. English school-boards have recently elicited some singular facts as to the status of real comprehension among apparently intelligent pupils and under careful and also apparently thorough teaching. But in both cases home co-operation had been impossible, simply because the mothers had no intelligence, general or particular, and had thus had none to pass on to their children. One discovers as life goes on that a large proportion of the people one meets seem to do very well on less than average faculties, and it is surprising how small a degree of common sense will carry one through. And so we may read Fanny's views with the certainty that, unusual as they are, there is nothing in them that will make the slightest difference in her career as wife and mother, and even hope that her having any view at all, and thus being just so much in advance of the preceding generation, will insensibly modify the one to come.

"Question 23.—How is food changed into blood?"

"Food is first taken into the mouth, which is mashed by the teeth and is then acted upon by the *salava*. It then passes down through the gullet into the stomach, and it then meets with little things that is filled with acids, and it sours. And then there are little tubes or something that takes it to the lungs, and then it is *clarified*, and then it is divided into two parts, one the blood-vessel, which carries it one way, and the other the other, and then it is taken to a large *vane* at the back of the neck, and then I don't know what becomes of it."

H. C.

### ART MATTERS.

#### A French Estimate of American Art Schools.

M. FÉLIX REGAMEY, who was commissioned by the French government to paint a picture for the Versailles Museum of the Yorktown celebration, re-

ceived at the same time a commission to visit the art schools of the Eastern States of America. He has published the results of his observations in an interesting volume, called "L'Enseignement du Dessin aux Etats-Unis" (1 vol., Paris, Delagrave). It is needless to say that Philadelphia occupies a large space in M. Regamey's notes and documents, in which M. Antonin Proust or his successor will find many valuable hints for the proposed reforms in the art education of France. Strange to say, hitherto that country has possessed only two art schools of any importance,—those of Paris and Lyons. Art education in other centres has been entirely neglected. That such has not been the case in other countries it is needless to remark. But it was not until the Universal Exhibition of 1878 that France began to realize the danger that threatened her on the ground of artistic production. Her supremacy had remained so long undisputed that it seemed that she could have no rivals. Of late, however, attention has been called to the progress of England, Austria, Belgium, and Germany, and now of the United States. M. Regamey is astonished at the broadness of conception, the careful methods, and the rapidity of execution which characterize private initiative in art education in America, and he reflects sadly on the little that has been done in France to forestall this dangerous rivalry. More particularly in the matter of drawing, let us state what has been done in France recently. The starting-point of the reforms now in course of slow execution was the raising in 1879 of the sum devoted to the teaching of drawing in the Fine-Art budget from forty thousand francs to three hundred and fifty thousand. Inspectors were appointed to visit the departmental centres, and finally a pedagogic museum was created at Paris. Since its foundation this museum has sent gratuitously more than ten thousand models to provincial schools where the teaching of drawing has been introduced. Twenty of these schools—called *regional* schools—will under the new *régime* receive allowances

of twenty-five thousand francs a year; but at present the whole matter is in an embryonic state, and it is impossible to give statistics of schools that exist only on paper. Nevertheless, the provincial municipalities have taken up the idea favorably, and sooner or later drawing will be taught in French schools, and perhaps in time provincial art schools will be founded. But, owing to the utter absence of private initiative, educational progress is very slow in France. It is interesting to Americans to think that France looks to their educational institutions for models, and it is curious to find M. Regamey expressing the hope in the last lines of his book that in France, too, "all our school-masters will be able and obliged to teach in their respective classes the first elements of drawing,—as in America." T. C.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### Major André's Watch.

THE story of Major André's watch, which, after many vicissitudes, has come into the possession of a gentleman living in Newburg-on-the-Hudson, is an interesting one. André at the time of his capture wore two watches, as was the custom with gentlemen at that time. His captors took both. One, General Washington forced them to give up, and it was restored to André. The other is the watch in question. Its history is as follows. After André's execution it was sold by his captors to Colonel William Stevens Smith, then holding a commission in the patriot army on the Hudson, for thirty guineas. Colonel Smith, it may be premised, married a sister of John Adams, and was the ancestor of the present owner, from whom these facts are derived. Smith sent the watch under a flag of truce to General Robinson, commanding the British outposts on the Hudson, with a request that it be forwarded to André's family in England. Robinson, who, as it proved, was a *roué* and a gambler, pawned the watch and spent the money in carousals. Time passed on, and the watch was for-

gotten. At the time of the Philadelphia Centennial it came on with other relics and was deposited in the Wisconsin department. There a sharp-eyed newspaper correspondent discovered it, and described it in the columns of his journal. The paragraph, a long time after, meeting the eye of the gentleman whose ancestor had sent the watch, as he supposed, to its rightful owners a hundred years before, he at once began a search for the relic, travelling over a greater part of the State of Wisconsin, and at last discovered its owner in the person of a venerable lady, who stated that her husband had purchased it of a pawnbroker in Philadelphia nearly fifty years before. The lady was willing to sell, and the gentleman gladly became its owner. Its identity he has been able to clearly establish. It is an open-face gold watch of French manufacture, of peculiar shape, being flat and thin, and totally unlike anything known to American jewellers. There are but four figures on the dial,—three, six, nine, and twelve,—the intermediate hours being indicated by asterisks. On the dial-plate in fine letters are engraved the words, "Thomas Campbell, Albany." Campbell was the dealer of whom André bought it, Albany being a little town in the district of Breadalbane, Scotland. On the inner case is engraved, "John André, 1774." On receipt of the watch, inquiries were made in England through Dean Stanley and other parties to discover if the André family had received the watch sent to General Robinson, which established the fact that they had not. The same inquiries proved incontestably that this was the watch carried by André on the morning of his capture. C. B. T.

##### A Primitive Village.

PROGRESS does not always travel along the iron rails. I know a little village not twenty-five miles from the city of New York, and situated directly on the line of a railroad that runs through a thickly-settled region of country, which gives striking proof of this fact. Its site is a minute valley surrounded by softly-rolling green hills. It

is a very small village of very small houses ranged on either side of two short streets. At the beginning of each street stands a "store," where groceries and "varieties" are for sale,—probably in appropriately small quantities. A stone's-throw farther on is a tiny Gothic church in a correspondingly tiny church-yard, in which a few tiny pine-trees are growing. So strikingly little is the whole place that it always reminds me of a toy village that was one of the delights of my childhood. It seems as if church, shops, and houses had been set down by the hand of a child, who, when tired of his play, would sweep them together and shut them up in the little wooden box in which they belonged. The only things that give an aspect of stability to the place are a few large maples and elms that shade the narrow streets, towering far above the roofs of the houses and the microscopic steeple of the church. Opposite the railroad-station are two small oval enclosures planted with flowers and shrubs and called by the villagers "The Parks." So limited is the circumference of these pleasure-grounds that a rapid walk around them would be likely to bring on an attack of dizziness, and the time-honored though much-neglected amusement of "swinging a cat" could hardly be indulged in within their limits.

The doctrine of social equality which is erroneously supposed to be taught and practised in all parts of this democratic country is, in this one little corner, carried out to its fullest extent. As a result, social life among the villagers (who, most incongruously, are not Lilliputians) has some peculiar features. Distinctions of position there are none. All are on a dead level of equality, which is not caused by any unusual humility or condescension on the part of those who under ordinary circumstances would be ranked as the "upper classes," but by the apparently utter ignorance of all classes that such things as grades of society exist. The wife of the lawyer is on intimate terms with the wife of the miller; the family of a carpenter who wanders over the country in search of

"days' work" exchange friendly visits with the doctor's household.

Some curious marriages are made in this unstratified society. The daughter of a well-to-do squire and ex-lawyer a short time since became the wife of a young man of horsey proclivities whose father is an itinerant vender of clams; a pretty little blonde, whose parents own a large farm in the neighborhood and are (in the vernacular) "wuth quite some money," married a grimy "fireman" who shovels coal on the locomotives; and an ambitious young woman, who was accused of having "set her cap" at a stylish young physician from New York, contentedly accepted a baggage-master.

The village days pass without incident, almost without sound. The "solemn silence" in which "all move round" is broken during the mid-day hours only by the whistle of the locomotive, but the early morning is made hideous by the visit of the milkman, who, as he goes his round from door to door, breaks upon the dewy stillness of the dawn with harsh cries of, "Whoa! Back! Stan' still thur, can't yer? Git!" He might stand as a sort of rustic Phœbus Apollo waking the world by his morning journey, but even the fiery steeds which drew the chariot of the sun could not have needed such lusty objurgations as are bestowed upon these well-fed, steady-going bays.

"Culture" is an unheard word in this primitive village, and an entire ignorance of literature, ancient and modern, prevails. About a year ago a library was opened in a neighboring town, and our villagers were invited to subscribe. One of them, with the impression that books of travel are always improving, took out Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," though her idea of what was meant by a journey so modified must have been of the vaguest. On glancing over the book she met with some expressions which shocked her, and sent it back with a spicy message to the librarian to the effect that "the book wasn't fit to be in a decent library," and that she hoped, "whoever Mr.

Sterne might be, they wouldn't get any more of his stories." Alas for the English classics!

The manner of speech is naturally odd and uncouth. The favorite idiom "quite some," which I have never heard except in this neighborhood, though it may be of wider use, does service for "a great deal," "a good many," and all similar phrases. "How is your mother to-day?" asks the visitor. "Oh, she's quite some better." "Ther's quite some apples on them trees," remarks their owner complacently; and the butcher even informed me the other day that it was "quite some hot." "Hello!" is the greeting which acquaintances exchange when they meet, and children return a "Good-morning" or "Good-evening" with an uncompre-

hending stare: they have not yet learned that this is an accepted form of salutation. "Come awn over," is the phrase in which an invitation is couched, changed, perhaps, into "Come awn up," if the invited one live a little way out of the village.

So, year after year, life goes on in the same unchanged fashion. House-work and a little local gossip fill up the days for the women, the men "work garden" and exchange opinions about the weather, the children go to a district school conducted on the principles of fifty years ago,—all in self-satisfied indifference to the interests of the outside world, and totally unstirred by the busy life of the great city which throbs so near as to be almost audible.

M. H. B.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Mendelssohn Family (1729-1847): from Letters and Journals." By Sebastian Hensel. With Eight Portraits from Drawings by Wilhelm Hensel. Translated by Carl Klingemann and an American Collaborator. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Jewish family-life presents even at the present day a resemblance to the patriarchal type rarely, if ever, equalled in Christian households. The authority of the husband and father is more entire and supreme; parental love, if not more intense, is more exclusive and demonstrative; the common interests and pursuits are more absorbing, and the little community, however friendly and hospitable to the stranger within its gates, is more sufficient to itself and less liable to have its harmony disturbed and its unity broken by the incursions and influences of the outer world. All that is most attractive and beautiful in this life, without the alloy of commonplace aims and narrowness of mind, comes out in these records of the Mendelssohn family, whose members, while strongly domestic in their tastes and habits and knit together by the closest bonds of sympathy and affection, were equally remarkable for character and intellect and distinguished by breadth of culture and liberality of

sentiment. Two of them acquired fame,—Moses, the "German Plato," under the drawbacks not only of poverty, but of the oppression and degradation from which his race at that time had scarcely begun to emerge; and his grandson Felix, who was aptly so named, for in his case genius lacked none of the aids which either foster development or insure appreciation. Abraham, who stood between the two, and was, as he himself expressed it, known in his youth as the son of his father and in later life as the father of his son, is in some respects a more interesting figure than either, presenting a rare combination of practical sagacity with depth of thought, fine intuitions, and a nature both noble and sweet. His sisters, Dorothea and Henrietta, and his daughters, Fanny and Rebecca, inherited their full share of the gifts so lavishly bestowed upon the family, among which was a talent for letter-writing hardly surpassed at a period when the art, if no longer in its highest brilliancy, had at least shown no signs of decay. The letters of Felix Mendelssohn have long been before the world, but the present volumes are no mere supplement to the collections in which they are contained. Felix, in-

deed, is still the principal figure, but only by reason of his celebrity and the hopes and sympathies that centred in him. The bulk of the correspondence is by other hands, music is conspicuous only through its prominence in a domestic and social circle in which art was an essential element of existence, and the great interest of the book lies in its vivid portraiture of a group animated by a common sentiment, and, even when separated by distance or by the formation of new ties, still turning toward the same centre and moving, so to speak, in unison. What saves the picture from producing any effect of monotony is not merely the constant vivacity displayed in it, but the episodes occasioned by frequent journeys. Fanny's letters from Italy, after her marriage to Hensel, are, on the whole, the best series in the book, her life at Rome, in the society of Gounod and a band of rising artists, having at once a festal and idyllic character stimulating to her powers and admirably reflected in her correspondence. Rebecca, who had married Professor Dirichlet, was less fortunate when traversing the same ground; yet her descriptions, if inferior in charm, exhibit greater intellectual vigor and higher literary capacities. Some letters from the family friend, Klingemann, an *attaché* of the Hanoverian legation at London, are full of drollery, while two or three of Abraham Mendelssohn's have a sterling value as utterances of a mind that had thoroughly mastered the philosophy of life. There was no "black sheep" in the family, and there are no painful episodes in its history. The end is, of course, sad, like that of all biographies. Yet even in this respect the Mendelssohns were singularly blessed, a speedy and painless death being considered "the family inheritance." In two cases, those of Felix and Fanny, it was also a premature death, and with them the circle may be said to have been dissolved and its bright artistic existence to have terminated. Occurring shortly before the revolution of 1848, this event was contemporaneous with the general social change resulting from the rise of a new epoch, and we are not surprised to learn that, despite the greatness which this epoch has brought to their Fatherland, "the descendants of the Mendelssohn family look back with melancholy emotion to the paradise of their youth, now closed forever, and to the happiness of a time which never will—never can—return."

## Recent Novels.

"Kith and Kin." By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (Leisure Hour Series.)

"Dick Netherby." By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (Leisure Hour Series.)

"My Lord and My Lady." By Mrs. Fothergill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Faith and Unfaith." By the Author of "Molly Bawn." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"My Wife and My Wife's Sister." Boston: Roberts Brothers. (No Name Series.)

"The Golden Tress." By Fortuné du Boisgobey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Trans-Atlantic Novels.)

A DECIDED success with a first book brings its unfailing Nemesis, a higher flight being demanded of the author in each succeeding production. Miss Fothergill's "First Violin" gave her at once an enviable place among lady novelists, and it is probable that she expended upon that work the results of a vivid and personal experience of musical life in Germany. Each of her books since has shown a tender and thoughtful grace, careful and conscientious effort, and an earnest scrutiny of the moral motives of her characters; and if they lack what her first story possessed in a high degree, the fault lies rather in the setting than in her execution. Her present book, "Kith and Kin," has for its hero Bernard Aglionby, a young man who is first introduced to us as an eager Radical selling gray shirtings and betrothed to his landlady's daughter. We confess to having hoped that the real mettle of the young fellow was to be put to the test by hard work, poverty, and a dreadful wife in contemplation. But Miss Fothergill loves the pleasant ways of life too well to allow her favorites to languish outside the sunny places of the world. Aglionby emerges from his temporary eclipse, and, becoming his grandfather's heir, tricks his beams with the new-spangled ore and flames in the very forehead of the morning sky. With other shackles of his freedom his engagement to the dreadful young woman drops off, and he is free to form new and more congenial ties. Judith, the real heroine, is a lofty-souled and morbidly conscientious girl, who for years allows a mere shadow of wrong to separate her from the man she loves. To compel lovers to suffer more pain than pleasure from their love is a large part of Miss Fothergill's practice.

"Dick Netherby" is a distinct depart-

ure from Mrs. Walford's ordinary novels, and, remembering "Mr. Smith" and "Pauline" with rather particular pleasure, we feel inclined to nurse our disappointment at finding "Dick Netherby" a slight sketch instead of a novel, with hardly one of the writer's well-known characteristic comedy touches. The presentation of Captain Thesiger and the expectations he held out excepted, the story in no way rises above the commonplace, and creates no interest either in its characters or its incidents.

Now that the fame of London "professional beauties" is spread over two continents, it is not a bad idea to present one of them as a heroine,—show the trials, temptations, and rewards of her career, and point the obvious moral that the glittering eminence is not a place to be coveted by her sister women. Lord Belhaven is a young man with many of the virtues and none of the vices of his order, whose domestic tastes beguile him into a marriage for love, and who, without forecasting the results, marries the most beautiful girl in England. Mrs. Forrester never goes sluggishly about the task she sets herself, and she draws with boldness and considerable skill the results of such a marriage. Lord Belhaven is a jealous husband, and his wife is absolutely heartless, sensual, frivolous, and imperious. The author writes with ease, and her characters express themselves suiting the action to the word and the word to the action. If the men and women of whom she treats are the well-worn types, they are the types which are most studied, admired, and run after. The finest effects are lost in her stories, because she does not veil the actual coarseness of the life she presents. She draws without satirizing, and missing the humor misses too the pathos of actual life.

There are a thousand innocent delights about the novels by the author of "Molly Bawn" which no real story-lover is willing to forego. Her "Faith and Unfaith" lacks the jollity of her earlier books, but in interest holds its own with any. How pleasant, warm, and cheerful are the pictures she presents! She loves youth, beauty, strength, manliness, and tenderness. She is soft and tender over her heroines' pretty ways, watches their ambrosial raptures with delight, and listens with lover-like assiduity to every sentence which issues from their charming lips. One always enjoys a well-warranted conviction that her stories will turn out exactly as one wishes, and, in spite of Geor-

gie's and Dorian's long misunderstanding, has faith in the happiest issue.

"My Wife and My Wife's Sister" is a novel of incident, and an elaborate mechanism of plot is unfolded with considerable power and dexterity. The story is presented as the personal narrative of Mr. Paul Duchesne, who, at the time of writing, calls himself one of the oldest inhabitants of Boston, but in his youth had passed through a picturesque history, which finally finds its climax in Paris in the days of the First Empire. The conception is cleverly executed, and the historical allusions, which indicate a close familiarity with the events and manners of the period, give a *vraisemblance* to the narrative and heighten the reality.

After the languid manner of the majority of novelists, sensationalism seems a venial fault,—indeed, almost a merit. Any one with a vague craving for novelty, for something which he will not wish to lay down until finished, might hail with delight the story of "The Golden Tress," which vibrates from first to last between the grotesque and the horrible, the mysterious and the absurd. Much is left to the reader's imagination in the general clearing-up, but then so many startling incidents are not easily harmonized with the pale and gray events of every-day life.

#### Books Received.

Metaphysics: A Study in First Principles. By Borden B. Bowne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau. Vols. I., II., III. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Some Ancient Melodies, and Other Experiments. By N. K. Royce. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Golden Poems. By British and American Authors. Edited by Francis F. Browne. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories. By Oscar Browning, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Madame Lucas. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Feet of Clay. A Novel. By Ellen Martin. New York: Brown & Derby.

Poems and Essays. By Charles W. Hubner. New York: Brown & Derby.